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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.



EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

VOLUME XII.

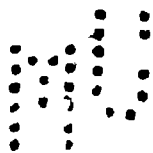
PARTS LXVII, TO LXXII. JULY—DECEMBER, 1886.

LONDON:

WALTER SMITH (LATE MOZLEY),

34, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1886.



LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

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The Monthly Packet.

JULY, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

'I only heard the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not bear me from the shore;
I only marked the glorious sun and sky
Too bright, too blue for my captivity,
And felt that all which Freedom's bosom cheers,
Must break my chain before it dried my tears.'

—BYRON (*The Corsair*).

At the rate at which the traffic in Yusuf's tent proceeded, Arthur Hope was likely to have some little time for deliberation on the question presented to him whether to be a free Moslem Sheyk or a Christian slave.

Not only had almost every household in El Arnieh to chaffer with the merchant for his wares and to dispose of home-made commodities, but from other adowaras and from hill-farms Moors and Cabyles came in with their produce of wax, wool or silk to barter—if not with Yusuf, with the inhabitants of El Arnieh, who could weave and embroider, forge cutlery, and make glass from the raw material these supplied. Other Cabyles, divers from the coast, came up with coral and sponges, the latter of which was the article in which Yusuf preferred to deal, though nothing came amiss to him that he could carry, or that could carry itself—such as a young foal; even the little black boy had been taken on speculation—and so indeed had the big Abyssinian, who though dumb, was the most useful, ready and alert of his five slaves. Every bargain seemed to occupy at least an hour, and perhaps Yusuf lingered the longer in order to give Arthur more time for consideration; or it might be that his native tongue, once heard, exercised an irresistible fascination over him. He never failed to have what he called a 'crack' with his young countryman at the hour of the siesta, or at night, perhaps persuading the Sheyk that it was controversial, though it was more apt to be on circumstances of the day's trade or the news of the Border-

side. Controversy indeed there could be little with one so ignorant as kirk treatment in that century was apt to leave the outcasts of society, nor had conversion to Islam given him much instruction in its tenets; so that the conversation generally was on earthly topics, though it always ended in assurances that Master Arthur would suffer for it if he did not perceive what was for his good. To which Arthur replied to the effect that he must suffer rather than deny his faith; and Yusuf, declaring that a wilful man maun have his way, and that he would rue it too late, went off affronted, but always returned to the charge at the next opportunity.

Meantime Arthur was free to wander about unmolested and pick up the language, in which, however, Ulysse made far more rapid progress, and could be heard chattering away as fast, if not as correctly, as if it were French or English. The delicious climate and the open-air life were filling the little fellow with a strength and vigour unknown to him in a Parisian salon, and he was in the highest spirits among his brown playfellows, ceasing to pine for his mother and sister; and though he still came to Arthur for the night, or in any trouble, it was more and more difficult to get him to submit to be washed and dressed in his tight European clothes, or to say his prayers. He was always sleepy at night and volatile in the morning, and could not be got to listen to the little instructions with which Arthur tried to arm him against the Mahometanism into which the poor little fellow was likely to drift as ignorantly and unconsciously as Yusuf himself.

And what was the alternative? Arthur himself never wavered, nor indeed actually felt that he had a choice, but the prospect before him was gloomy, and Yusuf did not soften it. The Sheyk would sell him, and he would either be made to work in some mountain farm, or put on board a galley; and Yusuf had sufficient experience of the horrors of the latter to assure him emphatically that the gude leddy of Burnside would break her heart to think of her bonnie laddie there.

‘It would more surely break her heart to think of her son giving up his faith,’ returned Arthur.

As to the child, the opinion of the tribe seemed to be that he was just fit to be sent to the Sultan to be bred as a Janissary. ‘He will come that gate to be as great a man as in his ain countree,’ said Yusuf; ‘wi’ horse to ride, and sword to bear, and brows to wear, like King Solomon in all his glory.’

‘While his father and mother would far rather he were lying dead with her under the waves in that cruel bay,’ returned Arthur.

‘Hout, mon, ye dinna ken what’s for his gude, nor for your ain neither,’ retorted Yusuf.

‘Good here is not good hereafter.’

‘The life of a dog and waur here,’ muttered Yusuf; ‘ye’ll mind me when it is too late.’

‘Nay, Yusuf, if you will only take word of our condition to Algiers, we shall—at least the boy—be assuredly redeemed, and you would win a high reward.’

‘I am no free to gang to Algiers,’ said Yusuf. ‘I fell out with a loon there, one of those Janissaries that gang hectoring aboot as though the world were not gude enough for them, and if I hadna made the best of my way out of the toon, my pow wad be a worricow on the wa’s of the tower.’

‘There are French at Bona, you say. Remember, I ask you to put yourself in no danger, only to bear the tidings to any European,’ entreated Arthur.

‘And how are they to find ye?’ demanded Yusuf. ‘Abou Ben Zegri will never keep you here after having evened his gude-daughter to ye. He’ll sell you to some corsair captain, and then the best that could betide ye wad be that a shot frae the Knights of Malta should make quick work wi’ ye. Or look at the dumbie there, Fareek. A Christian, he ca’s himsel, too, though ’tis of a by ordinar’ fashion, such as Deacon Shortcoats would scarce own. I coft him dog-cheap at Tunis, when his master, the Vizier, had had his tongue cut out—for but knowing o’ some deed that suld ne’er have been done—and his puir feet bastinadoed to a jelly. Gin a’ the siller in the Dey’s treasury ransomed ye, what gude would it do ye after that?’

‘I cannot help that—I cannot forsake my God. I must trust Him not to forsake me.’

And, as usual, Yusuf went off angrily muttering ‘He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar.’

Perhaps Arthur’s resistance had begun more for the sake of honour, and instinctive clinging to hereditary faith, without the sense of heroism or enthusiasm for martyrdom which sustained Estelle, and rather with the feeling that inconstancy to his faith and his Lord would be base and disloyal. But, as the long days rolled on, if the future of toil and dreary misery developed itself before him, the sense of personal love and trust of the Lord and Master whom he served grew upon him. Neither the gazelle-eyed Ayesha nor the prosperous village life presented any great temptation. He would have given them all for one bleak day of mist on a Border moss; it was the appalling contrast with the hold of a Moorish galley that at times startled him, together with the only too great probability that he should be utterly incapable of saving poor little Ulysse from unconscious apostacy.

Once Yusuf observed, that if he would only make outward submission to Moslem law, he might retain his own belief and trust in the Lord he seemed so much to love, and of whom he said more good than any Moslem could of the Prophet.

‘If I deny Him, He will deny me,’ said Arthur.

‘And will He no forgive ane as is hard pressed?’ asked Yusuf.

‘It is a very different thing to go against the light, as I should be

doing,' said Arthur, 'and what it might be for that poor bairn, whom God preserve.'

'And wow, sir! 'Tis far different wi' you that had the best of gude learning frae the gude leddy,' muttered Yusuf. 'My minnie aye needit me to sort the fish and gang her errands, and wad scarce hae sent me to scule, gin I wad hae gane where they girmed at me for Partan Jeanie's wean, and gied me mair o' the tawse than of the hornbook. Gin the Lord, as ye ca' Him, had ever seemed to me what ye say He is to you, Maister Arthur, I micht hae thocht twice o'er the matter. But there's nae ganging back the noo. A Christian's life they harm na, though they mak it a mere weariness to him; but for him that quits the Prophet, tearing the flesh wi' iron cleeks is the best they hae for him.'

This time Yusuf retreated, not as usual in anger, but as if the bare idea he had broached was too terrible to be dwelt upon. He had by the end of a fortnight completed all his business at El Arnieh, and Arthur, having by this time picked up enough of the language to make himself comprehensible, and to know fully what was set before him, was called upon to make his decision, so that either he might be admitted by regular ritual into the Moslem faith, and adopted by the Sheyk, or else be advertised by Yusuf at the next town as a strong young slave.

Sitting in the gate among the village magnates, like an elder of old, Sheyk Abou Ben Zegri, with considerable grace and dignity, set the choice before the Son of the Sea in most affectionate terms, asking of him to become the child of his old age, and to heal the breach left by the swords of the robbers of the mountains.

The old man's fine dark eyes filled with tears, and there was a pathos in his noble manner that made Arthur greatly grieved to disappoint him, and sorry not to have sufficient knowledge of the language to qualify more graciously the resolute reply he had so often rehearsed to himself, expressing his hearty thanks, but declaring that nothing could induce him to forsake the religion of his fathers.

'Wilt thou remain a dog of an unbeliever, and receive the treatment of dogs?'

'I must,' said Arthur.

'The youth is a goodly youth,' said the Sheyk; 'it is ill that his heart is blind. Once again, young man, Issa Ben Mariam and slavery, or Mahommed and freedom?'

'I cannot deny my Lord Christ.'

There was a pause. Arthur stood upright, with lips compressed, hands clasped together, while the Sheyk and his companions seemed struck by his courage and high spirit. Then one of them, a small, ugly fellow, who had some pretensions to be considered the Sheyk's next heir, cried, 'Out on the infidel dog!' and set the example of throwing a handful of dust at him. The crowd who watched around were not slow to follow the example, and Arthur thought he was

actually being stoned; but the missiles were for the most part not harmful, only disgusting, blinding, and confusing. There was a tremendous hubbub of vituperation, and he was at last actually stunned by a blow, waking to find himself alone, and with hands and feet bound, in a dirty little shed appropriated to camels. Should he ever be allowed to see poor little Ulysse again, or to speak to Yusuf, in whom lay their only faint hope of redemption? He was helpless, and the boy was at the mercy of the Moors. Was he utterly forsaken?

It was growing late in the day, and he had had no food for many hours. Was he to be neglected and starved? At last he heard steps approaching, and the door was opened by the man who had led the assault on him, who addressed him as 'Son of an old ass—dog of a slave,' bade him stand up and show his height, at the same time cutting the cords that bound him. It was an additional pang that it was to Yusuf that he was thus to exhibit himself, no doubt in order that the merchant should carry a description of him to some likely purchaser. He could not comprehend the words that passed, but it was very bitter to be handled like a horse at a fair—doubly so that he, a Hope of Burnside, should thus be treated by Partan Jeanie's son.

There ensued outside the shrieking and roaring which always accompanied a bargain, and which lasted two full hours. Finally Yusuf looked into the hut, and roughly said in Arabic, 'Come over to me, dog; thou art mine. Kiss the shoe of thy master'—adding in his native tongue, 'For ance, sir. It maun be done before these loons.'

Certainly the ceremony would have been felt as less humiliating towards almost anybody else, but Arthur endured it; and then was led away to the tents beyond the gate.

'There, sir,' said Yusuf, 'it ill sorts your father's son to be in sic a case, but it canna be helpit. I culd na leave behind the bonnie Scots tongue, let alane the gude Leddy Hope's son.'

'You have been very good to me, Yusuf,' said Arthur, his pride much softened by the merchant's evident sense of the situation. 'I know you mean me well, but the boy——'

'Hoots! the bairn is happy eno'. He will come to higher preferment than even you or I. Why, mon, an Aga of the Janissaries is as good as the Deuk himsel'.'

'Yusuf, I am very grateful—I believe you must have paid heavily to spare me from ill usage.'

'Ye may say that, sir. Forty piastres of Tunis, and eight mules, and twa pair of silver-mounted pistols. The extortionate rogue wad hae had the little dagger, but I stood out against that.'

'I see, I am deeply beholden,' said Arthur; 'but it would be tenfold better if you would take him instead of me!'

'What for suld I do that? He is na countryman of mine—one side French and the other Irish. He is naught to me.'

‘He is heir to a noble house,’ urged Arthur. ‘They will reward you amply for saving him.’

‘Mair like to girn at me for a Moor. Na, na! Hae na I dune enough for ye, Maister Arthur—giving half my beasties, and more than half my silver? Canna ye be content, without that whining bairn?’

‘I should be a forsworn man to be content to leave the child, whose dead mother prayed me to protect him, amid those who will turn him from her faith. See, now, I am a man, and can guard myself, by the grace of God; but to leave the poor child here would be letting these men work their will on him, ere any ransom could come. His mother would deem it giving him up to perdition. Let me remain here, and take the helpless child. You know how to bargain. His price might be my ransom.’

‘Aye, when the jackals and hyenas have picked your bones, or you have died under the lash, chained to the oar, as I hae seen, Maister Arthur.’

‘Better so than betray the dead woman’s trust. How no——’

For there was a pattering of feet, a cry of ‘Arthur! Arthur!’ and sobbing, screaming, and crying, Ulysse threw himself on his friend’s breast. He was pursued by one or two of the hangers-on of the Sheyk’s household, and the first comer seized him by the arm; but he clung to Arthur, screamed and kicked, and the old nurse who had come hobbling after coaxed in vain. He cried out in a mixture of Arabic and French that he *would* sleep with Arthur—Arthur must put him to bed, no one should take him away.

‘Let him stay,’ responded Yusuf; ‘his time will come soon enough.’

Indulgence to children was the rule, and there was an easy, good-nature about the race, which made them ready to defer the storm, and acquiesce in the poor little fellow remaining for another evening with that last remnant of his home to whom he always reverted at nightfall.

He held trembling by Arthur till all were gone, then looked about in terror, and required to be assured that no one was coming to take him away.

‘They shall not,’ he cried. ‘Arthur, you will not leave me alone? They are all gone—Mamma, and Estelle, and la bonne, and Laurent, and my uncle, and all, and you will not go.’

‘Not now, not to-night, my dear little mannie,’ said Arthur, tears in his eyes for the first time throughout these misfortunes.

‘Not now! No, never!’ said the boy, hugging him almost to choking. ‘That naughty Ben Kader said they had sold you for a slave, and you were going away; but I knew I should find you—you are not a slave!—you are not black——’

‘Ah! Ulysse, it is too true; I am——’

‘No! no! no!’ The child stamped, and hung on him in a passion

of tears. 'You shall not be a slave. My papa shall come with his soldiers and set you free.'

Altogether the boy's vehemence, agitation, and terror, were such that Arthur found it impossible to do anything but soothe and hush him, as best might be, till his sobs subsided gradually, still heaving his little chest even after he fell asleep in the arms of his unaccustomed nurse; who found himself thus baffled in using this last and only opportunity of trying to strengthen the child's faith, and was also hindered from pursuing Yusuf, who had left the tent. And if it were separation that caused all this distress, what likelihood that Yusuf would encumber himself with a child who had shown such powers of wailing and screaming?

He durst not stir nor speak for fear of wakening the boy, even when Yusuf returned and stretched himself on his mat, drawing a thick woollen cloth over him, for the nights were chill. Long did Arthur lie awake under the strange sense of slavery and helplessness, and utter uncertainty as to his fate, expecting in fact that Yusuf meant to keep him as a sort of tame animal to talk Scotch; but hoping to work on him in time to favour an escape, and at any rate to despatch a letter to Algiers, as a forlorn hope for the ultimate redemption of the poor little unconscious child who lay warm and heavy across his breast. Certainly, Arthur had never so prayed for aid, light, and deliverance as now!

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

'I WILL overlook it this once, but it must not happen again, Madge; if you persist in disobeying me, I shall dismiss you from your place as poultrywoman. The master will give you work on the farm, no doubt; but, if you are *my* servant, you must obey me.'

The speaker was a tall fair girl, dressed in a dark riding-habit; she spoke gravely, and with decision.

'Miss Katharine,' said the offender, an elderly woman with a shrewd, handsome face, which, however, was obstinate as well as shrewd, 'I will just ask you one question: is it likely that at my time of life I don't know how to feed hens so that they'll lay? I'm a sight older than you be, miss, and I just put it to you.'

'Madge, that is not the question. Whose are the fowls?'

'Yes, Miss Katharine; but still, it stands to reason——'

'Not at all; the fowls are mine, not yours.'

'I'm thinking they belong to the master,' quoth Madge, with a twinkle in her eye.

Katharine Thorold could hardly help laughing, but she mastered the inclination and said coolly—

'Give me the key of the yard, if you please.'

Madge produced it, saying, 'Who shall I send to put them up, miss?'

'I will do it myself until the master comes home,' Katharine answered, taking the key. She gathered up her habit and walked away, Madge looking after her with an expression of vexation mingled with admiration for the young mistress to whom she would not yield an inch in argument.

'There she goes,' she muttered, 'with her head in the air, and I suppose I shall just have to give in and obey orders—a thing I never took kindly to yet; but if fifty new-fangled books was to say that fowls ought to have but two meals a day, I wouldn't believe it; but no doubt the young mistress must have her own way. Now, I'd give a week's wage that there shouldn't be half the number of eggs; but Miss Katharine has a mighty provoking way of succeeding.'

Madge, I must mention, spoke broad Yorkshire, but even if I could attempt to write it, very few would understand it, so I translate.

Katharine walked on, never even looking back, and entering the

great stable-yard which lay on the west side of the house, she called aloud—

‘Peter, I am ready; bring her round to the hall door.’

And passing in through the kitchen to give some orders to her servants, she was at the hall door almost as soon as Peter, a hard-featured old retainer, who led a beautiful bay mare, Katharine’s pride and darling. She patted the creature, who stretched her soft nose towards the hand she knew so well.

‘Peter, I’m going to ride to Knaresborough, to see if there is a letter from the master. I shall cross the fields to the old coach road and come back the same way, it shortens the distance, and I must be early to put up the fowls; so be ready for me at six, please.’

Peter nodded, and Katharine mounted her horse.

‘Now, Aurora,’ she said, ‘off we go.’ And off they went, cantering gaily along the straight old avenue with its great rows of Scotch fir-trees on either side.

‘Nice state I’ll get ’Rory home in,’ said Peter, looking after her; ‘but I don’t mind. Look at her now, she’s going to jump into the big pasture; look how she gets ’Rory in hand—over it is; there’s riding for you! And ’twas I taught her—I and the master between us!’

Aurora was fresh, and Katharine was young; and had known but one grief in her twenty years of life. Neither father nor mother could she remember, but an uncle had lived at Kirklands to take care of the orphan heir and his sister, and of another child of whom I must speak presently. The death of this kind uncle two or three years ago had been Katharine’s first sorrow, and it was a sorrow full of hope and comfort. Her heart was as light as it could well be, and it would be hard to say which most enjoyed a scamper across the fields, horse or rider. All too soon they reached the old coach road; a low gate was found, over which Aurora went lightly, and then cantered soberly towards Knaresborough; but before she had gone ten yards, a voice called out—

‘Katharine, Kitty Thorold, are you going to behave disrespectfully to your parish priest after all the trouble I’ve taken with you?’

Katharine drew up and looked back; she beheld a wondrous fat pony carrying a wondrous lean man. A tall man with a solemn face, the solemnity belied by a twinkle of humour in his eyes. He wore a soft wide hat, and a coat so long that it nearly touched the ground on both sides of the pony, giving the rider a look as if he wore two riding-habits.

‘Said I to myself—here’s a comet, or Kitty Thorold.’

‘I never met a comet out riding, Vicar.’

‘Where are you going, child?’

‘To Knaresborough, Mr. Hooker. I expect a letter from Maurice, and as he may be coming home, I did not care to wait for it till morning. I cannot go at your pace, sir, because I have to feed the poultry when I get home.’

‘Kitty, did I ask for your company? Would I be seen riding into Knaresborough with a mad maid on a mad mare? Why, I should get a letter from the Archbishop to know what I meant by it. I never heard what called Maurice to London?’

‘He would not tell me, but he seemed a little put out. It makes me long to get his letter.’

‘Have you heard from Miles Addison lately?’ said the Vicar. Katharine’s cheek lost a shade of its pretty pink as she answered—

‘No—not very lately. What makes you think of Miles, Mr. Hooker?’ and she added, as if to herself, ‘I do wish Maurice would come home.’

‘Well, ride on, Katharine—I shall meet you on your way back and hear your news. I was a fool,’ he added, as Katharine obeyed him, ‘to mention Miles. I am *not* the judicious Hooker—I’ve always suspected it, but now it is quite clear. I hope Miles Addison has not got Maurice into trouble—but I have seen for some time that the lad is anxious and uneasy, though he kept up before Katharine. Ah, my poor Kitty! I never could like Miles—never could trust him. If he gives Kitty a heartache, I’ll——’

The good man had a stout stick in his hand, and as he mused, he all unconsciously brought it down with a sounding whack, not on the head of Miles Addison, but on the fat side of unoffending Punch. Punch revenged himself promptly—he sat down. Mr. Hooker often said it was his only fault, but when annoyed, Punch sat down like a great cat, and the moment he felt the stick down he went. Mr. Hooker slid off his broad back and came to the ground in a sitting posture, just behind the pony. It was a comical sight. Punch sat quite still until his master had disengaged his feet from the stirrups and got up—then he also rose, and the Vicar remounted. ‘I didn’t mean that for you, Punch,’ said he—and Punch jogged on contentedly. They were within a mile of the town when Katharine met them again.

‘Maurice will be home to-night,’ she said; ‘and he says he will tell me all—that he has spared me long, but that he can keep it from me no longer. What can it be, Mr. Hooker?’

‘I don’t know, my child. But whatever it is, you will be brave, Kitty; and both you and Maurice know that whatever comes is from a Father’s hand.’

‘Yes,’ she said, bending to speak low, ‘we know that, thanks to you and Uncle Robert. But I have a fear that this is no light misfortune. Ride over to see us to-morrow—if Punch will let you,’ she added, with a sudden saucy smile.

‘Kitty, it will need more than one misfortune to take the impertinence out of you. Go home and feed your hens, child—that’s all you are fit for.’

Katharine touched Aurora with the whip and away they went—‘like the mad pair they are,’ muttered the Vicar, looking affectionately after the girl.

Katharine sped home, tucked up her habit and fed her poultry, and then went to the house, and called the cook to her.

‘Molly, send me up some tea and bread-and-butter, and have a good supper ready at nine, for the master will be home to-night.’

‘You may trust me for that—I know what the master likes. And what took him away, miss, if a body may ask?’

‘A body may ask, but another body may not be able to answer, Molly. He did not tell me—but he will to-night,’ she added absently.

She went up to her own room—the pretty room with snowy draperies, in which she had slept ever she left the nursery—and then she sat down to think. And while she is thinking, let us have a good look at her, and decide whether we like her appearance or not.

First, then, she was tall—too tall for a woman, for she was five feet seven at the very least. But she was perfectly well made, with beautiful hands and feet. Quick and decided in every movement, she was yet graceful; in fact, she was too well proportioned and too full of youthful vigour to be awkward. About her figure, there could be but one opinion—it was very fine. About her face opinions varied; but children and dogs would give one look, and then make friends: and that is a good kind of face to have. It was perhaps a little too square for beauty: the forehead was very fine, low and broad, with dark eyebrows well defined and wavy chestnut hair brushed back, leaving little wilful curls here and there, just where they chose to be. She had a straight, saucy little nose, and a very short upper lip, a little scornful sometimes; but she had a lovely smile! bright and sudden, sweet and saucy, and half-a-dozen other pleasant things as well. Her eyes were of a pure, deep blue, her skin fair and smooth, with a faint rose pink on her cheeks, which deepened a little when she spoke. Altogether she was a pleasant and a gracious-looking maiden, though she could look very angry; and those well-marked eyebrows had great capabilities for a frown. She was one whom you might like or not—but you would trust her, whether you liked her or not.

Presently a servant brought up her tea, and she roused herself to eat and drink, for she was hungry after her ride. Then she put off her habit and dressed herself, and being ready, she knelt down and prayed very earnestly for strength to bear the coming trial, and to be a help and a comfort to Maurice.

The large, low sitting-room, with its quaint white dado and panelled walls, looked both pretty and comfortable when she had lighted the lamp, poked the fire until it blazed cheerfully, and rolled a great easy-chair into a warm position, placing a low seat beside it. Then, that she might not worry herself into nervousness before Maurice came, she opened her piano and began to sing. She had a splendid voice, and had been very well taught. At first she paused every minute to listen, though it was too early to expect Maurice

yet; but long before he came, she had forgotten everything in her music. She was the Vicar's right hand about the Church music, being indeed organist and choir-mistress in one. Whitsunday was drawing near, and an anthem was being practised by the choir, and Katharine wanted to be perfect in the accompaniment. Let no one smile, rejoicing that he is not obliged to listen to that anthem. In that part of the world, music comes by nature and inheritance; every boy can take his part as treble or alto, and tenors and basses are as plentiful as blackberries. Katharine was singing the solo, much to her own gratification, when she suddenly became aware that she was no longer alone.

'Oh, Maurice, dear! is that you? How did you get in without my hearing you?'

'Truly, Kitty, a quiet man has little chance of being heard when a young woman is singing like a whole choir rolled into one. Fine lungs, Kitty; very sound lungs you must have.'

The speaker was a very tall, powerfully-made young man of about seven-and-twenty, as like Katharine as he could well be. He was much taller, being indeed something of a giant; he had a short curly beard—a very unusual thing in those days, which hid the cleft in his firm round chin; but allowing for this difference, the two faces were curiously alike.

'You need not be saucy about my lungs, sir! I was not shouting. Oh, but I am glad to have you home, Maurice. Kirklands isn't itself when you are away.'

'Ah—Kirklands!' he said. Not another word—but a foreknowledge of the misfortune fell upon Katharine.

'My dear Kitty! I've chased the pink out of your cheeks already. Well, it has to be told—and you've been happy so far, haven't you, Kitty?'

'Happy! with you! How could I help being happy—what do you mean?'

He looked at her: his always kind eyes filled with a yearning tenderness which one often sees in the eyes of a mother looking at her child—seldom in the eyes of a man. Whatever the grief was, it was clear that Katharine's share in it was weighing heavily upon him.

'I would not tell you till I knew all,' he said. 'I thought you might as well be happy while you could. You are not annoyed that I kept it from you?'

'I should be a queer woman to be annoyed at that, Maurice. Ever since I was born, haven't you sheltered me from all care and trouble? But it is late, and you are very pale, dear, and I won't hear a word until you've had your supper. It is ready now.'

Maurice was spent with hunger and weariness—weariness of heart as well as of body. Katharine made him help himself liberally, and chatted away all the time as if there was nothing on her mind. She

even appeared to enjoy her supper, though it might have been composed of chopped hay for anything she knew. But Maurice looked more like himself when he had eaten, and so she was satisfied. They went back into the sitting-room. Katharine gently pushed her tall brother into the easy-chair, placed herself on the low seat beside him, laid her head upon his shoulder, and said—

‘Now, dear, tell me everything. Has Miles anything to with it?’

Maurice started, turned in his chair, took her face between his hands and looked anxiously at her.

‘What put that into your head? What made you think of Miles?’

‘The Vicar,’ she answered, but coloured a little as she spoke. ‘I met him. I told you about it. He mentioned Miles, and it set me thinking.’

‘Katharine, I’ve sometimes thought that you—that Miles—Well, Kitty, is it so? Tell me true, dear—did you love him?’

‘Did I! Maurice, is he dead?’

‘No. But if you love him, it were better so than as it is. Tell me, Katharine?’

She was white enough now, but she looked fair and straight into his eyes, and said—

‘I should have loved him, in time. He loves me—at least, he says so. But I don’t think I love him yet.’

‘Is that quite true, my darling?’

‘It is true. You see, I took it for granted. Uncle Robert wished it. I have thought very little about it, except when he was here; and if I look sorry now, it is because I fear he has done something wrong, and injured you.’

Maurice kissed her, and let her return to her former attitude.

‘Well, I am much relieved. We have enough to bear; but the thought of seeing my Kitty hanging her saucy head, or breaking her heart for Miles, is what has made me dread coming home—coming back to you.’

‘I don’t think I have much heart, in *that* way.’

‘Then the right man has not asked you for it, child. Now, my dear, I’ll tell you of our trouble; and as no amount of talking will make it a bit easier to bear, I may as well tell it out at once.’

‘I would rather hear it at once,’ she said.

Yet Maurice was silent. She waited for some time, then raised her head and stole a glance at him. What she saw made her heart fail her—she really grew cold with the sudden fear. The handsome, manly face was almost convulsed—great tears were blinding him, and it was plain that he did not speak, simply because he could not trust his voice. Katharine checked her first impulse, which was to throw her arms round him and cry for company. She laid her head down again, and said softly—

‘Maurice, I have guessed that it is something about Kirklands.’

‘Yes!’ he said.

‘I am thinking—it is something about the mortgage.’

‘Yes.’

‘I don’t understand business, but did you not tell me that nothing could go wrong as long as you paid the interest?’

‘I did—and it was true. Let me stand up, dear.’

He rose, and walked down the long, old-fashioned room and back again. He was as white as marble now, but quite calm.

‘You put me to shame, Kitty, trying to help me out with my story. Yes, all was well as long as the interest was paid. When Uncle Robert took up the charge of the estate, he found that this mortgage had been laid on it, and that there were heavy arrears of interest due. The holder of the mortgage was threatening to foreclose—do you know what that means!’

‘Yes.’

‘And Uncle Robert had some difficulty in getting him to give up the idea, but at last an arrangement was made. The arrears were added to the original debt, and a new mortgage given, and Colonel Byng insisted upon a clause to the effect that if three payments fell into arrear, he could foreclose at once. And he said that he would do so.’

‘But you’ve always paid it, Maurice. Don’t I know how hard it has sometimes been; don’t I know how you’ve denied yourself—never kept a hunter, never travelled, worked harder than many who have their bread to earn—all to pay this interest, and save up to pay off the debt. Surely you have paid every half year regularly?’

‘You are quite right, Katharine. Very hard have I worked, and loyally and well have you aided me; and I’ve denied myself things that I think more of than hunting or travelling. I never went to College—the first Thorold who failed to do that. I never sent you to a good school, or to visit our grand relations and see the world—I’ve let you work hard, too, and all to pay off this debt honestly. Well! it is a comfort that I can say all this with truth—and that you know it; for to the world I must pass as a reckless fool who failed to make the payments that everything depended on, and who thereby lost the home of his forefathers.’

Katharine sprang to her feet.

‘Lost—lost Kirklands? Maurice, Maurice—not lost!’

‘Lost,’ he said. ‘I am no longer Thorold of Kirklands. I have no right to be here,’ looking round the familiar room. ‘I have nothing, Kitty—nothing.’

Katharine went over to him, and put her hands on his shoulders. She was frightened, for he was so unlike his cool, even-tempered, unexcited self. Generally, he controlled her, and it was indeed new to her to attempt to calm him.

‘We have each other, Maurice, and we have youth, and strength, and courage. And it comes from a Father’s hand, as the Vicar said to-day. I’m not a bit afraid. But tell me, for I must know, what has Miles to do with it?’

Katharine, mind, you said you did not care for him ; how could I tell you if I did not know that? You know he put all his own capital into that banking business when they made him junior partner, and then he suggested to me that all my business had better be done by him, as it gave him certain advantages, and he could save me expense and trouble. I would not own to myself that I did not quite trust him, partly for Uncle Robert's sake, and we were boys together, and he said it would be for your good too if he won you. I don't know now whether I really wished to refuse ; but at first I was a little uneasy. This was five years ago. Well, there are four payments owing to Colonel Byng, and my savings are gone. Miles and another partner have been speculating ; the bank has stopped payment.'

Just as Katharine was about to speak, the clock in the hall struck twelve. Maurice looked fairly spent, and though for her own comfort she would gladly have sat there all night, trying to understand the full extent of their misfortune, she saw that he must have rest. She went for candles and lighted them, coming back to his side.

'Let me give you a pull to help you up, Maurice ; you look tired to death.'

'I was not in bed last night,' he said.

'Well, we will both go to bed now, and to-morrow we will talk again. Only say one word : did Miles do this by accident, or did he lay the plan? Is there no hope that he is less to blame than you think him?'

'There's his letter,' Maurice answered ; 'he makes out his story there for himself. I'll take your advice and go to bed ; perhaps to-morrow I may know where I am. I have not slept three hours together since I left you.'

Katharine carried his candle to his room, gave a look to the arrangements there, kissed him, and said good-night. He looked at her wonderingly.

'You are a brave girl, Katharine!'

'You're to go to bed, and to sleep without thinking of anything, Maurice—promise me.'

He promised, and having kissed him again, she left him.

CHAPTER II.

DARK DAYS.

HAVING put out the lights in the sitting-room, Katharine went upstairs ; she was very anxious to read Miles Addison's letter.

MY DEAR MAURICE,

Before you read this you will know that I have failed in my endeavours to make a fortune, and that in my failure I have been unfortunate enough to injure you—not seriously, I hope, for Colonel Byng will surely give you time, and Kirklands is a fine estate, and

can well bear a small addition to the debt upon it. Mr. Adare, our senior partner, will explain all to you. I have told him everything. I alone am to blame for the use made of your money in speculating: it is due to Mr. Adare and Mr. Pecoek to say this. You left your affairs so entirely in my hands, that the temptation was too strong for me; and yet believe me, Maurice, I could have resisted, but for my love for Katharine, and her love for me.

When she read these words, Katharine laid down the letter, and sat looking straight before her. Her eyebrows were drawn together, her lips firmly closed, her eyes glittering. It was well for Miles Addison that he was not standing before Katharine at that moment, for he would have heard her opinion of him. There was a good deal more in the letter, and she read it all. It consisted principally of self-pity and self-justification; but at the end came these sentences:—

‘I know that in thus frankly acknowledging the sad mistake into which my too sanguine hopes have led me, I place myself at your mercy. You can have me pursued, arrested, tried—I shall plead guilty, of course—or you can utterly ruin my hopes in life, faint enough already, by making it impossible for me to obtain employment in England, and by causing an exposure which will end in my great-aunt, Miss Addison, altering her will. But do not act in your first anger, that is all I ask, and I ask it for the sake of your uncle and my step-father, who loved me so dearly. Dare I say, for Katharine’s sake too? If you take but a day for consideration, I have no fear. I know your generous heart, you will not strike a fallen man, particularly when it can benefit no one, and may grieve one whom I must now endeavour to forget.’

Katharine read this with a smile, which somehow did not beautify, or even soften, her face—it made her utterly unlike herself. She folded the letter, got up, and opened a little painted cabinet in which she kept a few girlish treasures. From a drawer in this cabinet she drew forth a small water-coloured sketch of a young man, dark and handsome, with regular features and very fine dark eyes. She stood looking at this for some time; it was supposed to represent Miles Addison, and as far as the form of his features went, it was like him. Had Katharine really cared for him, she would have known that it was a very poor likeness, for Miles had an expressive face—he looked as if he had a secret, and could keep it, whereas this wide-eyed youth looked handsome, and nothing else. In the same drawer she found, after some search, a small red book, much gilt, entitled ‘Gems of Poesy.’ This book and the picture she now proceeded to lay symmetrically in the centre of her fireplace, and having got some paper, she set fire to the little heap, and watched until it was reduced to ashes.

‘There!’ she said, having relighted the book again and again,

‘now I have only to forget that I ever fancied I might come to love you. But I respect myself very little for having even fancied it.’

It was now nearly two o'clock, but she could not go to bed without seeing that Maurice was safe and well. There was a fine bright moon, and by her light she went downstairs and softly opened his door. Here, too, the moon was flooding the room with cold whiteness. Katharine stole in. There lay poor Maurice, fast asleep, with his hand under his head, and his bright curls all over his eyes, sleeping soundly and healthily. Much relieved, Katharine returned to her own room, and was soon as sound asleep as Maurice himself.

But though sound sleep and utter forgetfulness are great blessings, the awakening and remembering are ‘ill to thole,’ as the Scotch say. It was six o'clock when Katharine was wakened by the workman's bell, and in a few moments she had lived through a bitter pang—the sight of the letter on her table convincing her that all was true—for one moment she had tried to doubt it. But her first care must be for Maurice—and as she dressed herself she heard his familiar whistle under her window, and saw him walking off, followed by his dogs. She was soon ready and had breakfast ready too, before he came in. It was his custom to read prayers in the hall to his household, and to as many of the farm labourers as could come in at that time, and to-day there was a very full attendance. Katharine knew at a glance that he had told the evil tidings.

The short service concluded with a hymn, but it was a failure to-day. A few began bravely; one by one the voices broke and ceased, and even Katharine was forced to give it up. She covered her face with her hands; every woman present began to cry, and every man to look as he would do the same but for shame's sake. After a brief pause they clattered out of the hall, all save one woman, who came up to Katharine.

‘Miss Kitty, will you forgive me? I beg your pardon for being argumacious, and if you'll give me the key, Miss, I'll—do just as you like.’

‘Oh, Madge, Madge!’ said Katharine, laying her hand in the rough one held out for the key, ‘here it is; and if I was overbearing, you must forgive me.’

Madge seized the key, tried to speak but choked, so she flourished her recovered treasure over her head and rushed after the rest.

‘This is the worst, Maurice. When it is over, and you and I established on a nice little farm—’

Something in his face checked her, and she went on hurriedly—

‘Come to breakfast, dear. I have it ready in the little parlour.’

‘One must eat, I suppose, come what will,’ he answered with a sad smile.

‘One must indeed—and I am hungry,’ she said cheerfully; but judging by her performance I fear that was not strictly true.

‘Now come to my sitting-room, Maurice, and tell me what we are

to do, and when we must do it. There is the letter; and, do you know, the saddest thing to me is that I find I am not so much surprised as I thought. I believe Uncle Robert was so fond of Miles that I, and you too, tried to think of him as he did—but I think I always had a latent distrust.'

'I never liked him,' said Maurice honestly, 'though I was ashamed of myself for it. Poor Uncle Robert, he thought so highly of him! His heart was set upon a match between you and Miles; he spoke to me about it the last night I sat up with him.'

'He spoke to me too—he made me promise to listen to him. Uncle told me that if Miles had liked any other girl, he would have left his money to me; believing that it was all the same to me, he thought Miles ought to have the management of it. And Miles has not been here much since Uncle Robert's death; he had got the money and he didn't want me!'

'I don't know,' said Maurice, disposing of his long limbs comfortably in a big chair. 'I suppose he is not all bad, any more than other people. It has been partly my own fault. I ought to have insisted on having Colonel Byng's receipts; and I let Miles send me an acknowledgment from himself, and keep the others—at least, *say* he kept them. What a donkey I was!'

'I would forgive him anything but the use he makes of my name in that letter. Did it influence you, Maurice?'

'Well—yes. If I had acted at once——'

'Then act now,' said Katharine, hotly. 'Why bear the blame yourself? And I do sincerely believe he ought to be punished.'

'Think a little, Kitty. He was our good old Uncle's son and favourite; and it would be penal servitude for ten years or so. And I should not recover a penny. It would be merely for revenge. You would not do it, Katharine.'

'I'm not so sure of that.'

'He is punished enough as it is. Ten years of hard work gone for nothing, and to begin the world again at thirty, with the possibility of this story coming out!'

'Tell me about Colonel Byng.'

'Colonel Byng says that he will not again be made a fool of—that he has enquired, and knows that I make money by the estate, and therefore I must be a young spendthrift; and even if he waited it would come to the same thing in the end. He says distinctly in his last letter that he will hear no more about waiting. I hear he has an only son, whom he is anxious to establish as a country gentleman.'

'Did you write yourself, or employ a lawyer?'

'Both. I went to Mr. Russell, Uncle's old friend; he was very kind and gave me great help. He has made an arrangement by which Colonel Byng buys everything—furniture, horses, stock, crops—everything, in fact. The old man was content to pay handsomely to get immediate possession. It will be capital for us, by-and-by.'

'By-and-by? Will you not try to get a farm at once? I've been rejoicing that now at last my love for real hard work will be of use. We'll have *such* a dairy, Maurice! I shall be of real use to you now,' with a loving look at him, which seemed to hurt him more than anything else had done.

'Stop!' he cried, 'let me tell you all. That time will come, dear—but not at once—and not in England. I've made up my mind to emigrate.'

'Very well—there's only the Vicar, but you are my country and my home, and——'

'I'd rather you'd stick pins into me than talk like that! I've done a selfish thing. It was in my first mad grief—I felt as if I must get away—as if I must change my way of life altogether. I thought everyone would know, and would think—truly, Katharine, I am ashamed when I remember how I raved. But Mr. Russell, in the kindest way, made interest for me with some of his grand clients, and I was offered an appointment in an expedition that is going to Canada—to survey the parts that have not been settled yet, beyond our settlements. These lands are to be mapped, and divided into lots, and, and reported upon—the places for towns selected—and a man with a knowledge of soils and crops was wanted. The pay is good, and I can see for myself and select an allotment. But, Katharine—my dear little sister—ah! it was selfish of me to accept it—but I felt as if I could not get far away enough from England.'

Katharine understood. This meant that she could not go. For a moment her heart rose up in rebellion. But she was a sensible girl, and had lived an active, practical life: she could realise to some extent the shock that this terrible misfortune had given her brother, and the necessity for a complete change of scene to enable him to regain his usual tone of mind. He must indeed have been upset when he forgot to think first of her; it was unlike him; and she had sense enough to see the reason of this unlikeness, and generosity enough to set herself aside and think only of him. She was resolutely silent until she could command her voice—how long that silence lasted neither of them knew—and she then spoke as if she had answered him at once.

'I don't call it selfish, dear. It was an instinct, and maybe the chance of getting away made it possible to bear all this—and what is best for you is best for me. We'll make a new home in Canada—you'll go now, and send for me—and we'll settle what I am to do meantime, by-and-by.'

Maurice turned away to hide his face, saying in a husky voice,

'You've shamed me, Kitty! You're the bravest woman, Katharine Thorold, I ever heard of!'

Her bravery was not strong enough to allow her to answer this!

'When do you go, Maurice?'

'In three weeks or so. I could take you, and establish you in

Montreal for the time—but I shall have to come back to England, and it would be better for you to come out then.'

'How long will the work last?'

'Two years, at least'—he caught the look on her face as he said this, and springing up, cried, 'I'll write and give it up—we'll go out together, and——'

'No, no! All my life long, Maurice, I have been your first thought, and now that you are in misfortune you must be mine. Your plan is the best—it will save money, and we can't afford to waste it. You will choose a good farm—you'll know exactly what we shall want to take out, and—and two years will soon be over.'

'And you'll stay here with the Vicar? Miss Hooker and he will be right glad to have you.'

But this was beyond what she could endure—her face quivered all over and she said sharply, 'Don't ask me to stay near home—near Kirklands. You yourself——'

She stopped short.

'Couldn't do it,' he said ruefully; 'that's true. But what else can we do?'

'Oh, something will turn up—there's time enough to think about it. We have relatives, you know.'

'None that will be of any use, I'm afraid,' said he with a sigh. 'They have never taken any notice of us.—There is Mr. Hooker at the hall door.'

'I will go and bring him in—and do you go out for a while, and I'll tell him all about everything,' said Katharine hurriedly. She thought that poor Maurice had told the story often enough, and was determined to spare him this time. Poor Mr. Hooker! he was sincerely attached to both the Thorolds, and the blow to him was very severe. He at once begged Katharine to come to him for the two years, but when he saw how she shrank from it, he said, 'I won't urge you, my child, but don't forget, you can come to us at any time. You know that Bessie would be as glad as I should.'

A few days passed, and the question as to Katharine's place of abode during her brother's absence was still unsolved. She had about a hundred and fifty pounds a year of her own, and various articles of jewellery and old lace, which had been her mother's or her paternal grandmother's, and which were worth a good deal of money. Her own first plan was to try for a situation in some school, and thus save her income—but to this Maurice strongly objected. They had no relations on the Thorold side of the family—their mother had been a Miss St. Aubyn, whom their father, then a younger son and a Captain in the army, had met at a ball in Bath. After a few days' acquaintance he had proposed for her—but the St. Aubyns considered themselves—and indeed were—superior to the Thorolds—and Miss Frances was sent home in disgrace when it was found that she had accepted him. However, Captain Thorold followed her—won her

invalid mother's heart; and finally, when Mr. St. Aubyn and his elder daughters returned from Bath, they found that there was no use in making any fuss, for the young people were married! Mrs. St. Aubyn did not long survive this event, and the family had never taken any notice of the Thorolds since then. Captain Thorold continued in the army for some years, during which several children were born to him, but none of them lived. His eldest brother's death put him in possession of Kirklands—and there Maurice and Katharine were born, one or two other infants having been born and having died in the seven years between them. Captain Thorold was an extravagant man—a celebrity on the turf, and fond of keeping open house for like-minded guests. When he died, a year or two after his wife, he left the estate heavily mortgaged: the rest of the story of this mortgage I have already told. Neither Maurice nor Katharine knew anything of their mother's family, beyond some dim memories lingering in Maurice's brain of stories told him by his mother, and the bare facts that their grandfather was dead and that the Priory had passed to a distant cousin. Therefore, it was no small surprise to Katharine to receive the following letter.

The Priory, Southerton, North Wiltshire.

MY DEAR NIECE,

You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, for perhaps you have never heard of me; and as for me, I do not even know your Christian name. But I am your Aunt Florence, and your mother was my favourite sister, and when I was forbidden to write to her, I was very unhappy. I have often longed to hear about her children, but I have never been free to act as I could wish. But I have heard of you at last, from Mr. Russell, of Great Arlington St., who is my solicitor. I was obliged to go to London on business, and when Mr. Russell had explained everything to me, he asked me if my sister had not married Captain Thorold of Kirklands. I assure you I very nearly fainted! but he then told me of the dreadful misfortunes that had happened to your brother, of whom he spoke most highly, and he said he is going to Canada in some expedition, and does not know what to do with his little sister. I could not bear to think of my dear Fanny's girl being in any difficulty, so I really thought I should be obliged to leave my present very comfortable home and take you to live with me and Eleanore, quietly, in some cheap place, for I am very poor. But Mr. Russell said that you had enough to live on of your own. So I came home, to see what the rest would say about it. I spoke to our dear Theodore about it, and he just said so kindly, 'Consult Clare about it, dear Miss Florence; for surely in this large house we can find room for your little niece, and we cannot lose you;' so kind as he always is. Mrs. Craven does not see things in the same light, I am sorry to say, but that does not really matter. I have spoken to dear Clare, and the result is that I am authorised to

offer you a home here under my care and—affection, if you will not laugh at me for saying so. There are other members of the family living here on the same terms; they all contribute to the common housekeeping fund. If your brother, who is I suppose your guardian, can pay seventy pounds a year for you, it will make your position here pleasanter. But I will make fifty do. I am the housekeeper, you know.

This is a long letter, and I am unused to writing, but I hope that your brother and you will think things over—you are young enough to be improved by the society you will meet with here. Marcia Craven is a very elegant girl, and Eleanore is most superior. Beatrice is still very young. I will truly do my best to supply the place of the mother you have lost. Mr. St. Aubyn had hoped to write himself to your brother, but he is in a very low and suffering state. Miss St. Aubyn—I have spoken of her before by her Christian name—desires me to say that she sincerely hopes that you will soon be one of our circle.

I remain, your affectionate Aunt,

FLORENCE ST. AUBYN.

P.S. Dear Clare wishes me to add that if you like to help her in her many works of charity she will find employment suited to you; and there are good masters in B—— who would come over once a week—Lettice Charteris could join you. My sister Craven says that this letter ought to be to your brother, but as I have written it I shall send it, and ask him to excuse me.

Katharine was in her own room when she read this long epistle, Maurice being out, wandering about the place. Those were terrible days to Maurice Thorold. The simple, manly, active life had exactly suited him—every inch of his beautiful old place was known to him. He was of a disposition to feel the wrench of parting with it very severely, and the struggle to think and feel charitably of Miles Addison and Colonel Byng (by whom he knew he had been somewhat harshly used) was very great. Yet for the sake of the dependants he was leaving behind, he did not wish to give a bad impression of the new owner. Katharine's one wish now was, to get him away—she saw that this inactive interval was more than he could bear. Before she had finished the letter, her mind was made up.

‘Craven,—Theodore—Clare—Beatrice—why, how many are there, I wonder? Masters—she thinks I am about twelve years old, thanks to my dear Maurice's way of talking of his little Kitty. But all that doesn't matter—it will be respectable being with my aunt, and it will be away from here. I can go at once—it will help me to get Maurice away—I'll go. It will kill Maurice to be kept dawdling on here—I had almost made up my mind to go to the Vicarage.’

Seeing Maurice on the lawn, she beckoned to him, and ran downstairs to meet him.

‘Come in! I want you. Read this letter; it is from our aunt—Florence, I think she calls herself.’

‘A letter—what does she say?’ Maurice cried eagerly.

He read it, leaning back against the deep setting of the old-fashioned window, Katharine standing beside him and looking over the letter too.

‘Well—that’s a queer epistle!’ said Maurice presently.

‘But a kind one, Maurice?’

‘Yes—kind—but somehow I gather from it that the writer has never been allowed to have her own way. And what a funny collection they must be! The St. Aubyns, I know, are Creoles—a distant cousin inherited the Priory. The Cravens—Mrs. Craver must be the eldest sister—what’s this her name was? Sophia—or Henrietta, or some fine name like that. But Charteris finishes me—I never heard that name in connection with the St. Aubyns.’

‘And there’s another—the superior one—Eleanore. Is she a Craven, I wonder?’

‘I haven’t a notion. She says here: “Miss St Aubyn, I have mentioned her before by her Christian name.” Now, is that Clare, or Eleanore?’

‘My idea is that Mr. and Miss St. Aubyn are very old—and Aunt Florence takes care of them. Florence! absurd name for an elderly lady!’

‘Katharine, at what time of life should you advise a woman to change her name for a good sensible, middle-aged one? For having been christened Florence, it seems to me——’

‘It seems to me, my dear, that even if it were Florentia, or Florentina, this is the thing for me to do.’

‘You must not decide hastily. I will write to Mr. Russell.’

‘No, no! The truth is, that staying on here when we must go is too much for us. This will be respectable; let me write and accept.’

Maurice made divers objections, but she persisted in declaring that she longed to be away, and that this was so respectable: and Maurice, though somewhat surprised by her sudden longing for respectability, was really glad to know that she could be with her mother’s people till he came for her. So Katharine wrote at once—

May 21, 184—

MY DEAR AUNT FLORENCE,

Your very kind letter was most welcome both to my brother and to me, and we accept the offer it contains with real gratitude. We were very much puzzled about a home for me during the year or two that he must be away. I cannot understand from your letter whether I ought not also write to Mr. or to Miss St. Aubyn; but as I shall be with you so soon, will you explain to them that I hope to thank them in person. There will be no difficulty about the yearly payment you speak of. I have quite enough of my own to afford that. Unless you write to put me off I shall be with you very soon,

but I shall give you a day's notice when I am ready. Excuse this short letter, you will easily understand that I am very busy. But believe me, I feel sincerely grateful for your kindness.

Your affectionate Niece,

KATHARINE THOROLD.

'But, Kitty,' said Maurice, when he read this letter, 'there is one thing you may add. Ask if you may bring Aurora.'

'No—I would rather not. I could hardly afford it, if I am to save anything for my outfit; and besides, I never wish to hear again one word that has been a household word here. And I wish, oh! Maurice, *how* I wish! that you and I could slip quietly away, drive to Knaresborough, and take the night-coach to York. We can stay in London a while, and get whatever you will want in the way of clothes, and when you go, I can go on to Southerton. Oh, Maurice, do let it be so! all this talking and saying good-bye is so dreadful. Let us tell Mr. Hooker, and no one else—it will be best for everyone.'

It would surely be best for him! she knew that by the way his eyes lighted up. To be away—to have something to do that looked to the future rather than to the past—Katharine saw that she had done wisely. A note was despatched to Mr. Hooker, who came to them early the next day. Katharine met him at the avenue gate, having taken a farewell walk over the moor that lay high above the house, and scrambled down into the avenue by a wild rocky track to which she had always been very partial. The poor old Vicar looked very sad.

'Why, Katharine! is this you?'

'This is what is left of me,' said Katharine, who had indeed grown thin and pale. 'I wanted to see you first, to beg of you not to object to our plan of going away quietly. Maurice never complains, but all this is breaking his heart, and the sooner we are off the better.'

She then explained their plans, and showed him her aunt's letter.

'Well, my dear,' he said, 'I won't say a word to delay you. If I were sure that this Miss St. Aubyn is a good woman, I should counsel you to be guided by her—you have been independent too young, Kitty, and you're not the better for it. But remember, in any difficulty I'll advise you to the best of my power, and you know that you can come to us at any time if you find this place uncomfortable.'

With the Vicar's help all was soon arranged—he undertook to explain their sudden determination, and to distribute certain farewell gifts. That evening the Thorolds drove along the pine avenue for the last time—and when they reached Knaresborough, Katharine looked so ill that Maurice insisted on staying there that night.

The few days in London were very busy and very sad. They went so cruelly fast, and yet they were so long. Katharine did not know whether she wished them over, or that they might go on for ever. Maurice insisted upon taking her to a first-rate dressmaker, and

getting her a complete outfit of really nice dresses, bonnets, etc. Katharine was half indignant that anything better than her usual dresses should be considered necessary, but he declared that she ought to conform to their ways, and that she would find the things useful. Madame Berri, the dressmaker, thought her customer the strangest young lady she had ever known, when she was desired to pack everything in a big trunk bought for the occasion, and found that it would not be opened until Miss Thorold was in Southerton.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago, in the days when ladies' dresses measured several yards in circumference, and when there was considered to be a slight impropriety in displaying the whole of the female ear, a good-looking, open-faced young man and an invalid girl were conversing earnestly by the fireside in a London drawing-room.

Russell Verney was just going off to India to join his regiment, and had come up for a night to his uncle, Professor Hughes, ostensibly to bid good-bye to his relatives, but in reality to consult his cousin Alda on a point of extreme interest to him, and apparently to her also.

She was reclining in an invalid chair, and was decidedly, though not repulsively, deformed. Nature had meant her for a tall woman, and her features were rather large for her restricted stature; otherwise her face was an interesting one. She had large bright blue eyes, which flashed when she smiled, and an intellectual brow and mouth. There was power in her face, and the consciousness of power also. Perhaps her face was not exactly attractive when it was at rest, but the play of it made it interesting to look at. Just now she was watching attentively every movement of her cousin Russell, who was sitting staring rather moodily into the fire.

'I wish I knew what to do,' he said.

'What would you do if you had not asked me about it at all?' said Alda Hughes. Her voice was a clear, rather high treble, with something incisive about it.

'On my own hook,' said the young man, 'I should have gone to her and said, "You are an heiress, and I am a penniless subaltern; but I love you in spite of that. I leave you free of course, but I am bound."'

'My dear old Russell, what a dear old blind owl you are! Don't you see you'd practically tie her down, if you said that?'

'I don't see why.'

'Then you don't know what a girl is like. I dare say you don't; men never do.' Perhaps a less preoccupied listener than Russell Verney might have heard a certain vibration in the last words, in spite of the lightness of the tone.

'I should never think of tying her down, even if her people would let her. But how am I to say anything that will show her that I care at all, if I am not to tell her how much?'

‘I expect you have shown her enough to make her know that,’ said Alda.

Russell did not answer at first; there was a pause, after which he suddenly rose to his full height of six feet two, and said, ‘By Jove, Alda, I can’t stand going away without saying a word to her!’

‘Yes, you can, if it is the honourable thing to do,’ said Alda, looking steadily at him with her great blue eyes.

‘Is it the honourable thing to do? I wish I knew that! I swear to you, Alda, I don’t care about myself, but her—I can’t bear to think she should think I have been amusing myself with her——’

‘My dear Russell, a girl in Bessie Mallard’s position is not in the least likely not to see your real motive. I have not the slightest doubt,’ said Alda slowly, ‘but that she will think a great deal more highly of you if you go away saying nothing.’

‘Some girls might understand—but she is so young! Alda, she will come to town in February, couldn’t you get hold of her and make her know somehow? That nothing would have made me go away without speaking, but a sense that it would not be honourable in my position——’;

All this time Alda had been watching him with a steady intent gaze, slightly strained. Now she closed her eyes for a moment, with an involuntary sigh of relief.

‘I will do my best, Russell. I can’t promise: I may be ill, or they may not care to be called on by professional people; but I will see what I can do, and I will write and tell you of my success. Now I am afraid I must go and rest before dinner; my head aches frightfully, and I don’t want to miss your last evening here.’

Russell Verney had no sister, and ever since he could remember, his cousin Alda Hughes had supplied the place. After his father’s death his mother had made her home in London, and it had been a constant surprise to those who cared to watch the two children, to see how the little deformed girl ordered the big strong lad about, and how he scarcely ever thought of resisting her slightest whim. Alda’s sisters were fine, well-grown, commonplace girls, more likely, one would have thought, to attract Russell than poor little Alda; but Russell did not yield more than civility demanded to the requirements of Maria and Agnes, while he was Alda’s obedient slave. This fact was by no means due to any remarkable sense on Russell’s part of the claims of meek suffering or the gentle influence of unselfishness, as delineated in moral literature for the young. Alda was neither meek nor unselfish; she was no patient sufferer, but at times very impatient indeed of the privations which her deformity and ill-health imposed upon her. Her mother had died at her birth, and there were times, when she was a child, when neither the governess, Mrs. Verney, nor Professor Hughes himself could do anything with Alda. After awhile, however, the intellectual power in the girl, which was considerable, began to assert itself; she begged to attend

classes instead of working at home, and found herself capable of taking prizes and honours; and when her schooldays were over, and she was left, by the marriage of her two elder sisters, the mistress of her father's house, she had discovered another capacity in herself which she secretly amused herself by experimenting with at all possible opportunities. She could make most people, with more or less effort, according to their nature, do what she chose them to do; sometimes by persuasion, sometimes by indignation, sometimes by sheer force of will. In spite of her curved spine and her ill-health, few girls of twenty-four enjoyed so much consideration and authority as Alda Hughes did. Insensibly she was already changing the character of the frequenters of the house, working upon her father without his knowing it; and when Professor Hughes gave his Wednesday evenings, Alda's invalid chair was the centre of quite as much attraction, in its way, as her handsome inane sisters had exercised with their young-lady vapidities and pretty faces.

When her cousin Russell came to her to pour into her ear the information that he was head-over-ears in love with the loveliest creature who ever lived, and that the only thing that troubled him was that she was the heiress of the Mallards of Mallard, and would have a fortune of fifty thousand pounds and the Mallard diamonds too, Alda was conscious of a very distinct shock. Russell had always seemed in some way to be her own property, and she suddenly found that he had no idea that such was the case. Perhaps this fact, and the unconscious desire to reclaim him as such, partly coloured her ensuing actions in the matter. She saw the drawbacks in Russell's path much more strongly than the advantages. Russell came and told her what Bessie Mallard had said and how she had looked; and Alda sympathised, but regretfully, always keeping before him that she considered the matter hopeless, and that of course he could not speak to her of his attachment in his present position. One day he told her that he had exchanged into an Indian regiment, in order that he might have more chance of rising, and of at the same time husbanding his resources, so as to be able to marry; and that whatever happened he should at least tell her of his attachment before he went. Alda did not absolutely and directly try to persuade him not to do so; but she let fall hints which showed plainly that she thought this was not the most honourable course, and all their interviews began with Russell's expressing his rebellion against this view, and ended with his feeling hopelessly that perhaps he should be wronging Bessie Mallard by saying anything that would tie her down to wait an indefinite time for him. It must be said for Alda that she believed she was persuading Russell to the wisest and best course; and that never at present having felt any very warm passion herself, she did not know how much more suffering on both sides, with some characters, the doubt of requital might produce than any separation or disappointment which might follow an avowal of love. She was a person who hardly under-

stood the depth of a passive disappointment, though she would have sympathised with one, the pain of which consisted in the sense of a baffled will. If any blame attached to her it was from this: that having decided on a course of action, she set her whole will to bear upon Russell to make him do what she told him, when, as a matter of fact, she had better have left him to follow his own instinct.

She was successful. Russell Verney sailed for India without saying anything to Bessie Mallard, feeling at last convinced that he was thereby acting the most honourable part. His parting injunctions to Alda had been to try to meet Bessie as soon as she came to town and to explain, or at least to hint to her, the state of things so far that she might understand that nothing but honour had kept Russell silent. But Alda was distinctly relieved when the Mallards came to town, and all action on her part was rendered needless by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Mallard of Mallard to Antony Daubeney, Esq., of Featherfields.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZABETH MALLARD, the object of the conversation described in the foregoing chapter, was a very pretty and very wilful heiress of eighteen when Russell Verney fell in love with her. She was the last of the Mallards of Mallard; her father had died when she was a baby, and her mother had married a dissipated baronet, Sir Walter Ellis, who died a few years later from softening of the brain. On his death, Lady Ellis went back to live at Mallard with her daughter Bessie and her little son Sir Wyndham Ellis; and there Bessie Mallard grew up, a tall straight vigorous young girl, with a delicate brown skin, finely cut features, straight dark brows, and brown hazel eyes with long lashes, which could flash and melt in a moment. These were not slight attractions, combined with the fact that she was the heiress not only of Mallard, but of the Mallard diamonds worth £12,000.

Lady Ellis was a clever foolish woman, of Irish extraction. Whenever her fate went as she did not wish it, she fought against it, as her daughter Bessie did after her; but whereas with Bessie, there was some ground for believing that her conduct to-day would give some clue towards her conduct to-morrow, with Lady Ellis there was none. She was fond of Bessie in her way, but her son was the object of all her hopes and desires, and when he and Bessie quarrelled, as was not unfrequently the case, she invariably sided with him. Wyndham had a grudge against Bessie, because he held it altogether contrary to the nature of things that a girl should be richer than a boy, and that Bessie's guardians should make no objection to her having an eighty guinea riding horse, while his own insisted on his being content with the old pony. The fact was that Sir Walter Ellis had run through

most of his property before he died, and what little he had left was being carefully nursed for his son. Bessie, to do her justice, thought very little about her advantages of fortune; but her mother never could get over the feeling that Wyndham ought to have been a Mallard instead of Bessie.

Except for occasional quarrels with Wyndham, and indignant rebellion against what struck her as unjust in her mother's rule, Bessie had a very simple and natural girlhood. She had a good and clever governess, of whom she was the delight and the torment by turns; she could work magnificently when she chose, but she scarcely ever did choose. She liked riding, she liked animals and flowers, and wild rambles in the pretty rough country round Mallard; the physical vitality in her made life in itself a thing to be enjoyed, and until the summer when Russell Verney and his mother came down to spend his furlough at the cottage on the edge of the common, which ended by his going away to India without saying anything to her, she did not know in the least what real trouble meant.

In spite of her riches and her heiress-ship, Bessie Mallard was a very simple girl, and it never struck her that these might be the reason why Russell had not spoken. Her mother's inclination had always been to disparage the riches in which Bessie so much surpassed her darling Wyndham. She taunted Bessie, whenever she was angry with her, with thinking much of herself because she was an heiress, and assured her that nobody whose opinion was worth having would value her in the least for this reason. So that Bessie in her innocence never dreamed that her riches could weigh down her fate on one side or the other, and when Russell Verney went away without speaking, she made up her mind with bitter humiliation that it was because he did not love her, and reproached herself painfully with having given away her heart unasked. She was far too proud to betray her secret, but she suffered none the less acutely. She rebelled furiously against her pain. She hated Mallard which she had loved so much throughout her childhood; she hated everything connected with Russell Verney; she rebelled against all her surroundings, her mother's fitful and tyrannical authority beyond all; and when in the midst of a contest of wills and tempers between herself and Lady Ellis, about going to London for the season, her mother had temporarily conquered her by bringing in her guardian to assure her that she had no course but submission, the world was almost immediately startled by hearing that Mr. Daubeney of Featherfields had asked Miss Mallard of Mallard to become his second wife, and that she had accepted him.

It was surprising. He was more than double her age, and had a daughter nearly as old as herself; and his temper was said not to be of the most amiable or generous. In trying to escape from her mother's control, Bessie Mallard had thrown herself from the frying-pan into the fire. Mr. Daubeney-Mallard, as he was now called, was not exactly a deliberately unkind husband, but he was a petty tyrant.

He drove his young wife and his daughter Bertha in a leash, as it were, under the impression that women must be kept in order, and made to know their place. Bertha Daubeney was a weak foolish girl, to whom this treatment was not altogether inappropriate; but it galled Bessie's high spirit intolerably. Years and years after she looked back to those early years of her married life with a shiver of horror; they seemed to have been simple and unmitigated pain and humiliation. Her pride, however, stood her in good stead; the one thing she felt that would be more intolerable than anything else, was that any one should pity her, her mother above all. Pride taught her to endure in silence, without complaint; she submitted proudly to the crossing of her wishes, however unreasonable, rather than humiliate herself by complaining; and though as the years went on there came to be a look in her face as of explosive forces, kept under by an effort of will, it was only close observers of physiognomy who would have discerned it. What would have happened if this life had gone on much longer is difficult to say. The latent explosion would probably have come somehow, either in an irrepressible outburst of temper or in a breakdown of nerves; but it was delayed by Bessie's proud hatred of pity, though her chains grew more and more intolerable every day. She once tried to assert herself vehemently against the combined force of her husband and her mother, and felt that the fact that she had expressed her opinion in one way made her husband a little more inclined to the other than he would otherwise have been, so that Lady Ellis won her cause. The point at issue was the marriage of Bertha Daubeney to Sir Wyndham Ellis. Good and bad motives were mingled together, possibly, in the determination which Bessie displayed to oppose this match. She and her half-brother had little in common; she believed that he inherited his father's taste for dissipation, and considered that it was simply madness to make him marry a weak, foolish, empty-headed girl like Bertha, whom she regarded with a certain contemptuous kindness, and unconsciously snubbed at every possible opportunity. On this occasion she roused herself out of the inaction which life seemed to present to her, and tried to warn her husband against the match. But Mr. Daubeney-Mallard instinctively leant to the side which was not his wife's. Lady Ellis was triumphant, and the only result of Bessie's interference was still greater estrangement between her mother and herself. Suddenly, in the year in which she turned twenty-four, six months saw her a widow and motherless. Her mother died in March, her husband in September, and she stood free, but absolutely alone in the world.

With all her wilfulness and bitterness, Bessie was not ignoble enough to feel unmitigated joy in her freedom. She was at present far from realising that the greater part of her misery arose from her own undisciplined nature; but she felt that life had been cruel to her, not only in what she suffered, but in what she did not suffer. The commonplaces of condolence made her shrink, not because they

touched a wound, but because they touched vacancy—the experiences that ought to mean most to a woman meant so little to her. Bertha shed tears behind her black-edged handkerchief when she talked of ‘poor papa,’ not many nor bitter, but still with some amount of decorous feeling. But Bessie’s widowhood had never caused her to shed a tear, though she felt miserable enough when she contemplated the fact that this loss was the shadow of no gain. Sometimes it seemed to her, as she watched the people around her, that every one was real except herself. She could not go into any assemblage of men and women, or listen to people talking casually in a crowd of their own affairs, joys or hopes, without looking at them with a wistful feeling that they had souls and she had none. Fathers, mothers, husbands, children, friends,—all these relations of life seemed to her to enter into the reality of things by the joy and pain they brought, while she had none, and stood without in the cold, numb to everything. In a kind of forlorn hope she tried to make friends with Bertha, who was at this time awaiting her first baby; and Bertha, who was one of those mild, weak natures, which do not harbour active resentment long, was quite willing to meet her half-way. Sir Wyndham, however, was by no means so ready to forget or forgive her opposition to his marriage, and Bertha was so easily swayed by him that it seemed rather doubtful whether the reconciliation would be more than temporary. But circumstances favoured her. Bertha was dangerously ill for some time after her first child was born; and Bessie watched over the baby—an unwelcome little girl, where an heir had been hoped for—with unremitting care and watchfulness, and saved its delicate little flame of life from extinction. By the time that Bertha was sufficiently recovered to go on with the ordinary course of life again, the baby was living the ordinary life of babies; but it had also become the one point of interest and real affection in Bessie Mallard’s life.

Given a woman like Mrs. Mallard—strong-natured, strong-willed, with her affections for the first time called out into full power over the child of another, it was not to be expected that complications should not arise. She had always despised poor Bertha in previous relations of life, and now she despised her as a mother, and showed the fact plainly enough in manner if not in words. Bertha went obediently into society when her husband ordered her, and saw no harm sometimes in not visiting the nursery for a couple of days, having ‘perfect confidence’ in her nurse. Bessie rarely let a day pass without climbing up the long London stairs to see her treasure, and her assiduous attentions were received by Sir Wyndham as an intentional reflection upon his wife; he was not always very kind to Bertha himself, but he resented Bessie’s contempt of her. Still, when Bertha’s next child was born, it was too great a convenience to send the little girl to Bessie’s house at Kensington for the Ellises not to accept her offer. This time the desired boy arrived, and everything

was done to welcome his birth. Bessie felt very indignant that the parents should show so much more delight at the birth of this second child than they had ever done for her own treasure, and made up her mind that however her Baby might be neglected by those she belonged to, she would make up for all. It took some time to adapt the nursery arrangements for the precious boy, and by the time she had to return her own pet to her home, Bessie had fully realised that here was the one thing which to her made life worth living. The broken words, the soft baby arms, the cooing laughter of the little maiden, were so much more to her than anything else in life, that heaven and earth seemed to take their colour from the amount of time she was able to spend with Baby. If she thought Baby was looking pale, if she were feverish in cutting her teeth, if all was not absolutely right with the child, Bessie went about depressed and wretched all day: if Baby was well and bright the sun shone.

‘Reminds me of a cat that had lost her own kittens and brought up a litter of ferrets,’ said Sir Wyndham to his wife.

‘I’m sure Baby isn’t a bit like a ferret,’ said Bertha, querulously. But he went on without heeding her—

‘I believe I could make Bessie do anything I chose by means of that baby—even behave decently to you; only it would be a lot of trouble.’

So Bessie Mallard’s life, inward and outward, went on for some years. Outwardly, she lived like any other wealthy and independent woman. She let Mallard, and had a picturesque house at Kensington, full of pretty things, books, and pictures. She entered into society, dressed richly, and talked well. Once she happened to meet a tall, handsome, rather inane woman, who looked at her when she heard her name, and then said—

‘I think I used to know your name some years ago. Did you ever know my cousin, Russell Verney?’

Bessie replied calmly that she used to do so, smiling inwardly at herself the while, because even now her heart beat a little quicker at the name.

‘How is he getting on?’ she said.

‘Oh, he is rising fast; we are quite proud of him!’ said Mrs. Dale, who had once been Agnes Hughes. ‘Lord M.’s secretary told my husband he was quite one of the most rising of the young men of his standing. Indeed, I hear that he is likely soon to make a very good match. I was told that people expected every day to hear his engagement announced with Sir John Farquhar’s daughter.’

‘Has he ever been to England since he first went out?’ said Bessie, with a languor of manner which might have struck those who knew her as slightly studied.

‘No, never. If he marries, I suppose he will bring his wife home to see his relations, and we shall get a chance of a sight of him.’

So the conversation rippled away; but the first thing Bessie did

when she went home was to go up to the crib in which Baby was lying—in spite of her deposition from babyhood she still retained the name by her own decided refusal to be called anything else—and to kiss the little soft cheek, saying in a low whisper, ‘I might have minded, even now, Baby, if it were not for you. Who would have thought I should have been so sentimental at my age as to mind one way or the other what Russell Verney might be pleased to do?’

Everybody said of course that Mrs. Mallard of Mallard, with £12,000 of diamonds in her own right, so disposed that she might will them to any one she wished, was certain to marry again; for the domestic tyranny under which she had suffered was not unguessed at, through Bertha’s confidences to her particular friends, and no one supposed that the tie between herself and her late husband had been a very loving one. But the fact that the chain of marriage had proved so galling to her made Bessie less, not more disposed to marry again, as the world supposed. To her wilful, vehement nature freedom in itself was bliss; and as Baby grew more and more intelligent, and showed more and more pretty, clinging, affectionate ways, Bessie’s plans for the future centred more and more around her little niece. She wove visions of adopting Baby, and making her the heiress of the Mallard diamonds; and these visions came to be so attractive that she would have thought several times before she put it out of her power to carry them into effect by marrying any one whatever.

CHAPTER III.

THERE came a time when the relations between Bessie and the Ellises became considerably strained. Bertha, though kind-hearted in the main, was a stupid woman, constantly committing acts or speaking words of supreme folly, and then bemoaning herself, and complaining querulously when these brought about their natural consequences: and this was not calculated to lessen Bessie’s contemptuous dislike. Sir Wyndham, after having his fling for two or three years, had spent all his own property, and was in the hands of the Jews. Featherfields, being his wife’s inheritance, was out of his reach, but the income arising from it was by no means adequate to what he considered his expenses, and he was deeply in debt. He applied to Bessie for help. She was naturally open-handed, and let him have what he demanded the first time or two; but when the demands recurred again and again, she at last refused to let him have anything more. This made him very indignant with her. He considered himself practically her heir, because the Mallard property was so arranged that if Bessie died childless it went to her husband and his heirs; and it was chiefly this contingency that had inspired Lady Ellis to strain all her powers to marry Sir Wyndham to Bertha, as soon as it seemed likely that Bessie would be a childless wife. To every one else it seemed more probable than not that Bessie would

marry again, and therefore his expectations struck them as a little premature; but he had made up his mind that she was not to marry again, and ought to make a handsome allowance to Bertha as heiress to Mallard.

Bessie was very angry when she understood his view of her position, and there would have been a complete breach between them if it had not been for Baby, from whom Bessie could not part at any cost, and for whose sake she smothered her pride and wrath as she best could. But the fact that she did it for Baby's sake was quite patent to Baby's parents, and thenceforward Baby was the bait with which Sir Wyndham played his line. He could put on the screw through Baby, and he did so. When he found out this, he made her pay, either in cash or in some equivalent advantage, for every visit Baby was allowed to pay her; and Bessie gave in to his terms rather than part with her darling. There was a period of some months when she had tried to stand out against her brother's demands, and had gone abroad to spend the winter at Rome; but she had been very unhappy herself for the whole time, and when she came back, found Baby white-faced, dull, and listless, having been kept in the nursery all the winter because the little boy had been too delicate to go out, and turned over to the charge of an ill-tempered nursery-maid. The sight of Baby in that condition was worth a thousand pounds to Sir Wyndham Ellis, and outward harmony was restored for a time between him and his sister.

Bessie's one interest, the insecure tenure on which she held it, and the sacrifices she had to go through for it, kept life from absolute flatness; but she was not a happy woman, in spite of her splendid health, beauty, and vitality. The inner depths of the spirit were shut from her by a closed door; social and literary interests did not satisfy her; she had neither the taste nor the training for philanthropic pursuits. Sometimes her life seemed to stretch before her, possibly for fifty or sixty years more, like an endless sandy desert, and it seemed to her then that the only thing she cared to live for was Baby—the only real thing in the weary nightmare of life. She turned from her own disappointment to the life that might be yet possible for Baby. Baby's life should be sweet as her own might have been if Russell Verney had not gone to India in silence. As all the possibilities of human life lie dormant in the tender little frame and innocent face of the unconscious infant, so all kinds of hopes, desires, plans, possible and impossible, were to Bessie Mallard enfolded in the being of Baby. Her own life was a failure—that was an old story now, which she could contemplate without any of the acute suffering of those early days at Featherfields; but Baby's need not be, and in dreams about Baby's future she came perhaps at times nearer to happiness than she had ever been since the light heart of her girlhood vanished with Russell Verney.

When Baby was four years old—the little son was known as Boy,

but no one had arrived at calling the girl anything but Baby—she had measles rather severely, accompanied with congestion of the lungs. It left her delicate, and Bessie was very fidgetty about her. Just at this time the Ellises determined to go abroad for the winter: they put it on the score of economy, but as Homburg and Baden, then the great gambling resorts of Europe, were the places where they proposed staying, it was easy to imagine that their purse would not come back better filled than when they went away. They proposed to send the two children to Featherfields for the winter, under charge of the nurse; and when Bessie induced the doctor to say that Baby's chest was too delicate for such a cold climate, Sir Wyndham said they would take the children with them, in spite of all Bessie urged of the risk of draughty foreign hotels and unventilated rooms.

She proposed an alternative plan, which was this. Part of her property consisted of sugar-plantations in the West Indies, and she had always intended to go there for the winter, and see what the tropics were like. She would go there with Baby, so that the child should escape the risk of an English or German winter, and bring her back in May when England would be warm again.

Sir Wyndham was quite aware that it was to his own advantage to keep on good terms with Bessie, but he had in him now the same instinct which had made him as a small child pull off the wings and legs of flies in order to see them wriggle, and there was nothing that gave him so much amusement as to 'get a rise' out of Bessie, knowing perfectly well that he could make her consent to anything if he suggested separating her from Baby.

He, Bertha, and Bessie were sitting together in Bertha's dressing-room. Bertha a pretty doll-faced woman, already beginning to develop the unwholesome kind of stoutness that comes from unlimited eating and drinking, and taking no exertion one can possibly avoid; Bessie slim, upright, and graceful, with a look on her beautiful face which told plainly that her life had not been a happy one, and that she bore a grudge against her fate.

'You see,' said Sir Wyndham, 'we are—a—most grateful for your past kindness to the kid, Bessie, but as she gets older, we shall have to look after her more. We might make use of her now in a social way: when I was at the Lambton Smiths last week they gave their little chap wine, and made him tumble about, and everybody roared—it was quite too awfully funny. I told Bertha we would do that to Baby next time we have a dinner-party—enliven the proceedings a little, eh?'

'I suppose Mr. Lambton Smith has been studying views of popular education in Seven Dials or Whitechapel,' said Bessie, rigid and stern. 'Happily any doctor would tell you that if you tried such tricks on a delicate child like Baby, you might as well order her coffin at once.'

'Well, then, there are other things to be considered,' went on her

father, 'she must learn French and German thoroughly, and you can't begin too young. Then I think she would not be half so delicate if she were not coddled, and in another country we might break with all the coddling traditions of an English nursery.'

Bessie drew a letter from her pocket. 'Perhaps you had better read this,' she said. 'I asked Dr. C. what he thought of the Barbadoes plan. He says, "If she can be kept from any fresh cold throughout the winter she may become a strong child; and I can imagine nothing more likely to make her so than a sea voyage and a winter in a warm climate."'

'And I am sure,' said Bertha, 'if she is ill in a hotel at Homburg, the plague and bother it will be, no one can conceive.'

'Well,' said Sir Wyndham, 'if Bessie wishes for her company so much, I don't know that we can refuse to make the sacrifice. Of course, Bertha, Baby is very young at present, and as we shall have a strict governess when we settle down again, and shall have to give up letting her make these long visits to Bessie, perhaps we might let her have her for this winter.'

'A strict governess for a baby of four!' said Bessie, horror-struck.

'She will be five then,' said Sir Wyndham; 'and I intend her to be most carefully trained under my own eye. She is growing up quite a pretty little girl, and I see no reason why she should not make one of the first marriages in Europe. She will have no other chance, for Boy will have Featherfields, and there won't be much for her. She must make her fortune by her face, and we mean to have her trained for that.'

'Then,' said Bessie, 'as it is desirable that she should grow up in order to marry, perhaps this winter in Barbadoes may fall into your plans.'

She spoke as quietly as she could, though her pulses were throbbing with indignation, and she had turned white to the lips.

'Well, yes, it is possible,' said Sir Wyndham. 'Perhaps on the whole the measures we intend to take for her education need not begin for six months or so, and if you have her now all to yourself, you may not mind so much giving her up when you come back, and we have to put her entirely in charge of her governess.'

Sir Wyndham chuckled inwardly as he handed Bessie into her carriage, to think how neatly he had conveyed to her the threat that in Baby's future life she would not see any more of the child than he chose, while at the same time he had made the acceptance of the Barbadoes plan a matter of personal favour to her.

He might have been gratified if he could have seen her when she was alone burst into a sudden fit of hot indignant tears. 'My little one, my darling, I will see that you have a better fate than that, if I live!' she said. But even as she spoke her heart failed. After all, Baby was Bertha's and Wyndham's child, not her's; and however they might abuse and dishonour this pearl, the law would not

recognise the fact that while Baby was the apple of her eye, she was a mere inconvenient accessory and instrument of teasing to her parents.

‘No matter, I will wait and see,’ said Bessie to herself; ‘it will be strange if my will should have no effect on Baby’s life. It has had no effect on mine, I know, but then I was a silly wilful child—I did not know what I wanted, or how to aim at it. But now—now, Baby and my love for her are motives enough for anything. My child she *shall* be, by all the strength of my love for her and her parents’ neglect. Whatever it may cost me, whatever I may have to undergo for it—I don’t care if I may save her from her father’s cold-hearted, selfish calculation, which will make her not only unhappy, but incapable of happiness. Somehow, though I don’t see how at present, Baby shall be saved from that!’

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXII.

1647-1648.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE whole realm of England was practically in the power of the army, and though Sir Thomas Fairfax might be the nominal commander-in-chief, the real mover in all that was done was Oliver Cromwell. The King still hoped to gain by this move and to win the leaders over. He kept up considerable state at Hampton Court, and Mrs. Cromwell and her daughter, Mrs. Ireton, were presented to him there; also Mrs. Whalley, wife to Cromwell's cousin, colonel of the regiment which guarded him there. Moreover, the King tried to come to terms with the army. He offered to make Ireton governor of Ireland, and as the house of Devereux had become extinct in the melancholy Earl of Essex, he proposed to revive the title in favour of Cromwell, in memory, no doubt, of Henry VIII.'s favourite, and to make him a Knight of the Garter.

It was at Hampton Court that Mrs. Fanshaw went to pay her respects to him. She shed tears, and prayed aloud that he might be blessed with many happy years and long life.

He stroked her on the cheek and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so; but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am.'

He then gave Mrs. Fanshaw letters to the Queen and Prince, and took an affectionate leave of both.

The soldiery began to grow restless and suspicious, and a fresh party began to rise among them, ultra-pietists, who called themselves Levellers and wanted to take all authority into their own hands, hating officers, Parliament and King all alike, usually terming the last of these Ahab, or Coloquintida, one of the bitterest of drugs. These Levellers began among the privates, but gained over Colonels Pride and Rainsborough. Cromwell and Ireton opposed them, but they had influence enough to expel Ireton from the council of officers, and there were reports that they meant to repeat the exploit of Ensign Joyce with more fatal consequences to the King.

Whether Cromwell were really alarmed, or whether his was a deep-laid scheme for getting the royal person more entirely into his power, is uncertain; but he took care that Charles should learn that he was in danger of being seized at Hampton Court, and that he had better escape while it was still possible.

Charles withdrew his parole to Colonel Whalley, and all the guards were doubled, but still he was not prevented from concerting measures for an escape. Lord Lauderdale offered to escort him to the north with fifty horse, but he had enough of Scottish faith. Others advised him to go to the island of Jersey, where his eldest son was with Sir Edward Hyde; and others mentioned the Isle of Wight, where Colonel Hammond, the nephew of his faithful chaplain, was governor.

In his uncertainty, he actually sent £500 out of £1000 which had been given to him by the faithful Alderman Adams, to a lady in London, in order that she might consult the famous astrologer, John Lilly, on the direction he should take. Lilly studied the stars, and decided that he ought to go to the eastward into Essex; but Charles had not waited for the answer. An anonymous letter had warned him of a secret meeting of the Levellers, in which it had been resolved to make away with him, unless he could escape before the guard was changed on the following day.

Therefore, at nine o'clock on the night of the 11th of November, 1647, Charles left Hampton Court by a back staircase and private door, attended only by his servant, William Legge, and stole out into the park, where Ashburnham and Berkeley awaited him with horses. Colonel Whalley found on his table in the morning the threatening letter, and another from himself, promising to reappear whenever he could do so with freedom, honour, and safety; and an entreaty that his greyhound might be cared for.

Charles alone knew the way through the park, and after they had left it, they lost their way, and did not reach the village of Sutton till daybreak. Ashburnham had provided horses, which were waiting in the stable, but a party of Parliamentarians were discussing State affairs in the hostelry, so that the fugitives had to ride off at once. The King had not yet made up his mind where to go, when they were almost in sight of Southampton. Ashburnham had hoped to find a vessel there, but could hear no news of it, and the King decided to repair to Titchfield, where lived Lord Southampton's mother, and to wait there, while his two friends went to see whether Hammond would receive him in the Isle of Wight.

They then proceeded to Carisbrooke Castle, where they found that Hammond was gone to Newport, and they followed him thither. He was much dismayed, supposing the King to be with them.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' he said, 'you have ruined me by bringing the King into this island. If he is not yet landed, I conjure you to prevent his coming. What would become of me between the duty I owe the King for such a mark of confidence, and that which I owe the army, from whom I hold my present office?'

There was a long conversation, ending by Hammond's begging them to take him to the King, and declaring that he would act as a man of honour. Berkeley was not satisfied. Ashburnham was ready

to trust this vague assurance. They took boat and crossed to Titchfield, Hammond being only accompanied by a captain named Basket. Ashburnham went up to the King, leaving the others in the court of the Castle. Charles received Ashburnham's report with great alarm.

'John, John!' he exclaimed, 'thou hast undone me, by bringing this governor here. Dost thou not perceive I cannot move an inch?' His retreat was thus cut off, and he walked up and down the room in the utmost distress, so that Ashburnham, shocked at his own imprudence, suggested that Hammond was entirely in their power, and it would be easy to make sure of him.'

'What!' cried Charles, 'would you kill him? Would you have it said that he hazarded his life for me, and that I villainously deprived him of it? No, no; it is too late to take other measures. I must trust to the will of God.'

Hammond and Basket having become impatient, Berkeley came up to ask for their admission. The King composed himself, and received them cheerfully. The Governor still spoke vaguely and gave no promises, but it would have been impossible to elude him. No ship had been procured to convey the King beyond the reach of his enemies, and Charles consented to take boat and cross to the island. A rumour of his coming had preceded him; the gentlemen rode out to greet him loyally; the people stood bareheaded at their doors; a young woman stepped forward and offered him her last rose of the season, and his spirits began to rise. He found the whole garrison of the beautiful castle consisted of twelve old soldiers, from whom an escape would be easy. Hammond treated him with great deference, and gave him liberty to ride wherever he chose, and see what persons he pleased; and he became satisfied that he was in the hands of a man of honour and had taken the best course open to him.

There was much consternation in Parliament at the tidings of his flight; nor did anyone know whither he had betaken himself till despatches were received from Hammond, both by the House and by Cromwell, who perhaps had connived at his escape, and would have been glad had he been absolutely in exile, beyond the reach of any of the English parties.

The Levellers suspected this, and were much enraged. Meetings with the army in order to put an end to its discontents had been appointed, and the first of these took place near Ware, on the 15th of November. Seven regiments were to have met them; nine came, in a state of great excitement, with pamphlets about the Rights of the Soldiers stuck in each man's hat, and shouting loudly. One regiment—Lilburne's—had driven away all its officers but one. Other officers, Lilburne himself, Rainsborough, and others, rode about, telling the men that the sword was in their hands and they must use it for the liberty of the nation, and calling the more moderate men cowards. Had they prevailed, anarchy would have come in as the reign of the

Saints, until the good sense of the nation must have rallied round the King and the Cavaliers.

Fairfax and Cromwell rode into the field where this strange scene took place, accompanied by their staff officers; and Fairfax, going up to each regiment, read them his proposals. The seven peaceable regiments accepted them gratefully, pointed out the disaffected individuals in their ranks, and allowed them to be taken into custody. Then Fairfax went to the other two. That of Colonel Harrison submitted, but Lilburne's was still mutinous, and tried to drown his voice with their shouts.

Cromwell's stern voice cried, 'Take that paper from your hats!' They refused, whereupon he dashed in among them, seized one ring-leader, and gave orders for the arrest of thirteen more. All quailed before him. A court-martial was called together on the spot, and sentenced three to death, making them draw lots as to which was to die immediately. The lot fell on Richard Arnell, a wild, turbulent man, and he was instantly shot before the eyes of his comrades. The others were marched away, and all was still.

The danger was not over, however, though averted at the moment by Cromwell's presence of mind and intrepidity. Even in Parliament, when he gave an account of the proceedings, though the majority, who had no desire to be at the mercy of the Levellers, gave him a vote of thanks, it was opposed by Ludlow and others. Moreover, a preacher named Saltmarsh informed the generals that they were forsaken by Heaven for having put the Saints in prison.

A great number of Cromwell's own pupils, colonels, captains, and privates, gathered about him, declaring that nothing should change their purpose. They were resolved to get rid of the King, and have a republic; and if he would not go along with them, they would divide the army, of which two-thirds would follow them, and carry out their purpose, which of course would have been anarchy. Cromwell felt the risk too great, and changed his tactics. He spoke as violently against the King as might satisfy them, and calling up his ready tears, declared that his eyes had been dazzled by the glories of the world, and had not clearly discerned the work set before him; therefore he humbled himself, and desired their prayers for his pardon! Ireton followed suit, and Hugh Peters and other preachers trumpeted forth his repentance; and he argued with the officers in private on the need of preserving discipline, without which nothing could be done. Rainsborough and his fellows became ashamed of their insubordination when face to face with a master-mind, and finally a great meeting took place at headquarters, where ten hours were spent in debating, preaching, and praying; a reconciliation was effected, sealed by a banquet; and there Cromwell, whatever had been his former intentions, became pledged to lead the army in completing the destruction of the monarchy. It was thus the Levellers who sealed the King's doom.

Meantime, Sir John Berkeley had been sent by the King to congratulate the generals on their triumph over the mutiny at Ware. On the way he met Joyce, from whom he learned that it had been only a seeming victory—that the generals had yielded to the soldiery, and that they were preparing to bring the King to trial.

He went on, however, to the headquarters at Windsor Castle, where he found the council of officers assembled. He presented his letters to Fairfax, and was ordered out of the hall while there was a consultation. On his return Fairfax spoke sternly to him, saying, 'We are the Parliament's army; we have no answer to give to the proposals of His Majesty: the Parliament alone can judge of them.'

Knowing that the fact was that the House was the army's Parliament, poor Sir John looked at Cromwell and Ireton, but they barely bowed to him, and put on a smile of contempt. He withdrew in silent consternation, and heard nothing all day; but in the evening a private friend, named Watson, sent word to him to come to a paddock behind the Garter Inn at midnight. Here he was told by Watson the true state of the case.

'I risk my life in coming here,' said his friend, 'for this very afternoon Ireton has made two proposals; one to send you a prisoner to London, the other to forbid anyone to speak to you under pain of death. If the King loves his life, let him fly if he has the means.'

Berkeley asked whether he should deliver his other letters to the generals, and Watson urged him to do so, since otherwise their interview would be suspected. No one made any reply except Cromwell, who sent word that he would do his best to serve the King, but could not be expected to ruin himself.

Sir John sent the tidings, conjuring the King to flee, while he himself proceeded to London, to see the Scottish commissioners, Lanark and Lauderdale. A ship sent by the Queen was in the neighbourhood, but the Parliament had sent fresh proposals which Charles knew to be very displeasing to the Scots, and he hoped to obtain better terms by playing these two parties off against one another. So he waited, till Lanark and Lauderdale, on the one hand, arrived at Carisbrooke; on the other, Lord Denbigh and five commissioners from Westminster. He saw the Scots first, and actually in his extremity consented to Presbyterianism for three years in England, after which there should be a council of divines to decide on Church government. The Scots engaged to invade England, the Cavaliers rising to join them, and the King, as soon as he had rejected the Parliamentary proposals, was to flee to Berwick or some other Border town. The engagement he made with them was cased in lead, and buried in a garden at Newport as an absolute secret, the commissioners only carrying back a verbal report when they departed. Buoyed up by the hopes they had excited, the King denied consent to the proposals brought by Denbigh and his party. They took leave of him, and he began to prepare for flight, but on that very

day he found the gates shut, the guards doubled, and almost all his attendants, including Berkeley and Ashburnham, were ordered to leave the island.

He sent for Hammond and demanded :

‘Why am I treated thus? Where are your orders?’

Hammond had none to show, but spoke of the answer to the Parliament.

‘Did not you promise on your honour,’ said the King, ‘that in no case you would take any advantage over me?’

‘I promised nothing,’ said Hammond.

‘You are full of subtlety and subterfuge; let me see one of my chaplains. You say you hold with liberty of conscience. Shall I have none?’

‘I cannot let you have a chaplain, Sir,’ said Hammond.

‘You neither treat me as a gentleman nor as a Christian,’ exclaimed the King with indignation, of which the Colonel availed himself to say :

‘I will speak with you when you are more calm.’

‘I slept very well last night’ said Charles, choosing to understand this to refer to his health, and Hammond expostulated :

‘I have behaved very civilly to you.’

‘Why do you not do so now?’

‘Sir, you are too high.’

To which Charles returned : ‘That could only be the fault of my shoemaker; I do not see that my heels are heightened.’ He walked about the room, and asked whether he could go out for air and exercise, and on Hammond’s refusal, exclaimed :

‘Am I, then, in a prison? Is this the faith you owe me? Are these your oaths? Answer.’

The Governor had nothing to say, and went away with tears in his eyes.

The faithful Ashburnham and Legge went no farther than the opposite coast, and arranged relays of horses, in the hope that the King might make his escape.

One night he nearly did so. He could put his head through the bars of his window, and it was the general belief that the body can follow wherever the head can pass; but he made the attempt straightforward instead of sideways, and became wedged in, so that he could not move, and only contrived at last to struggle back into the room within, much exhausted, but unperceived by anyone except the person who was waiting to assist his flight. The window where the attempt was made is still pointed out to those who seek out his traces in

‘Lone battle-field or crumbling prison wall.’

His young son, James, Duke of York, had been more fortunate. He was about fifteen years old, and was, with his sister Elizabeth and his little brother Henry, in St. James’s Palace, under the charge

of the Earl of Northumberland, who had exacted a promise from him that he would neither write nor receive any letters privately, and this promise he kept like an honourable boy. However, one George Howard, brother to the Earl of Suffolk, carried him a verbal message, in consequence of which he acted. After supper, in the spring evenings, the children played at hide-and-seek in the gardens, and James contrived places where he could not be found till he chose to appear. After about a fortnight of this, he let himself out of the garden, and met a gentleman, who had a cloak and wig ready for him, and took him to a coach, which drove to the river, where a boat took him to a house in which a girl's dress was waiting for him. He very nearly betrayed himself by putting his leg on the table to adjust his stocking, but happily the person who saw this performance was one who could be trusted with the truth, and he was safely taken to a ship at Gravesend.

Sailing the next day, he arrived in Holland, where he was gladly welcomed by his sister Mary, the young Princess of Orange. On the tidings of his escape from St. James's every port was watched except that of Gravesend.

The commissioner's report filled the House with fury. Sir Thomas Wroth said, 'Bedlam was prepared for madmen, Tophet for kings,' and added that he cared not what form of government was established, provided there were neither devils nor kings in it.

Others spoke in the same manner, and though the Presbyterians still would have kept some terms with the King, Cromwell declared that the negociation with the Scots proved him to be utterly false, and willing to plunge the nation in another war.

It was therefore enacted that the new Government should be settled without reference to the King; nor did any one present protest except the Lords Warwick and Manchester.

This further step excited the loyal spirit all over the country. Pamphlets were issued by the Cavaliers by the ream. In the Isle of Wight a brave old sea-captain named Burley had the drum beat through the streets of Newport, and marched at the head of a troop of peasants, women and children, to deliver the King, but he was easily overcome, and was hanged for making war against the King and Parliament. There was a universal spirit of reaction. Essex's disbanded soldiers walked about the streets of London crying, 'Save the King!' and forcing people to drink his health. There had been a great struggle to keep Christmas Day, and many clergymen had actually ministered in the churches, holly and ivy had decked the fountains in spite of the Lord Mayor; Royalist pamphlets, sermons and ballads were current everywhere, and the small party in power felt themselves in danger, while Charles, in his captivity, had every reason to believe that the real heart of the people had turned back to him.

Cromwell invited the principal leaders of both Presbyterians and Levellers, namely, the Parliament and army, to a dinner at which he

begged them to lay aside their differences, and decide on some strong new form of government, or they would all be overthrown together.

Nothing was here done, and in another meeting Ludlow, Vane, Hutchinson, Algernon Sidney and Haslerigg argued against monarchy as opposed to the Word of God, reason and experience! Cromwell would give no opinion; and when Ireton pressed him, eluded the difficulty by throwing a cushion at the general's head. Ireton returned it, and in this horse-play the conference was broken up.

Cries of 'For God and King Charles!' began to break out everywhere. The London apprentices, who had once been foremost in attacking the Bishops, would not endure having their sports interfered with. When some soldiers tried to prevent a game at bowls on Sunday at Moorfields, they fairly overpowered them, and with the help of the Thames watermen, took two of the City gates and drew chains across the streets. Cromwell and Fairfax, however, by showing a determined face, dispersed this riot, but the whole country was in a restless, angry state, highly incensed that the King should be a prisoner in the hands of the army, and ready to rise on his behalf so soon as the Scots should enter England.

The Scottish parliament had met. The majority were contented with the concessions made to Lanark and Lauderdale, and voted that an army should be raised, and march under the Duke of Hamilton. The Earl of Argyle, however, was strongly opposed to the measure; and the people disliked it. The ministers preached against, the women inveighed, and the levy proceeded very slowly, and without gathering up many of Leslie's well-trained soldiers.

The Cavaliers, however, remembering how the Scots had once turned the scale, were full of hope. In Essex they rose for the King, and in the North Pontefract Castle was nearly taken by a sudden surprise, eighty mounted Cavaliers each carrying a foot soldier *en croupe*. In Kent, the insurrection was brought on by the trial of some gentlemen who had been concerned in one of the disturbances caused by the prohibition of festivities on Christmas Day. The grand jury refused to find a bill against them, and signed a petition in their favour, which was sent round the country for signatures.

The parliamentary committee in authority denounced this as seditious, threatening to hang two in each parish that promoted it, and sent for troops to disperse the meetings called for the purpose. Provoked at this violence, the people rose, at first under the command of a very young gentleman called Edward Hales. They had the prudence to decide on taking possession of Dover and Sandwich before advancing.

The sailors had been affronted by the King's calling them water-rats, and had been on the Parliamentary side; but they had been a good deal neglected by Lord Warwick, then High Admiral, and were neither well paid, nor provisioned; nor did they like either Presbyterian worship or strictness. Their discontents became alarming,

and Colonel Rainsborough was sent to the squadron on the Thames to quell any signs of meeting. He hoisted his flag on the 'Constant Reformation,' and hearing that the Royalists had seized the castles on the coast, and had been assisted by the townsmen of Deal, he took boat to investigate; and finding that this was the fact, he sent orders that the ships should weigh anchor, sail for Kent, and fire upon the town. While heaving at the capstan of the 'Constant Reformation,' Robert Lindale, a boatswain's mate, reminded his messmates that to obey orders would be to shoot down their own wives and children, many of whom lived at Deal; and when he saw how this struck them, he proposed that they should at once declare for the King, like the rest of the men of Kent.

The sailors set up a cheer, crying 'One and all,' and before the officers were aware had seized them and confined them to their cabin. Then Lindale went alongside of the next ship, explained matters, and threatened her with a broadside unless her crew followed his example. Each vessel followed his lead, and when Rainsborough returned in his boat, he was neither suffered to enter it, nor to speak, but his officers were lowered down to him, and he had to make his way back to London. The other officers were also put on shore, and the sailors who conveyed them sent to the Kentishmen to ask for some gentlemen to take the command. Several came, but while still in the Downs, Warwick came out in a boat, and endeavoured to bring the sailors back to their allegiance to the Parliament, all in vain. They knew that the young Duke of York had been destined to be High Admiral, and they sailed for Holland in quest of him. Prince Rupert was sent to take the command of them. He wished to have sailed for the Isle of Wight to carry off the King, but the sailors insisted on lying off the Medway, to take the colliers' vessels.

Meantime the command of the men of Kent had been taken by Goring, now Earl of Norwich. Fairfax attacked them, and in the neighbourhood of Maidstone there was one of those deadly battles of the Civil War, from hedgerow to hedgerow, field to field, lane to lane, till the Cavaliers were driven into Maidstone, where again they fought from street to street, house to house, so that, though at last, when driven into the churchyard, they surrendered, Fairfax wrote that he had never seen such hot service for six hours together. Some escaped, and joined a larger body of Cavaliers at Rochester, where Goring was. These advanced to Blackheath, hoping to be admitted into London, but finding this hope disappointed, they seized Colchester, which Sir Charles Lucas, Lord Capel, and several others undertook to defend, strengthening the fortifications, and hoping to hold it out till Hamilton's invasion should raise the rest of the country. Fairfax resolved to blockade them; and at the same time the Welsh had risen, and Cromwell was in like manner besieging Pembroke.

Lord Holland came over with a commission from the Queen, and

tried to get up a rising near London with the help of the young Duke of Buckingham, and his brother, Lord Francis Villiers, a beautiful lad of twenty, born after his father's death, and the King's godson. The affair was ill-managed, chattered and gossipped about all over London, and when the meeting took place at Kingston-on-Thames, they were easily surprised and broken up, mostly escaping, but young Francis set his back against a wall, disdaining to ask quarter. He was slain with nine wounds, and was buried in his father's grave in Westminster Abbey. Lord Holland was made prisoner at St. Neots and brought to Windsor.

Hamilton, with an army strong in horse but weak in discipline, crossed the border, three days after Pembroke had surrendered, so that Cromwell was free to dash across the country, though his men were almost shoeless. The Duke would not believe he was so near, but three skirmishes at Preston, Wigan and Warrington effectually broke up the Scottish army which was ill-armed and worse trained, and devoid of discipline, a great contrast to Leven's well-ordered host. At Uttoxeter Hamilton surrendered to Cromwell, and left his men to get back or be made prisoners as they could. He was sent to Nottingham as a prisoner, and Argyle assumed the chief direction of government in Scotland.

This made the situation of the garrison of Colchester hopeless. It had been besieged for two months, and behaved gallantly, but starvation forced the surrender; all the dogs and cats were devoured. Only one barrel of powder was left, eight hundred horses had been eaten, so that there were none left on which to make an attempt at a last desperate sally. Fairfax's army had likewise suffered much, and the terms he granted were that the soldiers and subalterns should be prisoners of war, but the superior officers must surrender at discretion; and two days later, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoigne were tried by court-martial and sentenced to die, as an example to future rebels. It was the first time that Cavalier gentlemen had not been treated as prisoners of war, and it was a great shock. Lord Capel and the other prisoners entreated Fairfax to put off the execution, or else shoot them all alike together; but Ireton had the mastery over Fairfax, and all the three were led out. Lucas was shot first; he said he had too often faced death to fear it now. After a short prayer, he cocked his hat, opened his breast, put his arms akimbo, and called out, 'Now, rebels, do your worst.' Lisle ran up to him as he fell, and kissed him. Then standing up, Sir George called to the soldiers to come nearer, for they were too far off. 'I warrant you, sir, we'll hit you,' said one.

'Friends, I have been nearer when you missed me,' he said, and fell at the first fire; but as Gascoigne was undressing, a reprieve arrived from Fairfax, who, unlike the others, had abstained from witnessing the execution. Lucas was one of the harsher and more violent type of soldiers, but a gallant and honourable man, and the

Cavaliers held the deaths of these two gentlemen as a murder, contrary to the laws of war, and nourished a bitter enmity against Rainsborough. Cromwell meanwhile went on to Scotland, where the peasants, headed by their ministers, had risen, and Lord Eglinton, taking the lead, had overcome the remnant of Royalists. This was called the Whigammore's raid, some say from whig, whey or sour butter-milk; others, from 'wiggham,' the 'whay' of Scottish carters to their horses—in either case a nick-name of west country peasants, since applied to their political party. Argyle and the Estates received Cromwell with high honours, and gave a grand feast in the Parliament house, and the general had many private conferences with the earl.

In the meantime the Parliament had had a little breathing time in the absence of its tyrants, and it sent down fifteen commissioners, five lords, among whom were Northumberland and Pembroke, and ten commoners, to the Isle of Wight. The King had given his word that while it lasted, and for twenty days after, he would abstain from attempts to escape; and at the same time they pledged themselves for his safety. He was transferred to a house at Newport for the conference, and was there greeted by enthusiastic crowds—allowed the attendance of his friends and servants once more, and to receive the commissioners with something of royal state. Richmond, Lindsay and other old friends repaired to him. Both parties were touched by seeing how much captivity had altered him. His hair was streaked with grey, and he looked careworn, though as dignified as ever. They urged him to accept their promises and return to London, while Cromwell and the army were still in the North; but he did not trust them, and put his hopes in the Scots on the one side, and an Irish rising which Ormond was organising, and held himself ready to escape after the twenty days and join them, confident that the real heart of England was with him. He wrote to Ormond: 'Obey my wife's orders instead of mine; do not regard my concessions, they will come to nothing.'

Very considerable concessions were indeed made by him, but again they came to a point where he could be pushed no farther. 'I am,' he said, 'in the situation of that captain, who, receiving no assistance from his chiefs, had permission to give up the place. "They cannot help me when I request it," said he, "so then let them help me when they can, but in the meantime I will hold out the place until one of its stones cover my grave." I shall do the same by the Church of England.'

In the eyes of the opposite party the endeavour to raise his friends in arms while carrying on a negotiation was rank treachery, and the charge of duplicity and perfidy is continually repeated against Charles. It is very hard to judge. In his view, concessions that were against his conscience were forced from him by unconstitutional means, by a faction which had no right to ask them, while he knew them to be only a tyrannical minority of whom the chief part of the nation

were weary. He thought himself justified in temporising while endeavouring to escape from their power, and afterwards to consider how much of his grants were valid. To them this seemed intolerable falsehood and deceit, and wicked plotting. It was a situation in which neither party could understand or trust the other, and so the net closed tighter and tighter around the prisoner.

Officers from the army came to threaten the Parliament for negotiating with the King, but on the other hand the Cavaliers were in utter despair, and the more violent and demoralised thought of nothing but revenge. In the streets of London several members of Parliament were insulted and beaten, and there were plots against others, but none took effect, except that at Doncaster, Colonel Rainsborough was set upon and killed by a party of twenty men, who thus took vengeance for the blood of Lucas and Lisle.

The commissioners were recalled, and at the same time Hammond was summoned to headquarters by Fairfax. All left the Isle of Wight on the same day, the 27th of November, some of them taking leave of the King with much emotion. Major Ralph was left in command of the garrison, but no orders were given for the removal of the attendants. A few hours after the departure of the commissioners, one of these was accosted by a stranger, who said, 'Tell your master that troops have landed in the island, and that he will be carried away to-night.'

On these tidings, Charles sent for the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Cook, and asked how he could ascertain the truth. Ralph was interrogated, but would only say 'that the King might sleep quietly that night, no one would disturb him.'

Cook then offered to ride round the coast and reconnoitre, but as it was a dark stormy night the King was unwilling to send him. However, he started, but got no farther than Carisbrooke, where he found ten or twelve officers freshly arrived and diligently watching Captain Bowerman, who was in charge of the garrison. Riding back to Newport with this intelligence, he found the house where the King was closely guarded, both at doors and windows, and men smoking even outside the door of the royal chambers. However, he obtained admittance, and there was a midnight council, the two noblemen begging the King to escape while there was time. Charles hardly thought it possible. 'Besides,' he said, 'if they do take me, they must spare me. Neither party can succeed without me.'

'Take care, Sir,' replied Lindsay; 'these people do not guide themselves by such maxims. Remember Hampton Court.'

'Colonel,' said Richmond, 'how did you get through?'

'I had the watchword,' said Cook.

'Could you enable me to pass too?' asked the Duke.

'I have no doubt of it.'

The Duke made the experiment, and with Cook went through the various guards unmolested. Returning, the two nobles eagerly dis-

cussed the matter with the King, while the Colonel, who was wet through, stood dripping and steaming by the fire.

‘Ned Cook!’ cried Charles at last, ‘what do you counsel me to do?’

‘The King has his councillors here,’ evasively said the soldier.

‘No, no, dear Ned,’ said the King, ‘I command you to give me your advice!’

‘May I ask your Majesty a question?’

‘Speak!’

‘If I not only say, but prove to your Majesty, that the army intend to seize your person, if I add that I have the watchword, horses at hand, men waiting for me, that I am ready, and the dark night made on purpose, no real obstacle in the way, what would your Majesty do?’

Charles thought a moment, then shaking his head, said, ‘No, they gave me their word, and I gave them mine. I will not run from it.’

‘I presume,’ said Cook, ‘that by they and them you mean the Parliament? Now all is changed. It is the army who want to throw your Majesty into prison.’

‘No matter,’ said Charles, ‘I will not fly from my word. Good-night, Ned; good-night, Lindsay; I am going to sleep as long as I can.’

‘I fear it will not be long,’ said Cook.

‘As it please God,’ said the King, and at one o’clock they left him, Richmond staying with him. This is from Cook’s own narrative, and certainly shows that if Charles’s pledges as a ruler were felt to be doubtful, his views of personal honour as from man to man were strict. He went to rest in the spirit of his own lines:

‘Lie down to rest and sleep secure,
A mind at peace, a body pure;
A quiet conscience in the breast
Is more than peace, is more than rest.
Then lie and rest and sleep secure.’

In the November morning knocks came to the door. Richmond went to it, and asked the cause.

‘We are officers of the army, come to speak with the King.’

‘Wait till the King is dressed,’ said the Duke.

They only knocked more violently, and Charles bade the door to be opened, when several, headed by Colonel Cobbett, rushed up to the bed, exclaiming, ‘Sir, we have orders to take you from hence!’

‘Orders from whom?’ asked the King.

‘From the army,’ said Cobbett.

‘Whither do you want to take me?’

‘To the castle.’

‘What castle?’

‘To the castle.’

‘The castle is no castle. I am ready to follow you to any castle, but name it.’

‘Hurst Castle.’

‘They could not find out a worse,’ said the King, turning to Richmond; for Hurst Castle, a narrow gloomy fortress, lies at the end of a long spit of ground, cut off from everything. Charles asked if he could have his servants, and was answered, ‘Only the most indispensable.’ He chose his body servants—Sir Thomas Herbert and Harrington, and his carver, Mildmay; then proceeded to dress, while Richmond ordered breakfast; but before it was ready, the carriage was at the door, and Cobbett said, ‘Sir, you must go.’ Charles did not answer a word, but got into the carriage without food. Only when his three servants had followed him, and Cobbett was about to do the same, he barred the entrance with his foot till the door was shut, leaving the Colonel to ride with the escort of horse. He was taken to Yarmouth, and there put on board a small vessel, which carried him to Hurst. There Colonel Ewers, the commandant, placed him in a chamber so dark that, in the December days, candles were required at noonday, and his attendant was what Dr. Carte calls ‘A little crumpling old man.’

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXVII

HOLY BAPTISM.

Aunt Anne. It is as if we were entering now on a fresh volume of the ancient Prayer-book.

Susan. Matins and Evensong are from the Breviary, the Holy Communion Service from the Missal.

A. Yes, I believe the more frequently used portions of these, with the Litany, were latterly put together for the laity in books called Portuaries, because they could be easily carried about. The other services, belonging especially to the priestly office, were formed into the Manual or handbook, a separate volume; and those rites which could only be performed by a Bishop were in the Pontifical.

S. The Manual does not quite answer to our occasional services, because it would not include Confirmation.

A. That was however in the Sarum Manual, I see by the references. No doubt, because it is really completion of Baptism.

S. Baptism stands apart, like the Holy Eucharist, as one of the Sacraments generally, that is universally, necessary to salvation.

A. Remember the meaning of Sacramentum.

S. The military oath, as *Symbolum* was the watchword. Yes, I know the Christians had to make their ecclesiastical words out of the analogies; and, of course, Baptism is most especially our initiation into Christ's army; but were there not Baptisms before, I mean something like them?

A. You know the Greek word *baptisma* means simply washing, and bathing was the natural preparation for sacrifice, as well as an initiation. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans all had lustrations.

S. Like the Israelite Law; and the ancient Northmen, like the Buddhists, still had a sort of baptism of a new-born child.

A. Yes, and as washing was the token of initiation and cleansing, the Jews used it when they accepted their proselytes of the gate. The full proselytes were circumcised; but those who adopted the Jewish faith, and joined in the worship, so far as was possible without being subjected to the full ceremonial law, were received by this means, and many of these 'religious proselytes,' having already opened their minds to Divine truth and morality, were among the most excellent of the Gentile converts to Christianity, being led on from light to light.

S. Then there was St. John's baptism?

A. Which seems to have been a token of repentance and of willingness to accept the New Kingdom of which he was the harbinger. Then, just as our Blessed Lord explained beforehand the mystery of the Holy Communion, so He did with Baptism.

S. To Nicodemus—and so, too, St. John, who does not record the institution, records the explanation.

A. When the Church was ripe for it.

S. It was baptism in the Name of the Holy Trinity that our Blessed Lord ordained, giving the spiritual birth, free from the guilt of Adam's sin, into everlasting life.

A. He made it the act of manumission for those whose price He had already paid.

S. And no one presumed to question its necessity till quite modern times.

A. Even then, so absolute is the command that it is comparatively few sects that have any doubts about it.

S. We have three forms for it.

A. That for persons of riper years was added at the Restoration, because in the unsettled times many had grown up unbaptized.

S. And there are heathen converts.

A. It shews how entirely the idea of acting as a missionary church had been dropped, that there is no provision made for such before that third service was inserted. Then Bishop Sanderson did mention as a reason for the third form the needs of 'Natives in the Plantations.'

S. But in the history of the Primitive Church, it is strange to find how many good people, even with Christian parents, and full believers, waited to be baptized till long after they were grown up, like St. Ambrose, and the Emperor Theodosius.

A. I rather think the best explanation is by analogy to the feelings of those dissenters who shrink from making themselves or their children what they call full church members, till they are sure of their own steadfastness; but there was also a tendency to defer baptism till the deathbed, from a dangerous wish to sin with impunity to the last. The clergy generally endeavoured to have infants baptized at once, so as to dedicate their entire lives. The eighth day was preferred, in imitation of the time of circumcision; and gradually infant baptism was established as the universal rule, about the fifth century.

S. And the Scripture proofs of its being the right practice are——?

A. First that God appointed Circumcision to take place in infancy, so that it is plain that He does not require consciousness on the part of the child admitted to covenant with Him—Then——

S. Of course I remember, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

A. Then the Apostles are shown baptising entire households. St. Paul exhorts the children in his Epistles as full members of the

Church. And though St. John often addresses all his people as 'my little children,' 'yet in the 18th verse of the 2nd chapter he evidently actually means young children, since he separates them from fathers and young men.

S. There is no absolutely definite command?

A. No, we here are led by the law of the Church. Perhaps we had better work through the three forms together, we shall enter into their force better by comparing them.

S. Is our present form much changed from the ancient one?

A. Yes, the old form was more elaborate. There was the admission as a catechumen and the exorcism outside the church door, then the benediction of the Font, and lastly the making the covenant and actual Baptism.

S. But the baby could not be a catechumen?

A. No. That was in some degree a survival from the time when older persons were actually admitted as catechumens on probation, and of course this form was then separate from the rest.

S. Were there not separate Baptisteries, instead of fonts in Church?

A. Yes, when grown persons were baptized by immersion some special arrangements were necessary. And, as you know, Florence, Pisa, Parma and Rome still have their Baptisteries standing. They were towers built round a great marble bason, sunk in the ground, with three steps to the right by which to descend, three to the left, by which to come up, and one wider running all round, on which the Bishop or Priest stood. The seven steps were held to symbolize the seven graces of the Holy Spirit. It was when infant Baptism became universal that the smaller fonts were found more convenient, but even then it was considered that Baptisms ought to take place on Easter day at the Cathedral Baptistery, and special consent of the Bishop was required to license a font in a parish church.

S. Did the Bishops always baptize?

A. It seems that they did so up to the seventh century.

S. Yet St. Paul apparently did not as a rule baptize in person, letting this be done by his attendant elders or deacons, according to what he says to the Corinthians.

A. His work was especially that of a missionary, and he had no fixed diocese; but when a Bishop was the head and father in each city, it was felt that he ought to admit the new children of the Church, and in fact he generally confirmed at the same time. When there were large numbers, the Bishop baptized a few, and the Priests took the rest; and then, as infant Baptism soon after birth became the rule, and Christians were scattered over larger distances, the parish priest usually was the baptizer, and every parish church had its font by the eleventh century at latest, except in the old towns where there were Baptisteries.

S. It is not necessary—is it?—that a priest should baptize? Philip the deacon baptized the Samaritans and the Ethiopian.

A. Yes, and on that precedent, deacons have always been permitted to baptize.

S. And the laity?

A. There was controversy in the primitive Church as to whether lay baptism was valid. but it was finally decided that, though irregular, it was real and could not be repeated, provided water and the essential words were used. Two incidents especially contributed to this—a buffoon on the stage underwent what was meant for a mockery of Holy Baptism, but with the true formula. He came out of it dazzled and impressed by an awful vision, and became a genuine Christian. Again, a lady was bringing her children by sea to Alexandria for baptism. There was a great storm; and, expecting instant death, she baptized them herself. On reaching Alexandria safely, the clergy were about to rebaptize them, but were forbidden by a vision.

S. And the children whom Athanasius, in his boyhood, baptized on the sea-shore, were accepted as Christians?

A. Yes. The act confers a new birth and may not be repeated. The sign and words are the point, not the person, as in the case of the other Sacrament, but the spirit of the Church has been to invest the performance of the rite with as much solemnity as possible and to discourage hasty irregular Baptisms. At first women were entirely prohibited from baptizing, but the needs of little babes, only born to die, led to sanctioning their being baptized by their nurses, on the spot. I fancy this was much too often done, without any necessity, and became an abuse.

S. In French history, from time to time, princes and great people are mentioned as being *ondoyés* at the moment of birth, and the other ceremonies of baptism not being supplied for years. I think it was so with Louis XIV., and the great Prince of Condé; and the good Dauphin, son of Louis XV. had three or four of his children received into the Church at once when they were old enough to understand. Was it so in England?

A. I should gather that it was not. We have very minute accounts of the ceremonies at the christenings of the royal children, before the Reformation, with the arrangements for undressing them; so that the real Sacrament must have been administered. There arose afterwards a save-trouble fashion of christening at home, so that we hear of christening bowls as articles of furniture, but I think this was generally what ought to have been Public Baptism, and it was one of the first customs given up when better days set in.

S. The rubric is clear enough.

A. Look at the rubric for the Order of Private Baptism.

S. In cases of necessity either the minister of the parish or some other lawful minister is to pour the water.

A. Here is the rubric of King Edward's first book.

S. There is nothing about a minister. It may be done by one of those present.

A. Calvinism greatly objected to anything that did not palpably act on the mind, so though this rubric escaped in the revision of 1552, James I. had enough of the prejudices of his education to argue with all his might against Baptism 'by women or laics,' and though the Anglican Bishops were of opinion that such was permissible, the words respecting the minister were added, but without any prohibition to others, in cases of dire necessity, and all were agreed that rebaptism would be profane.

S. Because it is slighting the one new birth. Then that is why dissenters joining the Church are not freshly baptized?

A. Not if they can prove their original baptism. It is accepted as lay-baptism. I believe the early Church worked out the question when Arians conformed, and it was known that the rite had been correctly performed, though in schism and heresy.

S. But I have heard of converts from our Church to Rome being rebaptized?

A. It is one of Rome's uncatholic ways of casting a slur on our Church. It is not always insisted on, and is said to be only done because there may have been carelessness; but that this is only an excuse is shown by the same thing being done with children whose parents can have no reasonable doubt of the reverence and carefulness with which the Sacrament has been administered.

S. Our Church directs questions to be asked, to ascertain that where the little one has not been baptized by the clergyman himself, all that is necessary has been fulfilled.

A. Yes, and to instruct the congregation in what is necessary. The questions are shortened from those of 1549, when the ignorant old nurses far more often than not baptized the child—as they do now in Roman Catholic countries. A noted Portuguese preacher discovered by accident, or rather by providential interference, that only the name of our Lady had been used over him. And I have read of a French lady who used eau-de-Cologne for her new-born great niece. The enquiry is quite necessary wherever there was no clergyman; and though superfluous in such a case, it would prevent the auditors from falling into error.

S. And where the replies are not satisfactory, the baptism is conditional.

A. The words are framed in accordance with 'I believe in One Baptism for the remission of sins,' and thus with the doctrine that the soul having once been newly born to everlasting life, it cannot be born a second time. The words, 'if thou art not already, etc.,' are first extant in the form drawn up by our great Anglo-Saxon Saint Boniface.

THE RABBIT PLAGUE IN AUSTRALASIA.

For some time past the little mongoose has found itself an object of unwonted notoriety, its merits and demerits as the prize rat-catcher of the West Indies, and its possible demerits under new circumstances, having been freely canvassed ever since the question of its introduction to Australia and New Zealand was first mooted. The probability of its proving a most valuable ally to the colonists, as an antidote to the grievous rabbit plague, is the plea urged by its advocates; while on the other hand, some cautious and far-seeing men, smarting from the too prolific increase of various acclimatised animals, birds, and plants, see in the proposed new-comer only another prospective scourge, and deem it better to battle with the ills they know of, than to introduce what may possibly prove only a fresh source of trouble to all future generations.

Whether the mongoose, imported from India to a much cooler climate in Australasia, is likely to increase and multiply in anything like the same proportions as the creatures imported from Great Britain to that more genial southern climate, is, of course, an open question. It cannot, however, be denied that the colonists have good cause to weigh the subject carefully ere they decide on welcoming this new settler.

In the vegetable world less than a quarter of a century has elapsed since Scotchmen in Australia and New Zealand made pilgrimages to do homage to the first tall purple thistle introduced to either land. Public dinners were given in its honour when Scotia's emblem was enthroned on the table, and toasts were proposed in its honour. Now thousands of acres of the finest land are completely overrun with this very undesirable crop, and enormous sums of money have been expended in the fruitless effort to eradicate this pest. The Celtic King Thistle has conquered the land, and laughs at all endeavours to drive him out.

So, too, with the sweetbriar, originally introduced as a fragrant memory of home, fraught with many an old association. But in its new country—more especially in Tasmania—it soon became a plant of such sturdy growth as to form a dense scrub, destroying large tracts of the richest grassy pastures, its strong roots penetrating the soil to such a depth as to render its extermination a well-nigh hopeless task.

Even innocent watercresses, carefully planted in the rivers of the Southern Province of New Zealand, have multiplied myriadfold, forming crops so dense as to choke the streams, causing destructive

floods, resulting in much loss of life and property. Both in Canterbury and Otago Provinces, many thousands of pounds are now monthly expended in the endeavours to keep the watercresses within reasonable bounds.

But these and other vegetable conquerors are as nothing compared with the amazing increase of all manner of animal life. The Acclimatisation Societies have found grand fields for their experiments—vast tracts of land where no living creature existed to dispute the supremacy with the newly-imported strangers. Soon the desolate plains and hills were covered with countless multitudes of sheep and oxen; the Tasmanian rivers were filled with salmon; the silent forests of New Zealand became musical with the melodious warblings of birds.

Presently it was found that, since the introduction of European vegetables and fruits, grubs and insects had increased to so alarming an extent as to become a cause of serious anxiety. Great therefore was the satisfaction of the farmers in Australia when (less than twenty years ago) about fifty sparrows were imported from England, and turned loose to devour the great army of grubs. But what was the dismay of the agriculturists on discovering that the new-comers, rejoicing in the abundance of succulent vegetables and luscious fruits, entirely abandoned their insectivorous habits and became strict vegetarians.

The noxious insects themselves were scarcely so prolific as the new-comers, who increased and became as the sands of the sea for multitude. The descendants of the original fifty soon numbered millions, so completely devouring the crops that the grubs and insects were well-nigh starved out. Farmers and gardeners are driven to despair. Guns, traps, and nets are all in vain. Scarecrows and poison are alike despised by these wary birds, who devour whole fields of seed; and when a second or third sowing has at last resulted in raising a crop, whether of lucerne, grass, wheat, or barley, assemble in force, and devour every green blade. In like manner they attack the fruit gardens and effectually clear them. Apples and pears, plums, peaches and nectarines, grapes and cherries, figs and olives, all alike are devoured by these ravenous invaders.

Among the vital questions which engross the Government of South Australia few are so serious as that of the Sparrow War. A Special Commission has long been engaged in the endeavour to aid the sufferers and to devise some method of exterminating the foe, but it is evidently a hopeless task, considering how vast is the extent of the land, and how very thinly it is peopled. Consequently the Government reward now offered, of sixpence per dozen for sparrows' heads, and half-a-crown per hundred for their eggs, is rather suggestive of Mother Partington's celebrated endeavour to brush back the advancing tide with her besom.

Amongst the witnesses who have given evidence before the Com-

mission, one sufferer told how his flourishing garden was attacked by the sparrows, who in ten days cleared his vineyard of a ton and a half of grapes, and stripped five fig-trees which had been loaded with fruit. A second stated that he had sown his peas three times, and each time they had been all devoured. A third, a hard-working man with only a moderate-sized garden, had been robbed of £30 worth of fruit. Innumerable other witnesses carry on the tale of woe.

But if the 'Sparrow Question' has become serious, far more so is that of how to resist the devastations of the rabbits. And this brings us to the question of the probable present advantages and possible future troubles involved in the introduction of the mongoose. It is not a quarter of a century since the first seven rabbits were landed at Invercargill in Southern New Zealand, and a few more in Otago, under the impression that they might form a warren among the bleak sandhills along the sea-coast, and provide the colonists with good shooting and coursing, and a valuable addition to the table. Very soon, however, the rabbits multiplied to such an extent that they not only devoured every blade of grass, but even the roots, which alone held together the sandhills. These thus unbound were soon blown inland in sand drifts, destroying much good soil.

The farmers now awoke to their danger, and recognised in their gentle furry friends most troublesome foes. They organised systematic trapping and shooting parties, but already the mischief was altogether beyond their control. In England the wild rabbit generally breeds four times a year, producing from four to eight young at a birth. Tame rabbits breed six or seven times a year, and sometimes produce a dozen young. In the favourable climate of the South Seas the rabbits seem to have attained the latter average, and their rate of increase is consequently incalculable.

Of course they very quickly abandoned the barren sandhill and found pleasanter homes inland. Soon they had overrun vast tracts of the finest grass land, and the best sheep-runs were transformed into vast rabbit warrens. Their progress was almost unopposed; for what could a few widely scattered shepherds, living eight or ten miles apart, do against this ubiquitous army of sappers and miners? In these districts a dozen men are placed in charge of flocks which range over a hundred thousand acres of pasture; what could such a handful avail against so many?

A new demand produced a new profession. A large body of men were now organised as rabbit-catchers, and travelled all over the country, with large packs of dogs, to worry, shoot, ferret or trap as many rabbits as possible, their pay being at the rate of twopence per skin. It was found, however, that the presence of strange dogs was a serious disturbance to the sheep, and often resulted in their being worried. Moreover, the market price for skins was at that time

far below the sum paid to the trappers. It was therefore necessary to devise some more effectual cure. Enormous sums were spent on trapping—on stopping the burrows with cotton-waste, saturated in bisulphide of carbon—and on testing various other experiments, but all without avail.

The lands continued to deteriorate to an extent which, but for the statistics collected by the Rabbit Nuisance Committee, would seem incredible. In many instances the pastures could no longer maintain one-fourth of their accustomed number of sheep, and taking good and bad together, it was found that whereas in 1878 the colony supported thirteen millions of sheep, in 1879 the total was reduced to eleven and a half millions. The loss on the export of wool and tallow was estimated at £500,000 per annum.

From the evidence of various gentlemen owning large sheep-runs in South Canterbury and Otago, such particulars as the following are gathered. The Burwood Run, which used to carry 80,000 sheep, now barely supplies grass for 24,000. Eight runs, which formerly brought in a rental of £1,000 per annum, now let for £170. On the North Maiza Lake, and in the Greenstone Valley, in Southland and Wallace counties, many sheep-farmers have been forced to abandon runs of about fifteen thousand acres.

Two years ago (Feb., 1884), sheep-runs extending over 698,850 acres were advertised for sale by public auction. The average calculation is that of such pasture, four acres should suffice for one sheep, so the land thus offered should support 174,712 sheep, valued at 1s. 9d. per head. At this rate the rental for such land before the rabbit invasion should have been £15,282. Instead of this, 517,000 acres were let, for terms of fourteen and twenty years, for a total rental of £345, while for the remaining 181,850 acres no offer could be obtained, solely on account of the rabbits.

At that date the New Zealand Government estimated the direct annual loss to the colony from this cause at £1,649,000! Further indirect loss from depreciation of property was stated to be beyond calculation! The capital loss on the value of public estate in Otago and Southland alone amounted to £3,000,000! As an example of the general deterioration of property, the 'Moa Flat' Station in Otago is quoted, which used to clip 120,000 sheep, producing thirteen hundred bales of wool; in 1884 it could no longer feed even 45,000, and its wool harvest was reduced to five hundred bales, while several thousand pounds had to be expended on the destruction of the foe.

In short, statistics from New Zealand, Tasmania, and Victoria all go to prove that land on the infected districts in those great colonies has deteriorated to about a quarter of its former value.

In New South Wales it is estimated that the rabbit plague has already infected fully one-half of the colony, and that ere long the mere cost of attempting to prevent its further increase will amount to something like two and a-half millions annually. Under these

circumstances it has been gravely suggested that the lands already in possession of the rabbits should be divided by wire netting into blocks of ten miles square, each of which could be thoroughly swept clear of the foe, and thus the plague might be stayed ere the whole land is overrun. It was calculated that for this purpose 70,000 miles of wire netting would be required, at a cost of £100 per mile; while to clear the lands, eight parties, each numbering two hundred experienced men, should be able to sweep one block a day, the owners of the estates having done their part by stopping the burrows with poisonous vapour. At this rate the eight regiments of rabbit-catchers might hope effectually to exterminate the foe throughout New South Wales at a cost of about £160,000, a sum which, being advanced by Government, should be repaid by a 5 per cent. tax payable for about thirty years. The netting thus purchased would become the property of the various estates. Whether this simultaneous effort has been decided on I do not know, but in view of the excellent results of a very similar method of dealing with the scourge of locusts in Cyprus, it would certainly seem to be worthy of trial.*

Meanwhile the Rabbit Commissioners of New Zealand find that a vast tract, extending from Waitaki to Foveaux Strait, is infested with rabbits—literally a vast warren. Mr. R. Campbell alone has been compelled *to abandon two hundred and fifty thousand acres!* In one year he spent £3,000 in attempting to keep down the plague on another run of 168,000 acres. Mr. Rees estimates that he killed one hundred and eighty thousand rabbits in one year. Mr. Kitchen states that he kept about a hundred men working for four months as rabbit killers. He flattered himself that his land was cleared, but about a year later the rabbits were as numerous as ever. Messrs. Cargill and Anderson gave evidence that five hundred thousand rabbits were killed on their estates, but the following spring their sheep-runs were just as densely thronged with rabbits, as though not one had perished. This was in a great measure attributed to the fact that no law compelled the destruction of rabbits on the 993,600 acres of Government land, which consequently became a permanent breeding ground, whence fresh hordes continually restocked all the adjacent estates.

The idea of wholesale poisoning was now started, though not without regret, as it was impossible to poison the rabbits without including in one death warrant all gramnivorous creatures, especially the already too rare native birds, which could never be replaced. There seemed, however, to be literally no alternative, so it was decided that grain saturated with phosphorus should be prepared and sprinkled broadcast over the rabbit-haunted land. The grain was placed in large barrels, with closely-fitting lids. Boiling water was

* See a paper on this subject in the 'Nineteenth Century' for August, 1883. Later accounts tell of the complete success of the means adopted in Cyprus for the extermination of the locusts.

poured in, and when the oats were thoroughly soaked, phosphorus (prepared in a separate pan of hot water) was added, the lid tightly closed, and the barrel rolled over and over till the grain had thoroughly absorbed the poison.

This feast of death was then spread, with excellent effect as regards the poor rabbits, though how the sheep were prevented from partaking I fail to learn. It was a cheap method, and the sale of the rabbit-skins more than covered the outlay, which was an advantage. Of course the sale of rabbit-skins has always gone some way towards meeting the outlay incurred in the destruction of their owners. Thus in 1879 five million rabbit-skins, valued at £46,759, were exported, and in 1880 upwards of seven million skins were sold for £66,976.

The rabbit plague has also furnished a good illustration of how truly 'one man's poison is another man's meat'; for while the sheep-farmers are being totally ruined, great companies have been formed which make a goodly profit by preserving rabbit-flesh for exportation. Indeed so good a speculation has this proved, that there may possibly be some temptation to stay the work of destruction so far short of extermination that a reserve stock for breeding may survive! How these meat-preserving establishments can certainly discriminate between rabbits trapped and rabbits poisoned, from among the thousands which are daily brought to them, is hard to tell, but they profess to use only such animals as are brought in by their own rabbit-catchers.

In Australia, where rabbits were introduced about five years earlier than in New Zealand, the wail of woe has arisen just as in the sister isle, and there too the Legislature is striving to devise means for meeting so grievous a calamity. In Western Victoria the meat-preserving factories are reaping a magnificent harvest. The returns for one week show that two establishments—one at Colac, the other at Camperdown—received nearly *thirty thousand pair of rabbits*. Pretty well for six days' trapping! Each of these factories gives employment on the spot to about ninety men and boys, besides about three hundred hands employed as trappers, over a range of country about seventy miles in length by twenty in width. So that these two factories alone give work to about eight hundred persons. One carrier received from the Colac establishment a cheque for £168 16s. 8d. for six days' work. Evidently there must be some members of the community to whom rabbit extermination will prove a serious loss!

But however conscientiously all these men may work, it is evident that *some* rabbits will always survive; at least as many as the original patriarchal seven who, only twenty years ago, colonised the sandhills of Invercargill and became the primogenitors of this vast multitude.

As a check on these survivors, it was deemed necessary to introduce some natural foes, which might on their own account carry on a

ceaseless war, perpetually pursuing, worrying, and destroying the rabbits, seeking them out in hiding-places among rocks and scrub, where the most willing trapper could not make his way, and which would allow them no rest during the hot months, when dogs cannot work, or the busy months, when human labour is too costly. For this purpose multitudes of cats, ferrets, stoats and weasels have been imported to various parts of Australia and New Zealand, and the results of their acclimatisation are anxiously awaited.

Australia has been able to furnish its own supply of cats, and these seem to have done excellent work, as, for instance, on a large estate in the Narrandera district, New South Wales, where about seven hundred healthy native cats were released. These had been collected from various districts at a total cost of about £100, which is a smaller sum than the expenses of a single rabbit-catcher for a year. It was calculated that the outlay was repaid five times over within a twelve-month. The place in which the cats were turned loose is one on which men cannot work satisfactorily, the ground being riddled with holes and covered with large rocks, affording perfect cover to the rabbits. Among these rocks the native cats took up their abode, but for some months they failed to make any visible reduction in the rabbit legions. They continued, however, to carry on an incessant warfare, with such excellent result that the besieged seemed to have thought it wiser to face the rabbit-catchers than the cats, for they fairly abandoned their stronghold, leaving the invaders in possession of this rocky region, whence they continue to assist the trappers by constant harassing raids on the fugitives.

As regards animals imported from foreign lands, the details of their capture and exportation are not devoid of interest. As Lincolnshire was found to be a peculiarly favoured haunt of stoats and weasels, handbills offering five shillings per head for these little creatures, alive, were widely circulated, and already three separate consignments have been despatched. The last consignment numbered 158. To feed these on a forty days' voyage by a swift steamer it was necessary to ship 2,400 pigeons, and for the support of these, sixteen quarters of Indian corn were required. The stoats and weasels were conveyed in specially constructed zinc-lined boxes, each made to hold three animals; so by the time these various items of expense were added to the return journey of the collector (who travelled to the Antipodes and back in charge of this large family), this importation must have cost the Colonial Government a very considerable sum.

But of all animals thus experimentally introduced, the chief interest attaches to the Mongoose, that most energetic Indian cousin of our little ferret. For this purpose a considerable number of these active and pugnacious hunters have been captured in various parts of Bengal, and collected in the Zoological Gardens at Calcutta, previous to their being despatched to their new homes.

The Australians are however by no means unanimous in the

welcome offered to this new-comer. They remember how confidently they hoped that their own native cat, which is a sort of weasel, would check the increase of the too prolific rabbits, and how, strange to say, the creatures soon became sworn allies, and were found sharing the same burrows in the most friendly manner; so there are many who see only danger in the proposed remedy.

As a first-class rat destroyer, the mongoose* has however already fully established his reputation in the West Indies, where he was introduced, when the colonists had been almost driven to despair by the ravages, not only of the ordinary brown and black rats, but also of the far more formidable sugar-cane rat,† which is ten inches in length, with a tail which measures ten inches more.

Every conceivable remedy was there tried in turn, but with very small result. Cats were freely introduced, but were worsted in the fray. Ferrets proved equally useless. The great Cuban ant was imported in 1762, followed in 1844 by the enormous Agua toad of South America. Both of these proved useful rat-destroyers, but for some unknown reason both are now rapidly diminishing. These quaint allies were however far too feeble to cope effectually with the sharp-toothed cane destroyers, and it was found necessary for each sugar estate to employ a number of professional rat-catchers, with a great array of traps, all manner of poisons, chiefly phosphoric, and a troop of ratting dogs. These kept up a ceaseless warfare, but nevertheless could make little head against the foe.

Their toil was rewarded by a payment of one penny per rat's head, and it was no uncommon thing for an item of twenty thousand pennies to appear in estate accounts under this heading. Various estates estimate their loss at twenty-five per cent of the entire sugar crop, and one-third of all corn and vegetable crops. Coffee, cacao, cocoa-palms, maize, arrow-root and sugar have all suffered so severely that in the annual estimate the destruction wrought in Jamaica alone by the great rat-army ranges from £100,000 to £150,000 per annum.

Early in the present century the importation of the Indian mongoose was suggested, as being the natural foe of all vermin, and especially of rats and snakes. The suggestion was however never carried out till recent years, when, strange to say, several specimens were imported *from London*. These having been bred in captivity very naturally proved quite useless, and never attempted to face the savage rats.

It was not till 1872 that Mr. W. Bancroft Espeut imported some mongooses direct from India. Four males and five females reached him in safety, and were turned out on his estates. In a wonderfully short space of time they increased and multiplied to such an extent as to overrun the whole island. Thousands of young ones were captured by the negroes, and sold to planters in very remote districts,

* *Herpestes griseus*.

† *Mus saccharivorous*.

and as these creatures are excellent swimmers, and make their way across streams and lagoons, wherever fancy leads them, it follows that they very quickly found their way to every corner. Now their praises are sung in chorus by all the planters, who without exception declare the mongoose to be the saviour of the sugar-estates. In no case does the annual outlay for rat-catching attain one-tenth of its former figure, while in many cases it is now absolutely *nil*, the rats having entirely disappeared from some fortunate plantations since the arrival of the mongooses.

The rum-distillers are the only sufferers, for whereas they formerly received from every estate a very large proportion of spoilt cane, fit only for the still, they now receive little or none. So the mongoose is a most effectual promoter of temperance !

He is a silent and stealthy worker, and shuns observation ; so the most neglected estates, which had been fairly abandoned to the rapacious rats, have been the first to profit by his labours. Indeed some have been so effectually cleared of rats that they are now being again planted as sugar-fields. The mongoose makes his home in ruined walls and old buildings, whence he sallies forth to hunt when no human being is near. He prefers to work in open ground where he can see all round him, and dart upon his prey ; so he is most useful in a clear field, where no undergrowth of dense weeds affords a cover in which the rats can find refuge from this vigilant sentinel.

He only hunts by day, and as the wild mongoose is very shy, and avoids all approach to inhabited houses, or to the neighbourhood of dogs, there need be no great reason to dread his becoming a serious foe to domestic poultry, so long as these confine themselves to their legitimate fowlhouses and poultry-yards. Doubtless wandering chickens and stray eggs would afford a temptation not to be resisted, but there does not appear to be any reason for serious anxiety on this score.

It really is wonderful to see the sudden change that passes over this friendly little creature at the approach of anything of the nature of vermin. No sooner does its quick sharp eye detect the presence of rat or reptile than its fur bristles up with excitement, and darting on its foe with a spring swift as lightning, it almost invariably strikes it at the back of the head, and, holding it securely in its sharp white teeth, shakes it, just as a terrier shakes a rat, till life is extinct. In its conflicts with snakes, these always prove the wisdom of the serpent by attempting to practise the better part of valour and escape, but, finding that they cannot elude the wonderfully dexterous and agile movements of the mongoose, they assume an attitude of defence, and with firmly coiled tail and raised head dart angrily at their assailant, who, however, dances round them, springing from side to side, till he sees the favourable moment when, in the twinkling of an eye, he can administer the fatal bite.

Should the mongooses now introduced into Australia retain their

natural instincts, they will find ample field for reptile-hunting among the many noxious snakes of that wide continent. But it may be, that finding themselves turned loose in such a well-stocked rabbit-warren, the abundance of the food-supply may induce indolence, and they may end by becoming mere pot hunters, more apt to treat themselves to occasional chickens and eggs from the poultry-yard than to track dangerous serpents in the bush.

There is, however, every reason to believe that their natural instinct will not fail them; and experience goes to prove that even such mongooses as have been unnaturally educated as domestic pets retain their hunting proclivities. Various letters have been published giving personal reminiscences of these little animals. All agree in describing them as most gentle pets, harmless as kittens, who could safely be trusted as playfellows of the youngest children.

Only one writer speaks of a tame mongoose as 'developing ferocity,' but as this quality was only shown in his eagerness to kill vermin, it would appear rather a strong point in his favour; and his success in ridding a whole steamboat of an invading army of rats speaks volumes for his skill and energy. The writer describes how this lively little creature—about the size of a pole-cat—with sharp nose, long snaky body, vicious-looking claws, and villainous eye, sidled about on deck, 'undulating' over chains or ropes, ever watching for sport. At night when unwary rats began to appear on deck, the wiry little hunter was in his glory. Creeping silently towards the victim till he was sufficiently near for a final rush, he would then spring, and with unerring aim nip the rat just at the base of the brain. Death was invariably so instantaneous that the rat rarely had time to give one squeak of warning to his fellows. The mongoose hunted the vessel from stem to stern in the most systematic manner, never dreaming of devouring his prey till he had gone his rounds, when, having not only cleared the decks, but done a considerable amount of execution in the engine-room and other parts of the ship, he would return to dine at leisure. Before the vessel got home he had so effectually scared the rats that they no longer ventured to appear in the upper regions, and he had to follow them into their deepest retreats, the sailors declaring that he could wind himself through a keyhole!

My personal acquaintance with the race began in Ceylon, at a time, when I was travelling on one of its broad beautiful rivers in a thatched house-boat. At one point where we halted, a Singalese gentleman brought me, as a present, a little brown creature somewhat resembling a good-sized rat. My companions at once dubbed it my rat, an offensive term which I felt bound to resent, as the little animal—a mere baby—at once attached itself to me with truly touching affection. It played joyously all over the boat, but constantly returned to me as to its adopted mother, creeping gently into my lap, or nestling on my shoulder. At night when I turned into my berth in the tiny cabin, the little 'Goosie' invariably took possession of a comfortable slipper,

in which it curled itself up for the night; but the very second I awoke and began to move the little creature was on the alert, and nestling beside my feet all through the day wherever I might go, it ran sportively at my side, just like a pet dog, never so happy as when actually in contact with my dress, and always at once answering to its name with a little plaintive cry. It very soon outgrew its slipper-cradle, and when we reached St. Thomas' College, Colombo, it selected more roomy sleeping quarters in a dark corner of my room. All this time I fed it principally on bread and milk, and sometimes could not resist giving it an egg as a great treat, though well aware that I was therein injudiciously awaking what might prove a dangerous taste. I do not however believe that Goosie ever sinned in this or any other direction. No blame ever attached to her short happy life.

A sad day came ere very long, when I was to start for the hills, and fearing that Goosie might prove somewhat troublesome on our travels, I committed her to the care of a friend at the College. Some months elapsed ere my return, when I found that the little creature had transferred all her mature affections to her new adopted mother, and that I was quite secondary. Under these circumstances I deemed it expedient to leave her to her new mistress, in whose bright tropical garden she played happily all the day long.

But into that Eden there entered a serpent—a deadly cobra—at whose approach the true mongoose instinct all awoke. Little Goosie no sooner detected the invader than she rushed to the onslaught. A deadly battle ensued, in which the cobra was slain, but not till it had inflicted a fatal bite on its assailant. So rare is the death of a mongoose from this cause, that it has ever been believed that in its wild state the creature goes in search of some plant, known to it as a certain antidote, and that, having eaten of this, the poison of the serpent is neutralised. I believe that naturalists now discredit this story. In the present instance my poor Goosie, having been reared in a pleasant garden, with no mongoose-mother to train her in the knowledge of wild jungle herbs, was ignorant of all such remedies, so her first interview with a cobra proved her last. She died nobly, as beseemed a truly heroic young mongoose.

Its skill as a snake-killer being so well established, I cannot understand why it is not more commonly tamed as a domestic pet throughout India, where these deadly reptiles annually cause such a heavy death-rate.

It is a very widely scattered family. Indeed naturalists reckon no less than twenty-two species of the genus *ichneumon*. They are all marked by the same characteristic of a long body and very short legs, and stiff wiry hair rather than fur. They are found in Persia, the Malay Archipelago, India, Ceylon, and Africa. Even Europe owns one species, which is found in the Spanish Sierra Morena.

The Egyptian mongoose is somewhat larger than that of India, and its fur is of a darker colour. Monsieur Sonnini, a French naturalist

who travelled in Egypt in the last century, quotes earlier writers, who mention having seen mongooses (or, as they call them, ichneumons) kept as domestic animals, in order to hunt rats and mice. Sonnini himself did not support this statement, deeming it incredible that people who could keep cats should care to encourage the presence of a creature akin to the weasel, who would assuredly do havoc among the poultry and steal the eggs. He states, however, that the mongoose is a valuable friend to mankind, by reason of its talent for raking up the sand wherein crocodiles have deposited their eggs, to the number of perhaps fifty in a brood, thus, he says, preventing the too great propagation of those detestable animals.

On the other hand the mongoose is equally destructive of the eggs of a certain turtle, which is also said by the natives to be a deadly foe to the crocodile, devouring not only the eggs, but also the newly hatched little reptiles.

The old fable, so long believed, and so often repeated by successive travellers, of how this creature, 'Pharaoh's Rat,' destroys full-grown crocodiles, by springing into their gaping mouths, and so entering their capacious bodies, and there leisurely devouring their entrails, has long been disproved; but without touching on the miraculous, the mongoose holds a conspicuous place in Egyptian story, as one of the sacred animals, which were pampered during life, and received divine honours after death. Funds were set apart for its support, and, like the sacred cats, it was fed on bread soaked in milk, and fish, specially caught for its use by the fishers of the Nile. To kill a mongoose was a criminal act, and when at last it died, at a good old age, its mummied remains were carefully laid in the catacombs with the sacred animals.

For the sake of our countrymen in Australia and New Zealand we may well hope that the mongoose will there develop such capacities for usefulness as to entitle it, if not to mummification, at least to an honoured place among the benefactors of humanity.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

A FEW WEEKS IN ALGERIA.

H. I. ARDEN.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 13th of January, 1879, two ladies and a maid left London. The cold was intense, the fog was thick, and we longed for a ray of sunshine. We arrived at Dover in such a fog that we literally saw nothing but the street lamps shining, and here and there the lights of a carriage passing. In the evening we sat round a bright fire, wondering what we should have seen before we sat there again, and scarcely believing this was the first night of our travels.

The next morning at nine o'clock we were already lying down in our berths, for a stiff wind had sprung up; but before long came the welcome news that Calais was in sight.

It was still cold, but the sun was shining brightly, a sight we had not seen for weeks, and as we slowly steamed up to the pier, the air sounded full of 'Mais oui! Mais oui! Mais oui! Ah oui! Ah oui! Ah oui!' Bright caps nodded, smiling faces swarmed around us, merry voices were chattering and laughing. Certainly, in an incredibly short time, the rough sea had carried us over to gaiety, brightness and sunshine.

Arriving in Paris, we drove straight to the Lille et d'Albion, where we slept one night, starting again the next evening at six o'clock, for we had been warned before we left England not to linger in Paris, but to break ourselves in for the heat of Algiers by the warmth of Marseilles.

When we reached the Chemin de fer de Lyon, we felt that our journey had begun in earnest, and away we rattled, sometimes straining our eyes in the darkness, sometimes trying to sleep till about one o'clock, when the train stopped, and 'Quinze minutes, mesdames et messieurs, pour le buffet!' sounded. Every one was wide awake then, and the buffet was crammed. After that all my sleepiness vanished, and I sat and watched for the first bit of light that should come into the great darkness.

Presently the grey colour that had been sleepily creeping along changed, the earth seemed to be waking up and coming to life. At the left, out in the far distance, was a red streak; mountains were rising—mountains with great crags that shone out boldly against the red light—and on their sides lay a brilliant, shining snow.

Suddenly the Mediterranean came upon the view, quite quiet, quite beautiful, not like water, but like an intense blue covering laid upon the earth, bordered by its 'étangs' forming real separate bays.

About ten o'clock in the morning we arrived at Marseilles, and

drove at once to the Grand Hôtel de Noailles, where we were most comfortable for the few days we stayed there. It was at five o'clock the next Saturday afternoon that we bade gay, bright Marseilles a sorry good-bye, and then came our first night at sea.

We crossed in the Valery boat, for though both the Messageries Maritimes and Valery boats start at the same time, the Valery generally arrives two hours earlier; and for people who are not good sailors, the two hours are a great consideration.

I cannot say much about the voyage, for though I was determined not to give in, and did actually get up and dress, and went on deck just in time to see the Balearic Islands, and the morning light appearing far away over the sea, I felt so faint and sick I had to return to my berth. 'Le soleil est malade, aussi, mademoiselle,' said one woman as I passed her, looking very white, I suppose; and she held up a stick of chocolate to offer me, hoping it would do me good!

The whole of Sunday and Sunday night we were contented to lie still, and at about four o'clock on Monday morning the bell rang, the boat stopped, and every one made a rush to get on deck.

And there was a sight never to be forgotten! Lights of all colours were glittering, and moving, and sparkling, and dancing, in what seemed in the dim light to be a mass of white rock. Overhead, stars like lamps hung down from the heavens, and the most beautiful moon was shining over all. Below, was a great swarm of boats with handsome Arabs, gliding along in the noiseless water—so many flashes of colour and turbans. As we watched, the lights on the land dimmed; the noises of the bells on the horses and the cracking of whips lessened; the stars seemed to be drawing themselves in, the moon paled, and a sweet far-off light was spreading over the Atlas Mountains—pale, yellow, golden, more golden; and then, with the boom of a great gun to herald the new day's birth, the sun rose with the most awful grandeur I ever saw, and the young day rose in Algiers with a halo of crimson, gold, and all the colours one can imagine. The cathedral bell rang out at once, calling the faithful to service, and soon what had seemed to us in the early light as a mass of rock, was brought to life also, and we saw Algiers white and shining before us, with the Djurdjura Mountains behind, green and solemn and still.

We had written from Marseilles to the Hôtel de l'Oasis, and had secured our salon and bedrooms, and had also ordered a boat to be sent to us from the hotel to land ourselves and our small bags. We were very glad we had done so, for we landed much quicker and much more quietly than some of our fellow-passengers, who were fighting their way through a crowd of Arabs, and paying at least four times the proper 'tarif.' Of course you have nothing to do with your larger luggage, you simply reclaim it at the custom-house, on the quay, close to where you land. The three best hotels in Algiers, are the Hôtel d'Orient, the Hôtel de la Régence, and the Hôtel de l'Oasis.

At the Hôtel de l'Oasis our breakfast was at eleven, and our dinner at six, so we had plenty of time for walks before breakfast, and good drives in the country before dinner. I think the visitor's first morning in Algiers cannot be better spent than in going to the Place du Gouvernement, and then through one of the bazaars to the Arab town.

The Place du Gouvernement is one of the most striking places in Algiers, for here groups of all lands are amusing themselves, tongues of all nations are chattering. Dignified, sad-looking Arabs swing along in a kingly, measured kind of state; veiled Arab women glide noiselessly about; sharp-looking Jews with twinkling, cunning eyes; handsome Jewesses, generally in green, with a black handkerchief covering up their foreheads and hair, and a lace handkerchief drawn round the chin and tied behind in a great bow; the handsome Spaniard; the unmistakeable English, and bright French; the black Negro, the imperturbable Negress; and here and there a familiar Sœur de Charité; and over all this strange crowd of different nations shines the most intense sun you can imagine, brightening everything but the unconquerable sadness of the Arab.

When you leave the Place, you should walk through the Passage Narboni entre les rues Bab-Azoun du Kaftan, et de Chatres. The Passage is a bazaar where there are Jews selling, and, I am sorry to say it, but most likely cheating also, on all sides of you. 'Entrez, entrez libre. Que voulez-vous? Achetez quelque chose! Venez, venez!' you hear shrieked out continually. They will hand you delicious little cups of coffee, if they see you are standing looking at anything on their stalls; or else if you are passing by they will beckon, and sign, and tempt with the most insinuating smile possible. And all the time, handsome Arabs, with the graceful burnous swung over their shoulders, march along in their solemn dignity, the greatest contrast you can imagine to the cringing Jew.

After you leave the bazaar, a flight of steps just opposite will lead you to the Arab quarter. In reality this entrance to the Arab town is one long narrow staircase, with—each side of you—walls of curious grotesque houses, and here and there the most beautiful bits of carving. Arabs are lying on the stairs with their yellow heap of oranges by their side, or else sitting cross-legged in a recess in the wall surrounded by vegetables, fruit, lovely bunches of flowers, and great hampers full of eggs. Sometimes these recesses are filled up by Arabs embroidering pillows, slippers, and their burnous; skeins of the most delicate-coloured silk are often being wound round their big toe, and yet the silk is never soiled.

As you climb, French and Jews alike are lost. Each step you take leads you more and more into an Arabian-Night dream. From the very ground at your feet Arabs seem to spring up and noiselessly glide by you; Arab children, dirty beyond description, swarm out of

every corner ; Arab women, with their great loose trousers and carefully veiled faces, nod at you.

Narrow streets stretch out each side of you, and down irregular alleys you will find the most exquisite carvings and Moorish work.

The doorways to the houses are heavy with great massive bolts ; the narrow slits in the walls that are called windows, have thick bars across them, jealously to forbid outside eyes from seeing into the family life.

The buildings are so narrow, and hang so over one another, that very often the little glimpse one gets of the sky is all but shut out. The stairs seem as if there were no ending to them (I believe there are 497), but when you at last reach the height, you have a view of Algiers straight up from the French to the Arab town. It is one shining, glittering white mass of buildings going quite down to the blue sea, and on the other side of this quiet bay stand the Djurdjura Mountains glistening with snow.

At the head of this Arab town are some barracks ; the building was a palace of the Dey of Algiers. It is built on the highest point of the city, and dates from the time of Barbarossa, who in 1516 began the works on this spot, on the site of an even older building. The Dey then lived in the lower part of the town, but gradually the fortifications increased, the enormous rampart which now exists was built, and in 1818 the then Dey Ali-ben-Ahmed was thankful to make it his residence, and retire from his quarrelsome Corps de Garde. This palace was almost a royal prison, for Hussein, Ali's successor, only ventured to leave his citadel twice in the twelve years of his reign. For hours every day he would sit cross-legged on a scarlet-covered bench, to hear and decide quarrels, and to deal out justice or injustice as it pleased his Majesty. Now French tunes are being whistled, the trumpet is sounding, Zouaves are laughing, men are marching by, and yet the solemn old walls of the Kasba can't be divested of its memories and its dignity. Here too, the pavilion of the famous 'coup d'éventail' is to be seen, where Hussein Dey gave his memorable slap to the French Consul.

When you have wandered about long enough in the Arab town, I should advise you to return home by the Jardin Marengo. Here in the middle of January were rose bushes in full bloom, hedges of geraniums, wild gladiolus, great trees of magnolia covered with blossom, orange trees, lemon trees, palms, bamboos, and the most wonderful wall of bougainvillier one could imagine. At one end of the garden is a very pretty marabout.

The open place just below the garden, is the Place d'Armes or Place Bab-el-Oued, where the soldiers seem always to be at drill ; to the right, and looking quite into the garden, is the Lycée. When you leave the Jardin Marengo you should turn to the right and go home by the sea, or else along the road which faces you and will bring you back again to the Place du Gouvernement.

CHAPTER II.

IN Algiers you should always get up early and begin the day with taking the first impressions of it—go out of doors before the sun has had time to scorch the flowers, or the people begin to look tired.

One of the pleasantest early walks is to the *Marché aux Fleurs*. A flight of steps from the *Rue Bab-Azoun* will lead you to the *Place de Chatres*, where the market is held.

In a moment you are beset with Arab boys—‘*Ba-a-sket, ba-a-sket, Anglaise? No go'-ot, mademoiselle. Porter quelq'chose, porter quelq'chose, Anglaise? Eh?*’—almost tearing the parcels out of your hands if you are carrying any. They are bare-legged, bright-eyed, saucy, handsome, grinning—such a race! They all have soft palmetto baskets swung over their shoulders for sale. It is impossible to get rid of them. If you stop at a stall, they stop too; you buy something and take out your purse, a handsome little face looks imploringly into yours, an outstretched hand is before you, another hand touches your shoulder—‘*Anglaise? Anglaise?*’ What can you do? Of course a sou is given; and then the multitude of hands that are stretched out, the shrieking, the fighting, the French, the Arabic!

One morning I took refuge with an old French woman behind her stall, who nodded, and laughed, and scolded, and at last drove off my importunate little friends. I bought a lovely bouquet of roses from her for one franc, and she instantly presented me with a beautiful bunch of *mignonette*. In one minute she told me she liked music, and reading, and embroidery, and she stroked a silk tie I had on, and with a long breath she said, ‘*Ah, que c'est belle ça, mademoiselle, et je connais l'histoire anglaise jusqu'à votre roi Charles premier.*’

At last I wished my old friend good-bye, and fairly fought my way back again through the crowd of Arabs, and stalls of roses, violets, honeysuckle, geraniums, beans, peas, salad, young potatoes, fruits of all kinds and hampers full of eggs.

The only unpleasant sight is the meat market, and I was always glad to hurry along and make my way as fast as I could through some silent streets, till I found myself at the *Mosque Djamaa-el-Kebir*, or, as it is usually known, the *Grand Mosque*. A small door in the wall of this mosque opens into the Arab Hall of Justice.

One morning a great number of Arabs were assembled here; some had evidently been fighting, for their faces were covered with blood, and they were all talking eagerly together. A few women glided about, showing great interest in the cases.

At the end of the courtyard is the hall, and here a dignified Arab was sitting cross-legged on a strip of matting, asking questions and writing down the answers. Each Arab, as he came up to answer, took off his shoes before he entered the hall, which is raised a step, and then sat down on the floor while the judge questioned him. At one

side of this hall is a small recess with a window looking into the court of justice: this was filled with women, who had to give their evidence through the window. One of the Arabs told me they had almost all come to complain of their husbands. It struck me as a wonderfully simple sort of justice, with this one old man holding the law in his own hands. If anything grave has to be settled, I believe the French interfere, but for small matters the Government very wisely leaves the decision to the Arabs.

The Place Malakoff is opposite the cathedral of St. Phillippe, whose bells we had heard so clearly the morning we arrived in Algiers. It was built in 1794 by Pasha Hassan; very soon after the conquest it was converted into a church. The altar was placed to hide the mimbar, but the texts from the Koran on faith in God and constancy in prayer, are still left on the cupola. The roof of the nave is Arabesque work in stucco, and rests on horseshoe arches supported by white marble columns, most of which belonged to the old mosque.

The great interest to me in the cathedral was the tomb of Geronimo—it is in a chapel on your right, just as you enter by the west door; but his noble and sad life is more pathetically realised in a visit to the Musée.

Next to the cathedral is the winter palace of the Governor-General, and opposite this palace is the Archevêché, the residence of the Archbishop; it is known among the Arabs as the house of Aziza, daughter of the Bey. It was originally part of the palace of Djenina, which was for centuries the seat of Arab misrule in Algiers.

The beautiful portion of the palace which is left was reserved for only very honoured guests, especially the Beys of Constantine and Tittery, whenever they came to pay their annual tribute. The ceilings and walls are a lacework of the purest white; the windows have great bronze bars all across them; the tiles are so perfect one only longs to stay and draw them; but the time allowed for strangers to visit the Archevêché is only before eleven in the morning and as the hours had passed so quickly I could but pay it a hurried visit.

Beyond the Governor's palace, passing the beautiful old Moorish baths, you come to the Bibliothèque, which fortunately is always open from twelve to five.

This Bibliothèque was the palace of Mustapha Pasha of an old Moorish family: the present Prince Mustapha lives in a small house in the Arab part of the town. I believe this palace is considered not only the handsomest but the best preserved specimen of Arab architecture in Algiers.

Opening into the street is an enormous old door which leads you into a long vestibule; on each side are marble seats, and supported on these seats are double marble columns, with the graceful horseshoe arches springing from them. Here, in the old days, Mustapha Pasha received his guests, very few being permitted inside the other doors, and those only on the most extraordinary business. From this

vestibule we passed through four great doors (so jealously did they guard their wives) before at last we reached the beautiful Moorish court, paved with marble, and bright with hothouse plants. A fountain was playing in the middle, and the great cool green leaves, spreading overhead from balcony to balcony, made a most pleasant shade from the glare and whiteness of the streets outside. There are several galleries supported by marble pillars and arches; and in the upper galleries the Pasha kept his wives. Now the French have turned them into a Musée and Bibliothèque, and I doubt if any library in the world has a more beautiful home. All the doors leading from the galleries are cedar-wood, every wall is most exquisitely tiled, and the balustrade round the balcony is a perfect work of art in carving, said to be done by the Arab artist who designed the door of the entrance of Notre Dame des Victoires. Downstairs in the Museum among many objects of interest are some very good statues, but the best were taken to Paris. But the great thing I wanted to see was the plaster-cast of the body of Geronimo, and I hurried on past Turkish and Arab antiquities till I came to it.

He must have been slight and short. The veins are raised in his face, and his poor mouth is closed in a patient, determined way; his hands are bound behind him, and his legs are swollen. Seeing him lying before you, with the indescribable look of suffering and patience written all over him, brings the story of his life before you, and fills you with awe and admiration for this noble young Arab saint.

In 1540, when the Spaniards held Oran, their soldiers took a little Arab child prisoner, and put him up for sale. Juan Caro, the Vicar-General, bought the baby prisoner and baptised him under the name of Geronimo. He took him to his own house, brought him up, and educated him. When the boy was about eight years old, he was recaptured by his relations, and he lived with them as a Mahomedan till he was twenty-five; then of his own free will he returned to Oran to his old master, wishing, as he said, 'henceforth to live in the faith of the Divine Saviour.'

Juan Caro treated him with the greatest affection; he took him back to his own house, and permitted him after a short time to enter the Spanish Guard as a paid soldier. Geronimo soon received honours for his military services, and he ended by marrying an Arab slave (also a convert) and living ten years happily.

But in May 1569 he accompanied the Spaniards on a small expedition close to Oran, when he was chased by a Moorish corsair, taken prisoner, and brought to Algiers.

Every effort was made to force him to renounce Christianity, but he remained true; after some most fearful threats, the young Arab only said, 'Ah, they think they will make me become a Mussulman; but that they will never do, even if they should kill me.'

At that moment the Pasha Euldj-Ali was examining a fort which was being made outside the gate of Bab-el-Oued, and as he was leaving

it, he called one of his slaves, and told him he had determined that Geronimo should be thrown alive into a mould, in which a block of *béton* (a kind of mortar) was about to be made.

At three o'clock the next morning the young Arab was brought, in the presence of the Pasha and a great number of Moors and Turks, to the fort. Again they tried to make him give up Christianity, but he remained faithful.

So sentence of death was given. His hands and feet were tied behind him just as we see at the Musée, and he was laid face downwards at the bottom of the block of *béton*. A renegade Spaniard jumped on the martyr's body, and cried out to the Moors standing near him to bring earth to fill in the grave. In this way, on the 18th day of September, 1569, the faithful soul of the brave Arab joined the noble army of martyrs.

The martyrdom lasted twenty-four hours; and the fort is known to this day as '*Des vingt quatre heures.*'

Haedo described very clearly the exact spot where the martyr was lying, but it was not until the 27th of December, 1853, that his remains were discovered.

Monsieur Berbrugger wrote that the wall was examined many times, but no trace could be found which would help them to find the skeleton.

'Amongst the blocks was one very difficult to get at, on account of a great cactus which had grown against it, and covered it with green. "Could it be here that Geronimo's bones rest?" he asked. And this tree which has sprung so curiously from the very wall, is it not a sort of martyr's palm to shadow and protect the body of the saint, until the day when Christianity, triumphing on the soil of Africa, shall be enabled to verify the pious hopes of the historian Haedo?'

Strangely enough, it was behind this very cactus that the skeleton was found.

Monseigneur Pavy, then Archbishop of Algiers, went off to Rome to plead the cause of the Arab martyr and obtain his canonisation; but as no miracle had been performed near the bones, he was unsuccessful, and though many hail him saint, his name on his tomb is simply '*Geronimo, the venerable servant of God.*'

SENIORS AND JUNIORS.

DEAR EDITOR,

I HAVE studied so many cases in my life where the younger and elder life in a family seemed as if it could not be carried on without friction, that perhaps some modern girls may like to hear what I think causes it, and what appears to me its only solution.

I don't think it is necessarily any one's *fault* that this should be so. I know often the mothers think the girls are in fault, and the girls think the mothers are in fault; but really it seems to me as if it were rather caused by facts unrealised on both sides. Over and over again a bright, eager, clever girl comes home from school, or out of the schoolroom life which has occupied her from fifteen to eighteen so fully that she has had no time for sharing in the home pursuits of the family. She is full of rejoicing at beginning her grown-up life, and her mother is full of rejoicing at having a daughter for her constant companion at home. All seems charming at first, but in a couple of years things no longer look so bright. The mother says in confidence to her intimates: 'It is difficult to know exactly how to satisfy girls. Maud seems to want something more than we can give her, but I don't know what it is. When I was a girl we enjoyed everything—school-feasts, and lectures and dances, nothing came amiss to us: but girls of the present day are so full of all kinds of impossible schemes that one has to check them, and they think that that is fearfully old-fashioned and unsympathetic.' The mother says this with a smile, but in her heart there lurks bitter disappointment that the visions of so many years have turned into illusions, that she and Maud are not one but two: that Maud does not care for her society except as a duty, and that the things which interest her are not those which interest Maud: that Maud (whom I am supposing to be a good girl) criticises in her heart the things her mother admires, though she may have too much consideration to speak out her mind, and that the life she would like, if she had her choice, is quite a different one from that she has to lead at home.

Maud with her intimate friend is probably less reticent. She expresses in words what her mother does not. 'I always thought it would be so perfect when I was out of the schoolroom, and I begin to think it was the happiest time of my life. What's the use of all I've learnt? Nobody cares a straw for the things that I care for. If a book comes into the house that I really *do* like, mother says she has not time to read it, and father says he can't understand it in that sort of tone that makes you feel presumptuous for liking it. Besides,

it's not only want of sympathy,—I'm wasting my life. I could make something of it if I could go to Newnham and work, but they can't spend any more on my education; or if I could go and nurse in a hospital, but father says that is all rubbish. And they say a girl's place is to stay at home, and they want me, whether there is anything for me to do or not! If I were a boy they wouldn't; they would see that it was right for me to go and do something, and if any one wanted to marry me they would let me go at once. It is so inconsistent!'

Something is out of joint doubtless. What is it? Mother and daughter *really* love each other, and crave for each other's sympathy in their hearts. It is not unlikely that the mother may be in some ways exacting. Mothers are human beings, and human beings are prone to error; and a grown-up girl, brought up to think for herself, is hardly likely to take for granted, as you say the maidens of former generations did, that her parents are infallible. And it is almost certain—considering what young people are—that the girl is egotistic. When we are young, we do feel *our* happiness, *our* goodness, *our* development, of so much more importance in the world than it really is! And if we don't get what we want at once, it never occurs to us that it is possible to wait for it; and if people set over us make a mistake in our education, *how* we resent it! We have all gone through this: gentleness, allowance, toleration, have to be learnt with advancing years. But when we are young we can at least cultivate one thing which will mellow our crudeness and prepare us to ripen the fruit of wisdom—the quality of *tenderness*, not only to our juniors but to our seniors. Our seniors *have* feelings; it may be a surprising fact to some of us, but it is true. I know that to some young people it is a most unrealisable fact, and one which seems to them to imply self-conceit and overweening self-esteem, that they are of enough importance to their seniors to make tenderness a suitable quality to aim at. But, if they will believe a senior, it is a thing which gives more pleasure to seniors than juniors can well imagine possible, till they come to be seniors themselves.

Then there is another quality which the girl probably has to acquire—the capacity of *waiting*. And here I should like to say that I do feel very strongly that young maidenhood in the present day and in the upper and professional ranks of life is a trying position. Only about half the girls marry, and many of those marry so late in life that their grandmothers would have considered them old maids. Many girls see this at once, and make up their minds that they prefer to give up the idea of matrimony to waiting on in a sort of smiling expectancy that the golden sceptre may be held out to them, which does not strike them as a dignified position. It irritates them to think that their parents wish them to be married, and consider as the greatest success of a woman's life what they have made up their minds to decline to try for. More especially is this the case if they

are not particularly attractive in person, and are conscious of it. I believe many women would own that they were never thoroughly able to enjoy society until they arrived at an age at which they were no longer looked upon as 'young ladies.'

The cure for this seems to me to be a resolute cultivation of the capacity of waiting—not running down matrimony as an inferior estate because they do not think it is for them, but at the same time keeping firm hold of the belief that a woman's life may be full and sweet and radiant of good without it. And above all, let me suggest that it is the greatest mistake for unmarried women to think, as some seem to do, that married women are not worth their friendship. I own that it is difficult to carry on a really intimate friendship where the wife's letters are not private, but the old idea that there cannot be confidence between husband and wife unless each receives the confidence of the other's friends is now exploding, and will soon, one hopes, be a thing of the past. It seems to me that it is only in this way that an unmarried woman can thoroughly understand what the relations of marriage are, and know what she undertakes if, in the course of Providence, she is called upon to become a wife herself.

And lastly, it is doubtless rather hard upon any living being to develop its capacities for action, and then forbid it to act; to chain up an accomplished and domesticated collie as a yard dog, or to make a hunter draw a baker's cart—and this is rather like the case of a highly educated girl who has to give up all her time either to parish work, without any real vocation for it, to home requirements which seem to her a frittering of life, or to the calls of society. But in these cases the girl must learn to look upon her present life as a new series of lessons she has to learn. In parish work and in society she has most valuable opportunities of studying character, and if she looks upon herself as a learner, she will find in after-life what invaluable lessons she has learnt. In society, which girls of this sort look upon as utter waste of time, she has an opportunity of acquiring social knack and knowledge, the lack of which many middle-aged women who have missed their chance in early life find such a terrible drawback to their usefulness. In home life, besides the mastery of domestic details, she may acquire what is perhaps the best gift of any, the power of forgetting herself. It is only, after all, like giving up French for a year to study Greek, the development need not cease, but it may well lie for a time in other directions.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the juniors' side of the question. Before going on to the seniors' may I explain, in answer to E.E.E., some points of my letter of February which I think she has not understood entirely as I meant. In saying that girls are not 'driven to persist in any one-sided view by a conviction that it is "the thing" to take one side rather than another,' I do not mean that they are never swayed by fashion, though I do not think the instances she gives are many of them apposite, as a girl really candid in mind

might rush to cookery and ambulance lessons, because her friends did so, and perhaps be none the worse for the result. What I meant is that candour in judgment is, theoretically at least, considered a virtue by the present generation of girls, as it certainly was not by my own.

Also, is E.E.K. quite logical in asserting that 'the very independence of opinion which Middle Age praises, and the difficulty of choosing between conflicting duties which Chelsea China describes, indicate some self-consciousness and self-importance'? I hardly see that this is the case. Ellen Watson was a person of independent opinions, who left those in which she had been brought up for others which appeared to her truer: did this necessarily involve self-consciousness? Or if the elder sister of a motherless family hesitates between marrying the man to whom she is engaged and leaving her brothers and sisters to look after themselves, is she necessarily self-important?

Now for a word to my fellow-seniors. I do not think the modern girl is perfect. Is it likely that she should be so at eighteen, when her life is probably intended to be an education lasting to eighty? But at the same time I cannot agree with E.E.K. that unless her faults are 'treated as matter for straightforward correction, they are more likely to be crystallised than dissolved in the inevitable process of growing older.' Little children's faults have to be treated in this way; but grown girls, who have, rightly or wrongly, views and susceptibilities of their own, cannot, it seems to me, be expected to offer their backs to the rod unless they are already convinced that they are in fault. Would it not be better for us seniors, instead of thinking that all that is silly and crude in the juniors can be at once cured by what servants call 'naming them their faults,' to try to imitate the *indirect* way in which God teaches us the lessons of life, and in which, let us remember, He is certain also to teach them? If they are impatient, we are impatient too, and with much less excuse. Surely we, who know something of the sharp discipline that life brings with it, ought to pity rather than to blame the errors of the young, and then perhaps we should be stirred to find some way of impressing our more mature experience upon them, which without stirring up their rebellion might spare them the suffering which otherwise must in the course of their life point out their mistakes.

MIDDLE AGE.

THE ASSOCIATED WORKERS' LEAGUE.

STANDING beneath the grand dome of the skies of Northern Montana, I once watched the magnificent flashes of coloured rays which lit up the midnight heavens with a crown of light. I had broken my rest to see, with awe-struck delight, how the hand of God was thus painting the distant horizon.

The aurora borealis, crowning the death-like gloom and stillness of that bare grim ridge of the great Rockies, was awakening those transformed hills with its resurrection glory. In the mystic marvel of light and colour dead Nature's past revived, and linked her present with a future life eternal. I remember looking sadly on the wonderful scene, being depressed with the apparent failure and deadness of some mission work in these Montanian wilds, brooding faithlessly on my personal disappointment and its unsolved causes.

Suddenly the gorgeous flashes of the sky crown were all in harmonious waving motion. Each ray blended into other from right to left and from left to right, the star-like spikes of the crown being one moment distinct and clear, in another all one waving sheet of rainbow hued light. Then the spiral rays apart or in the mass, acquired a deepened and prolonged intensity in brilliance of tone and colour.

Whilst I gazed and 'knelt upon a thought as one who prays,' the exquisite vision faded and slowly vanished as the early dawn crept up with silent silvery feet over the jagged snow-crowned mountain range.

But the thought remained and bore fruit.

It was borne in on me then, and since, that the chief causes of failure in the work hitherto attempted so feebly for the Master in this godless mining camp, or elsewhere, were the isolation and exclusiveness, the disassociated solitariness which weakened the faith and numbed the efforts of the lonely worker. Even as those rays of the great Northern Lights when blended electrically, and visibly comingled, acquired truer colour, brighter glory, and deepened intensity of meaning, so, when the isolated church-worker struggled prayerfully on, in co-operation with others, striving to witness to the Eternal Light, then her once lonely work, absorbed in the brighter stronger rays of Christian fellowship, acquired a truer value, a fuller meaning, and so obtained richer spiritual results.

I cannot now say more about that special Montanian Missionary work in which for two years of exile I was allowed to share. I want only by what I have learnt from one of Nature's many lessons to

bring home to others the truth then so forcibly impressed on my experience. I would most earnestly bring home this lesson in reference to the Associated Workers' League, whose fruitful branches are spreading amongst church-workers, and whose great principle is that grand old one newly applied, of earnest co-operation for the mutual renewing of their united strength.

Briefly to state the A. W. League's objects—they are fourfold.

1st. To introduce those desiring work to the fields of usefulness best adapted for their special gifts.

2nd. To reinforce existing agencies with new workers.

3rd. To form a Workers' Exchange; where workers in the various fields may meet for mutual help, stimulus, and co-operation.

4th. To help workers in the country during their temporary residence in London, by bringing them in contact with actual work in whatever department is specially interesting to them, and by introducing them to those persons most experienced in carrying it out.

This Association is in no position of rivalry with that excellent Society, the Ladies' Diocesan Association, founded by Mrs. Tait, and carried on by Mrs. Temple. The features that distinguish the A. W. L. from it are: 1st. The A. W. L. is composed of men as well as women; and 2nd. its sphere of work is extra diocesan, the needs of S. London being specially impressed on its members.

The Committee, in whose hands is the management of the League, consists of the following:—

Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Folkstone, Hon. W. St. John Broderick, Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glynn, Mr. James Lowther, Mr. Malcolm Sands, Professor Henry Drummond, Duchess of Westminster, Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, Lady Edward Cavendish, Lady Hilda Broderick, Lady Wimborne, Lady Houghton, Lady Hayter, Miss Violet Page, Mrs. Sands, Miss Morgan. Marchioness of Tavistock, Countess of Aberdeen, *Joint Secretaries*.

The list of members and of working members is happily too long to add here.

Monthly meetings, in which persons experienced in special branches of the work, are asked to take part and report, have hitherto been three in number, for the League is, as yet, but three months old. They were held at the town residences of members of the committee.

The earnest sympathy and emphatically expressed interest of the highest dignitaries of the Established Church have greatly encouraged the committee. It is in the hope that the Association's helpful influence may be extended to all earnest church-workers that this short sketch of its start, its hopes, and motives, is written.

Any one wishing to become a member or a working member of the A. W. L., or sincerely desirous of knowing more of its work, can obtain fuller information by applying for a copy of its charming little

publication, 'Note Book for Working Members,' which will be sent by the Hon. Sec., the Marchioness of Tavistock, 37 Chesham Place, London, S.W., who answers all communications in the absence of Lady Aberdeen in Ireland.

In the preface to the note-book it is stated that the League must not waste itself in aimless pity. It is no cover for amateur dilettante philanthropy. It is to be 'an arena for solid work, a society where those who have serious views of life will meet for mutual counsel, stimulus, and co-operation and help.'

The thought to be urged on the workers is that solemn one—'Ye are not your own.' In His Name, Who took on Himself the form of a servant, and went about doing good, the promoters call on those who join to carry on Christ's work in prayer and consecration, and in personal loyalty to Him.

Special work among young men and boys, and among young women and girls, is explained, and in one paper, entitled 'Miscellaneous Work,' some hints are given to those who are unable to take a part in active work, whether by illness or for other reasons. Timid and inexperienced toilers in the Lord's vineyards are encouraged by such sweet and helpful words as these which may go home (as they have done) to those doubtful of their small abilities, or depressed by their scant opportunities.

'It is one of the most solemn facts of experience to the worker that where there is little opportunity of obtaining more spiritual food—crumbs of teaching faithfully given may and can do the work of sustenance to hungry souls. For the crumbs fall from Him Who is the Bread of Life to His people.'

Such an Association as this should be more widely known. Its spiritual and practical power can be largely increased by an added number of volunteer workers. The Associated Workers' League yet lacks a motto, and it has been said that the first year's work may suggest one. This has been well said, for the motto of the truest work is ever proved by the test of application by the workers. But pending the end of the trial year, may a well-known little verse be suggested for the earnest and humble, but perhaps hesitating, untried workers who would fain follow the bold experienced leaders, yet known not with what weapons their weakness can help the fight in the great battle of good against evil. It is this—

'If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the Judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms!'

BLANCHE C. MEDHURST.

ANNE JOSEPH.

BY EUPHEMIA E. G. BUSSELL.

OUR scattered congregation at Dingwall has lost its oldest member, and I think a short sketch of her character may interest your readers. She was a native of the county of Durham, but marrying an Italian organ-grinder, for the sake of his music, she tramped the country with him, until, about forty years ago, they came as far north as Ross-shire, and settled down in Dingwall. The pair were accustomed to walk as many as thirty miles a day, he carrying his barrel-organ, and she her pedlar's pack, and in days when shops were scarce, no doubt Anne managed comfortably to maintain herself whether her husband succeeded in his trade or not. It is said that they had once some children, but these were left behind at a place in England during an excursion, and a visitation of cholera occurring to the town, all trace of the young family was swept away before the parents could reach them. When we knew Anne she had been a widow for a year or two, and her wanderings were much curtailed. She became a communicant shortly after the commencement of my father's incumbency, and remained a deeply attached member of the church until her death, on the 25th of February last. In her illness all her wanderings were about the church. She used often to say in her days of health, that if she were only rich the church should never want for anything in the way of stained glass windows or magnificent organ. I think I have just indicated this aspect of her character in my tale 'White Ice,' which appeared in the Christmas number of the 'Monthly Packet' for 1885. Anne Joseph, otherwise Mrs. Joseph Mountrich—though no one ever called her by her husband's surname—was certainly the heroine of that tale. She also sat for her portrait in 'His Lordship,' which was published in your Christmas number for 1879. Old *Isabel* with equal truth represented her in another phase. 'His Lordship' was a familiar expression in Mrs. Joseph's mouth. There was a neighbouring nobleman in far different circumstances from *Lord Forsinard*, into whose happy home she was welcomed every Christmas Eve as long as she had strength to go so far, where she was fed and rested, given money and materials for her Christmas dinner, admitted to an interview with the lady, and finally sent back to the station in one of 'His Lordship's' carriages. She was so accustomed to be made welcome at the various county houses, allowed to exhibit the contents of her pack in the drawing-room, and so certain of receiving more than their value for the articles she sold, that if by chance the

ordinary treatment accorded to pedlars awaited her, she thought her customers had committed a solecism in manners. My sister used to write letters of introduction for her to the shooting tenants when they came down, and anxiously our old woman looked for the result of the first call, since, until that had been paid, she knew well the commendatory line could not be written.

She was a great reader, and used to indulge herself in candles far more than was prudent, reading up to midnight in her bed, until she saw the account of some one who did so and got into danger by it. Most fortunately this cured her of the habit before worse came.

But although she could read, and greatly enjoy what she read, she could not write, managing to keep the accounts of the coal and clothing club, for which she was collector, in her head, discharging herself of the responsibility week by week at the Parsonage, and inviting compliments on her own correctness as she did so. It was only in extreme old age that she began to make mistakes.

She chose these Monday morning interviews as her opportunity for criticising the music of the previous Sunday. In proportion as a hymn had brought tears, she loved and admired it. It was her nature to be autocratic on most subjects, and when the hymn-book in use at St. James's was changed for the latest and enlarged edition of 'Ancient and Modern,' the impending innovation was broken gently to her, and she showed herself anything but pleased, as she feared getting confused with the new numbers; however, she very soon had her favourites among the strange hymns.

An hour before service time the bowed form used to arrive at the church gate. It did not matter what the weather might be, scarcely ever was it known to keep her away. Then she expected to be made very welcome, shown what the hymns were going to be, and in winter well warmed by the vestry fire. It is to be feared that she felt a little superior to her neighbours on these occasions, for certainly she criticised their more lax attendance freely, and it never seemed to occur to her to make excuses for them. We had to do all that.

Nothing pleased her so well as to be told that she looked so frail it was wonderful to see her still going about.

She took a lively interest in us all, and we had to apologise to her whenever we took a holiday. She disliked missing either of us very much, fearing she should die while that one was away. But if we reminded her that the rolling stone might possibly bring home some moss in the shape of a new tune, she brightened up, and ceased her objections.

I am afraid it will be impossible for me to picture adequately the strong will she had, and how, even in her increasing poverty, she exercised a kind of sway over her neighbours, among whom she was held in great respect, probably because she respected herself. Her room was very neat while she could keep it so, papered with engravings from the 'Illustrated London News,' and crammed up with

mysterious boxes, which might contain tapes and handkerchiefs, but whose appearance may have given rise to the report that she had put by money which would be found some day. At Christmas she took great pleasure in decking it with holly.

When our pretty church was burned down at midnight in April 1871, she bethought her of a precious treasure she had left within its walls, and a boy was despatched to find it. He ran about among the horrified crowd which had collected at the scene of devastation, shouting, 'Mrs. Joseph's Bible! Where is Mrs. Joseph's Bible?' It was burnt, of course, with the organ and the coloured windows, and she munificently spent the sum of five shillings on a new one, which was always left in her seat.

Proud and happy was she to take her place among the worshippers when, after nearly a year of anxiety and trouble, the church was reopened by the Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness, Primus of the Scottish Church, with all the pomp and circumstance which could be given to impress this interesting epoch in its history on the minds of the spectators. Her heart was indeed most deeply concerned in all such functions, and whenever there was to be a wedding—and we feared that owing to the small size of the building all who wished to come might not find accommodation—it was our first care to provide her with a place, since no one was more interested.

When she was pleased with my elder sister she used to wish that she would marry a Bishop!

Her principle of almsgiving at the Offertory deserves to be recorded. She told me herself that during her husband's lifetime she always gave a halfpenny. At his death she increased her gift to a penny, and as she became feebler and poorer, the penny grew into a silver threepenny-bit. Great indeed was her despondency when her purse was too empty to afford that. Nothing would induce her to go back and offer copper. This was so well known that a neighbouring clergyman wishing to give her a present that she would value once sent her half-a-crown in threepenny-bits.

Latterly our poor old woman fell frequently, but with unconquered spirit she picked herself up again and went on her way. But her life was done, she ceased walking any distance, and in August had a last fall—only a fall in her room. When she went to bed that night it was to lie there for six long months. She was most kindly tended by her neighbours, and ministered to by different members of our little congregation, who grieved that they should see her no more among them. She still kept us up to the festivals as of old, and as we visited her every Sunday afternoon, enquired of us what sort of congregation we had had, and repeated our answers to her nurse with great interest. She had always looked forward immensely to the coming of any strange preacher, and when a young friend on his holiday consented to preach at the Harvest Thanksgiving, she said she would seat herself in her window and should hear him from

thence, although her room was half a mile from the church. This was one of her wanderings, and as Christmas approached, she told us that she meant on Christmas Eve to sit up in bed and sing her favourite 'Hark the herald angels,' as the clock struck twelve. She added, 'You will hear me.'

When the time came, we listened indeed, but heard nothing.

I went to her as soon as I could on the afternoon of Christmas Day. She received me with tears, saying I was the first person who had come to her with Christmas wishes; but this was a mistake, as the churchwarden's wife with gifts in her hand had visited her at 10 A.M. She then told me that she had carried out her intention of singing at midnight, and her neighbours in the house corroborated it, saying she did it 'quite pretty.' 'Did you hear me?' she asked. 'No,' I said, 'but I know who did.' 'Who?' she asked. 'The angels.' That answer seemed to satisfy her.

She had two paralytic strokes, and her attitude in bed became very distressing, for she was doubled up, her face touching her knees. The doctor said she must not be left alone a moment, for fear of suffocation. The end approached. She retained her good appetite to the last, and did not by any means depend entirely upon the brandy and grapes which we began to give her. My father administered the last Sacrament to her on Tuesday the 23rd of February. I went in the afternoon and sang to her, but she was in much pain. I asked, 'Have you given your heart to Jesus?' She repeated the words after me: 'Yes, I have given my heart to Jesus.' She seemed to be troubled by neither doubts nor fears. On the evening of Thursday, February 25th, she quietly expired. There was no struggle; it was like falling asleep.

I saw her next day, lying straight at last, grand and calm; death had beautified her. Everything about her was spotlessly white.

We sang one of her favourite hymns, 'For ever with the Lord,' and played the 'Dead March in Saul' for her sake in church the following Sunday; then we took the flowers that had been on the altar and wove them into a lovely cross, white, with rosy tips. Our absent sister sent a cross of snowdrops, and other members of the congregation contributed wreaths and a third cross. We, with all who could, assembled at her grave on the stranger's side of the old kirkyard, and there my father—'her dear clergyman' as she used to call him—read the glorious prayers with much sincerity, thanking the merciful Father for so gently delivering our aged sister out of the miseries of this sinful world

'Until the daybreak, and the shadows flee away.'

DEBATEABLE GROUND.

IS SELF-CULTURE AN IMPERATIVE DUTY?

THE Ayes certainly have it. Chelsea China has received thirty-two papers in favour of *Self-Culture* and nine against it. As the whole ground of the 'Monthly Packet' is not debateable, it will readily be perceived that it was necessary to extract the plums or distil the spirit of many essays, which Chelsea China would have liked to give in full. She can only express regret for much that she has omitted. She gives in full—

'Inquirer,' as best stating the difficulties.

'Gillian,' as giving the reasons in favour, best in moderate limits.

'Pellegrina,' as likely to be well remembered.

'Fanciful,' which particularly pleases her, as being so genuine and thoughtful.

She hopes Arachne will find room for these in July.

A good many very well-written papers have enforced the cultivation of virtue and of the spiritual instincts. Now, surely no one could possibly have offered the need of such spiritual self-culture as a subject for dispute. Who could doubt it? Chelsea China would like to make a few remarks on the subject so fully brought before her.

She thinks among all the high and good reasons given in favour of intellectual self-culture—it is much that through life it makes us happier. It is a great thing to be happy when we can. But it is a delusion to think it makes small domestic occupations easier or pleasanter. Nobody can do two things at once. It does show the proportion of one duty to another. It does give judgment. It can, she well knows, be pursued with success, deep country, small means, parish work, and dressmaking notwithstanding. She quite agrees that the subject cultivated should be what each one likes best, and therefore can do best in the first instance.

And circumstances, as well as natural powers, limit the direction and extent of our efforts.

'Home Rule' is too political a subject, but Chelsea China begs that topics may be suggested, and proposes—

Which preponderate—the advantages or disadvantages of a critical spirit?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China before August 1st.

1. *Daffodil* thinks self-culture clearly a duty, chiefly because the powers rust when neglected, and says: 'Self-culture has its dark side; a clever girl may fit herself for a much more extended sphere than ever opens before her, and feel inclined to cry *cui bono*.' The

stones fit for the wall are not always taken for it, but better be left in the way, than be called on and found wanting. And 'On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven the perfect round.'

2. *Great-Grandmother* considers self-culture an imperative duty both to ourselves and others, as each individually leavens the whole mass.

3. *M. T. A.* very truly remarks that *self* consists of body, soul, and spirit, and contends that self-culture should mean the balanced cultivation of all three. But this view is incontrovertible; and the question meant intellectual *self-culture*.

4. *A New Correspondent but Old Reader* recommends in a sensible paper that girls should study when they leave the schoolroom.

5. *Janet*, in an excellent paper, gives the highest of reasons for self-culture by saying that our intellect is an important part of the lively sacrifice we offer of ourselves.

6. *Ancient and Modern* declares in a most useful paper that self-culture is a duty, for those of ordinary powers. 'Great gifts,' she says, 'will not be thwarted or crushed.' She quotes the saying that 'things learned are like unopened parcels, to be left till called for,' and truly says that all knowledge adds to the interest of life.

7. *Tropnevad* says, after some other remarks, that 'Every one owes it to his neighbour to do all in his power to fit himself, body and mind, for the position he must fill here; and body, mind, and spirit for the position he must fill hereafter.' If we could remember that 'if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it,' we should have no doubt in asserting that self-culture is an imperative duty.

8. *Cowslip* considers self-culture an *imperative* duty if we have any chance of needing to earn our living; but quite right and highly desirable in any case, as we should not waste the talents which God has given us.

9. *Ysrael Aur* says that self-culture is an imperative duty to God, 'as we owe it to Him to make the best use in our power of the talents He has given us,' and to our neighbour, as it makes us more useful, and also more agreeable. She adds a note of warning as to the selfish spirit in which it is apt to be undertaken—the higher aim should be kept in view.

10. *A Reading Girl* argues sensibly in favour of self-culture, and suggests that with girls at home 'self-improvement must generally be undertaken with no very definite end in view'—*that* will appear afterwards.

11. *Yam Tree* considers self-culture imperative on all classes, and on every individual, but it shows itself not only in direct art and scholarship, but in the management of dress and home—work of all sorts, and in ideas and conversation.

12. *Blackbird* argues forcibly, and at length, in favour of self-culture.

13. *Jemima Brown* is in favour of self-culture, especially of char-

acter and the powers of thought, for 'character' is, after all, the only thing which each can take away with us when we die—it is the culture of the self within us.

14. *Lia*, a modern girl, writes a very good paper arguing altogether in favour of self-culture.

15. *Helena* argues moderately in favour of self-culture as directing the whole life.

16. *Foam of the Sea*, though a little uncertain in her conclusions, is in favour of self-culture, beginning here and continuing hereafter.

17. *Snow Queen* thinks self-culture an imperative duty for the sake of leading others to good; but I think the Apostles were hardly instances of self-culture in any sense affecting this discussion.

18. *Titania* proves that without self-culture 'one becomes a bore to oneself, and a bore to other people.'

19. *Vixen* thinks self-culture an imperative duty, 'so far as it aids us in our daily work.' She thinks that cultivating sensible conversation lessens the likelihood of foolish talking and flirtation.

20. *Lisle*, in an excellent paper, votes for self-culture on the grounds: 1. That the powers given us by God are meant to be strengthened. 2. That we learn to know God better by knowing His works. 3. That it enables us to be of mental and moral use to others.

21. *Alicia*, in favour of self-culture, gives a capital instance of a girl of nineteen, who, at first, for the sake of teaching little ones, improved herself all round, greatly increasing the interest of her life to herself and its usefulness to others.

22. '*It's dogged that does it*,' suggests, among other good reasons, the very true one that in self-culture 'when bodily pleasures pass from us, we may still enjoy much happiness, we may have a stepping-stone from which to work our minds upwards and heavenwards.'

23. *Rosebud* argues in favour of self-culture as making the complete and therefore the useful woman.

24. *Dorothea* is in favour of self-culture, mind, hands, eyes, and feet.

25. *Periwinkle*, while showing how often the happiness of self-culture must be deferred to immediate claims, gives a good hint. Good taste may always be cultivated by looking out for the chance-teaching of beauty, talk on noble subjects, and many other ways.

26. *Spero*, in a thoughtful paper, gives a warning against various false kinds of self-culture, but maintains that the highest forms of self-devotion are impossible without it.

27. *Harrison* says, 'Let a woman first be faithful, gentle, good—wearing the rose of womanhood, augmenting these deeper elements of character by the graces of intellectual cultivation.'

28. *Cirro Cumulus* warns against 'entering societies in order to be forced to read in a partly mercenary, partly excitement seeking, and wholly childish frame of mind. This is not real self-culture, but

‘when there is no more youth in the looks, the mind of the cultured woman remains young and open to fresh ideas.’

29. *Rapid's* paper is so good that it is a great pity that it cannot be given in full; but perhaps her most original contribution to the discussion is the remark, that self-culture gives perception, the power of realising individual capacity, and a true estimation of character.’

30. *Bluebottle* puts the difficulties of a girl living at home in the way of self-culture very truly. ‘It often vexes other people to see girls engaged in their own studies when they might be occupied in good works for the benefit of others.’ She decides that self-culture is *not* an imperative duty.

31. *A. E. L.* thinks the duty of mental self-culture after early girlhood imperative only on those who have to earn their own living, and puts strongly forward the home duties which should take its place.

32. *Flittermouse* seems doubtful of her own views, but on the whole inclines to think that intellectual self-culture, if made an object, is likely to lead to selfishness. She asks the unanswered question: ‘When we can produce the *outward form of art*, but feel that the soul is wanting then—what next?’

33. *Edina* thinks that self-culture pursued too exclusively would produce a want of sympathy with humanity and a narrowness of object; which would go far to destroy the good of the knowledge gained.

34. *Winifred* does not confine herself sufficiently to the intellectual part of self-culture. The need of cultivating the character could never have been offered as a subject of dispute.

35. *Country Vicar*, while not denying the advantages of self-culture, kindly gives a very fully argued warning against the dangers attending it, such as self-absorption, and neglect of duty to others.

36. *R. Pen* hopes that spiritual self-culture may not be neglected for intellectual.

37. *Lamda* gives a note of warning. She says that self-culture may be incompatible with giving sufficient time to our religious or domestic duties, and that when two paths lie before us we should take the one we like least. And also that we shall have time enough in eternity to cultivate all our powers, so that though she regards it as a duty, it is not as an imperative one.

38. *Spermologos* sums up by saying, ‘As long as it is not selfish improvement it is a duty. When Providence brings other claims besides or above those of culture of the intellect, the fulfilment of them is self-improvement in the highest sense.’

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

May I suggest three reasons why self-culture is an imperative duty?

1st. The mind of every one must be employed in some way. It cannot be idle. If it is not interested in useful things, it will be sure to take pleasure in things harmful. Naturally we all have a tendency downwards, and unless we turn our mind to other things, it will be sure to follow the general law and occupy itself with little gossips, unkind tales, etc., and so gradually deteriorate till it loses the power of turning to anything better.

2nd. Let us look round at our very elderly friends of seventy or even eighty years of age. We find some are almost childish. They cannot remember. They do not understand general conversation. In fact, we feel their mind is becoming weak, and it is impossible to talk to them except in some simple way. It is not the case with all. I know a dear old lady of eighty-five, who is blind, a little deaf, and very infirm; but her mind is quite fresh. She can enter into the thoughts and ideas of any one who talks to her, however young they may be, and she is quite clear in business matters. What makes the difference between her and so many old people? It is the culture of the mind. She is no authoress, but she has always been fond of study, and made the most of her time.

3rd. Now we come to a still higher reason for self-culture. It is a great fact that we see only what we have the faculty of seeing. Is it of any use for a lover of music or painting to talk about the harmony of sounds or the tints of Nature to one who knows nothing about them? They have no ears or eyes for these things.

Is not our highest duty to learn to know God? And what are some of the ways in which we are to learn to know Him? Does not He tell us Himself that it is by the visible things we are to learn the invisible? The Psalms repeat this great truth. It was in this way that Job learnt to know God.

And there is another law of God, that, 'Whosoever hath, to him shall be given.' We begin to study some branch of natural science, or history, or some language. We find that many paths seem to open before us. We get glimpses of the wisdom, etc., of God. Our eyes seem to open, our capacity grows, and according to our capacity we shall receive, both in this world and in the next.

I should like also to suggest that in choosing a branch of study, it should be something that we really care for. It is not well to take up anything distasteful. Let each one follow the natural bent of the mind, for only so can we ensure real success in our work.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

GILLIAN.

The cultivation of the mind, which always includes a degree of self-culture, is an imperative duty and life-long obligation. We are responsible for the improvement of the talents given to us, and cultivation is the condition of improvement. Put the converse, that there are persons whose privilege it is, or whose doom it ought to be,

to remain barbarians in the midst of civilisation, and the absurdity of contradicting the affirmation becomes evident.

Culture is enforced on children, and in after life many professions and trades properly followed involve a constant process of culture. But voluntary study aiming at self-improvement is the special duty of those whose work is indefinite or narrowing in character, of all indeed on whom it is not enforced. Some duties, as honesty, are always possible; others, as cleanliness and self-culture, are not always possible. Circumstances may be so adverse or so disastrous (for instance when a bare subsistence only can be earned by constant routine labour) as to make self-culture impossible. Then it becomes the business of all concerned to improve those circumstances.

PELLEGRINA.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

As you have kindly invited any of us girls to give our opinion on the duty of self-culture, I venture to send some of my thoughts on the subject. In answer to the question put, 'Is self-culture an imperative duty?' I should say most certainly, *yes*. But first, what is true self-culture? I do not think it is only reading and study, though these may form the chief part. I think a girl who has real self-culture at heart should know something of the rudiments of cooking, and be able to direct a household if necessary, as well as to use her needle—not in fancy work. She should have eyes to see the beauty all round her, from a noble building to a blade of grass or a common house-fly; and for this of course she must gain some slight knowledge of architecture, natural history, geology, etc.; she should live with others, not engrossed in her own pursuits, but taking part in the interests and events of her circle, and there studying human nature. She should not neglect her body, taking plenty of exercise, and always dressing prettily; and lastly, there is a self within oneself that wants training and cultivating, a task more difficult than all the rest.

This seems a great deal perhaps, but life is long to such girls as I am speaking of, full of endless empty days, waiting to be filled.

In short, every power of body and mind was given us to cultivate and improve, that we may grow daily nearer to the angel's nature, and further from the brute's; that we may have a refining and elevating influence in the society in which we move; and that we may make the most of the opportunities given us. Thus it seems to me that self-culture is a duty we owe to ourselves, to the world, and to God.

Believe me, dear Chelsea China,

Yours sincerely,

FANCIFUL.

DEAR ARACHNE,

I hope you will not decide that self-culture is an imperative duty, for I can't cultivate myself anyhow. How can I? I am a parson's daughter, we live seven miles from a station, we don't subscribe to a library of any sort, and we have no books in the house to speak of. I don't mean that we have none. My father has four shelves quite full of commentaries and sermons, besides all the library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, and the classical books he used at college; and mamma owns all Miss Sewell's books, and some of the old volumes of the 'Monthly Packet,' which she had when she was a girl. I don't think either of them have bought a new book since they married. When we were children they used to give us story-books for our birthday presents, but now that we have allowances we like the money best; it is so very hard to dress nicely on fifteen pounds a year, though we do make all our own clothes. Ethel and I really have a great deal to do. We have to do all the visiting of the cottages, because mamma can't walk, and we have no carriage, and we have to take all the Sunday School nearly, and hunt up all the children who don't come to school regularly, for fear the school should miss the grant, and do all the decorations; and then, as I said before, there are all our own clothes, which take all the intellect we have to arrange, even with Butterick's patterns now and then. We are both so tired out when we go to bed, we very seldom want to talk, though we go to bed at ten. We did not have much of an education, because father was too poor to afford more than an inferior governess, and once when I thought it would be nice to improve myself and join a French correspondence class, I found I knew nothing of the beginning of it. I'm afraid I know nothing of the beginnings of anything, and I'm not clever enough to learn it all up myself. Sometimes mamma says she can't think what we shall do if we don't marry, and I can't think either. Tom had an education, and they said that was the investment of his money. I can't help wishing they had invested ours the same way. But still we do try to do our duty every minute of the day, and ought we to give up things that must be done for things we don't feel we could do if we tried? Isn't it more important that the parish should be worked than that we should be able to do French and arithmetic like girls in High Schools?

Yours truly,

AN INQUIRER.

Spider Subjects.

Spinning Jenny and Weaver are very good, Snow Queen does not make it clear whether her description applies to all monasteries or one in particular, and we prefer Winifred's resuscitation of the Abbey of Fountains. Next time, will the Spiders give the derivations of the titles of honor and nobility from Emperor down to Esquire?

ANSWER TO SPIDER QUESTIONS.

A DESCRIPTION OF A MÆDIEVAL MONASTERY.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century Fountains Abbey was still a peaceful and happy home for many illustrious, learned and good men, who made it the refuge of the sick, the poor, the ignorant, and the penitent.

The abbey stands in the valley of the Skell (as usual with Cistercian abbeys, on the north bank of the river), on either side the land rises steeply, and is covered with thick foliage. In its perfect simplicity, beauty and solemn grandeur, it seems an emblem of its own noble and purifying aims, or a harmony of praise rising to heaven from man, from nature and from art.

The visitor would enter by the gate house, a little to the west of the abbey; from it he would see the west front of the church, with a fine window and Norman doorway; adjoining it on the south side, a long row of cloisters and dormitories, the porter's lodge, and a little nearer him the infirmary for the sick, and the hospitium or house for strangers.

At the period of which we write a large house would contain a chapel, a hall, a refectory, unless the hall served also as refectory, one or two parlours or sitting-rooms, a kitchen, buttery, bakehouse, brewery, cellar and large chambers overhead where would sleep all the household except members of the family and visitors who occupied separate rooms.

The plans of monasteries seem to have been very similar. In this case the renowned beauty of the church, which takes the place of the private chapel, would first attract the visitor's attention. Here the inmates of the monastery were bound to assemble at seven appointed hours for prayer, and although in many religious houses this and many other rules had been relaxed, it was probably still kept at Fountains, which was one of those where the accusations, raised by the enemies of monasticism, could not be substantiated. It is a very fine building but it is well filled by the large population of the monastery. Beautiful columns with slightly pointed arches form the nave and aisles and lead to the choir, which is separated from them by a wooden screen, which also serves to support a small organ; beyond

the high altar is the Lady chapel, with its nine altars and its graceful pillars and arches, and a grand east window filled with coloured glass.

In the tower at the end of the north transept some monks are completing the details of this last addition to their beloved church, but without disturbing the solemn stillness that prevails.

At the end of the south transept is the sacristy where the books, vestments and other things used during the services are kept. A door at the south-west end leads to the cloisters, the arches on either side are glazed, and there are stone benches against the walls for the use of the lay brethren, for whom the cloisters provide a day room. To the left is the cloister court, where a fine cedar of Lebanon is growing; and here also is the basin in which the monks perform their ablutions, at all seasons, in the open air.

The monks' dormitory is over the cloisters; the origin of the dormitory, no doubt, was the large room or rooms which formed the common bed-chambers of the households of mansions; a passage down the middle divides two rows of cells, twenty on each side, these cells are separated by wooden partitions, and each has a window, a bed, and a shelf for books.

On descending, the buttery, on the south side of the cloister, is entered; here were kept the vessels, casks, cloths, napkins, spoons and other implements required during the meals, all under the care of a monk who acted as butler. Next to the buttery is the refectory; it is well lighted by windows, a small staircase on the east side leads to a pulpit, shaped like an expanded flower, from which a monk reads aloud some devotional book while his brothers are dining; the table is raised at the south end to form a dais, at the north end a fine Norman doorway leads to the cloister court.

The refectory closely resembles those of private houses, and the buttery and other offices are almost identical. East of the refectory is the kitchen, with two enormous fireplaces, and as we enter a savoury odour of garlic greets us; here many monks are busily preparing the frugal meals for the establishment, and perhaps more elaborate repasts, which may sometimes have tempted the brothers, for other persons, not monks, who had obtained the right of boarding at the monastery. The position of the kitchen, next to the refectory, and its huge fireplaces were imitated from houses. Close by are the larders, where the monks are salting and storing meat and fish; farther on is the frater house, or day-room for the monks, the walls here are covered with paintings; overhead is another dormitory. Beyond the frater house was a capacious cellar and a brewery, and several small cells which were used as prisons.

Then the visitor would pass through the base court, or servants' yard, which was also in imitation of the houses of that time. A groined passage leads back to the cloister court; in the south-east angle a fine staircase brings the visitor into the hall of pleas, where the affairs of the Liberty or District of Fountains were transacted; descending again he enters the chapter house, on the east side of the cloister court. It is divided by rows of columns into three aisles. Around the building are stone benches for the members, and many engraved stone slabs let into the floor show the resting-places of former abbots.

Over the chapter house is the library and scriptorium, furnished with chests for the books, and some desks at which monks would

probably be working. Returning to the base court, an alley or open cloister leads eastward to the abbot's house, which was one of the finest buildings of the kind in England. The great hall is first entered—this is a splendid room with three rows of beautiful columns partly of marble; beyond it are the abbot's private chapel and kitchen, the latter containing two large fire-places, and the store-house. On the south side of the hall is the refectory with a raised dais, and probably a side-board placed in a recess in the wall behind the dais; the walls were probably covered with tapestry, and the floors tiled in both hall and refectory, for Fountains was a rich abbey even at the Dissolution, when many had been terribly impoverished by the extortions of the kings, Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and of Thomas Cromwell.

This completes the main building, but around the abbey were mills, granaries, workshops, and other erections connected with the agricultural pursuits for which Cistercian houses were famous.

WINIFRED.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for July.

25. Relate briefly the events which led to the first Battle of Mantinea.

26. What were the ostensible, and what the real causes of the Peloponnesian War?

Mention some eminent characters of antiquity who were natives of Sicily.

27. By whom were triremes first built, and what was their construction?

28. Describe the retreat of the Athenians from Syracuse until their surrender.

Criticism on April and May answers in the August Number.

Notices to Correspondents.

In answer to 'Theodora,' the 'Young Islanders' was written by Jefferys Taylor, and published by David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street, in 1844. E. H.

M. is almost certain the lines are taken from this poem by Owen Meredith:

THE RIVER TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
And it flows through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the cars and the sheaves how they come and go,
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magic isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that isle is the 'Long Ago,'
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow
(They are heaps of dust but we loved them so),
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And part of an infant's prayer;
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear;

There are hands which are waved when that fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we've heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of life till night;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,
May that greenwood of soul be in sight.

A. S.

I believe 'Gemma' must mean a hymn by Toplady, beginning 'Happiness, thou lovely name,' but the lines, as she quotes them, are considerably altered from the original, as I have it in an old hymn

book, published about 60 years ago. This is the verse in which I think the lines are to be found,

‘Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.
Thee to praise, and Thee to know
Constitutes our bliss below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love
Constitutes our bliss above.’

J. T. V.

Acknowledged for the Daisy Chain Cot, Emma, 2s.

Quotations wanted. Where to find the poem ‘Prince,’ by Mrs. Child Pemberton, if published separately, or with others, and who is the publisher. L. S.

‘Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed:
Not all who fail have worked in vain:
For God will fashion, in His own good time,
Such ends as to His wisdom fitly chime
With His vast love’s eternal harmonies.’

H. M. K. L.

Received with thanks, Fraulein.

M. C. S. The Colubriad is in Hayley’s ‘Life of Cowper,’ also in Southey’s edition of Cowper’s ‘Life and Works.’ It is extracted in ‘Aunt Charlotte’s Evenings at Home’ (Marcus Ward).

Esperance. Send your address to Miss A. Cazenove, Ravenleigh, Betchworth.

The Monthly Packet.

AUGUST, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEARCH.

'The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs. The deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends.'

—TENNYSON.

ARTHUR fell asleep at last, and did not waken till after sunrise, nor did Ulysse, who must have been exhausted with crying and struggling. When they did awaken, Arthur thinking with heavy heart that the moment of parting was come, he saw indeed the other three slaves busied in making bales of the merchandise; but the master, as well as the Abyssinian, Fareek, and the little negro were all missing. Bekir, who was a kind of foreman, and looked on the new white slave with some jealousy, roughly pointed to some coarse food, and in reply to the question whether the merchant was taking leave of the Sheyk, intimated that it was no business of theirs, and assumed authority to make his new fellow-slave assist in the hardest of the packing. Arthur had no heart to resist, much as it galled him to be ordered about by this rude fellow. It was only a taste, as he well knew, of what he had embraced, and he was touched by poor little Ulysse's persistency in keeping as close as possible, though his playfellows came down and tried first to lure, then to drag him away, and finally remained to watch the process of packing up. Though Bekir was too disdainful to reply to his fellow-slave's questions, Arthur picked up, from answers to the Moors who came down, that Yusuf had recollected that he had not finished his transactions with a little village of Cabyle coral and sponge-fishers on the coast, and had gone down thither, taking the little negro, to whom the headman seemed to have taken a fancy so as to become a possible purchaser, and with the Abyssinian to attend to the mules.

A little before sundown Yusuf returned. Fareek lifted down a pannier over which hung a crimson and yellow roll of kerchief, and Yusuf declared with much apparent annoyance that the child was sick, and that this had frustrated the sale. He was asleep, must be carried into the tent, and not disturbed: for though the Cabyles had not purchased him, there was no affording to lose anything of so much value. Moreover, observing Ulysse still hovering round the Scot, he said, 'You may bide here the night, laddie, I ha tell't the Sheyk;' and he repeated the same to the slaves in Arabic, dismissing them to hold a parting feast on a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts, together with their village friends.

Then drawing near to Arthur, he said, 'Can ye gar yon wean keep a quiet sough, if we make him pass for the little black?'

Arthur started with joy, and stammered some words of intense relief and gratitude.

'The deed's no dune yet,' said Yusuf, 'and it is ower like to end in our leaving a' our banes on the sands! But a wilfu' man maun have his way,' he repeated; 'so, sir, if it be your wull, ye'd better speak to the bairn, for we must make a blackamoor of him while there is licht to do it, or Bekir, whom I dinna lippen to, comes back frae the feast.'

Ulysse, being used to Irish-English, had little understanding of Yusuf's broad Scotch; but he was looking anxiously from one to the other of the speakers, and when Arthur explained to him that the disguise, together with perfect silence, was the only hope of not being left behind among the Moors, and the best chance of getting back to his home and dear ones again, he perfectly understood. As to the blackening, for which Yusuf had prepared a mixture to be laid on with a feather, it was perfectly enchanting to *faire la comedie*. He laughed so much that he had to be peremptorily hushed, and they were sensible of the danger that in case of a search he might betray himself to his Moorish friends, and Arthur tried to make him comprehend the extreme peril, making him cry so that his cheeks had to be touched up. His eyes and hair were dark, and the latter was cut to its shortest by Yusuf, who further managed to fasten some tufts of wool dipped in the black unguent to the kerchief that bound his head. The childish features had something of the Irish cast, which lent itself to the transformation, and in the scanty garments of the little negro, Arthur owned that he should never have known the small French gentleman. Arthur was full of joy, Yusuf gruff, brief, anxious, like one acting under some compulsion most unwillingly, and even despondently, but apparently constrained by a certain instinctive feudal feeling which made him follow the desires of the young Border laird's son.

All had been packed beforehand, and there was nothing to be done but to strike the tents, saddle the mules, and start. Ulysse, still very sleepy, was lifted into the pannier almost at the first streak of dawn, while the slaves were grumbling at being so early called up; and to

a Moor who wakened up and offered to take charge of the little Bey, Yusuf replied that the child had been left in the Sheyk's house.

So they were safely out at the outer gate, and proceeding along a beautiful path leading above the cliffs. The mules kept in one long string, Bekir with the foremost, which was thus at some distance from the hindmost, which carried Ulysse and was attended by Arthur, while the master rode his own animals and gave directions. The fiction of illness was kept up, and when the bright eyes looked up in too lively a manner, Yusuf produced some of the sweets, which were always part of his stock in trade, as a bribe to quietness.

At sunrise, the halt for prayer was a trial to Arthur's intense anxiety, and far more so was the noontide one for sleep. He even ventured a remonstrance, but was answered: 'Mair haste, worse speed. Our lives are no worth a boddle till the search is over.'

They were on the shady side of a great rock overhung by a beautiful creeping plant, and with a spring near at hand; and Yusuf in leisurely fashion squatted down, caused Arthur to lift out the child, who was fast asleep again, and the mules to be allowed to feed, and distributed some dried goat's flesh and dates, but Ulysse, somewhat to Arthur's alarm, did not wake sufficiently to partake.

Looking up in alarm, he met a sign from Yusuf, and presently a whisper, 'No hurt done—'Tis safer thus——'

And by this time there were alarming sounds on the air. The Sheyk and two of the chief men of El Arnieh were on horseback and armed with matchlocks; and the whole posse of the village were following on foot, with yells and vituperations of the entire ancestry of the merchant, and far more complicated and furious threats than Arthur could follow, but he saw Yusuf go forward to meet them with the utmost cool courtesy.

They seemed somewhat discomposed: Yusuf appeared to condole with them on the loss, and waving his hands put all his baggage at their service for a search, letting them run spears through the bales, and overturn the baskets of sponges, and search behind every rock. When they approached the sleeping boy, Arthur, with throbbing heart, dimly comprehended that Yusuf was repeating the story of the disappointment of a purchase caused by his illness, and lifting for a moment the covering laid over him to show the bare black legs and arms. There might also have been some hint of infection which, in spite of all Moslem belief in fate, deterred Abou Ben Zegri from an over-close inspection. Yusuf further invented a story of having put the little Frank in charge of a Moorish woman in the adowara; but added that he was so much attached to the Son of the Sea, that most likely he had wandered out in search of him, and the only wise course would be to seek him before he was devoured by any of the wild beasts near home.

Nevertheless, there was a courteous and leisurely smoking of pipes and drinking of coffee before the Sheyk and his followers turned

homewards. To Arthur's alarm and surprise, however, Yusuf did not resume the journey, but told Bekir that there would hardly be a better halting-place within their power, as the sun was already some way on his downward course; and, besides, it would take some time to repack the goods, which had been cast about in every direction during the search. The days were at their shortest, though that was not very short, closing in at about five o'clock, so that there was not much time to spare; Arthur began to feel some alarm at the continued drowsiness of the little boy, who only once muttered something, turned round, and slept again.

'What have you done to him?' asked Arthur anxiously.

'The poppy,' responded Yusuf. 'Never fash yoursel'. The bairn willna be a hair the waur, and t'is better so than that he shu'd rax a' our craigs.'

Yusuf's peril was so much the greater, that it was impossible to object to any of his precautions, especially as he might take offence and throw the whole matter over; but it was impossible not to chafe secretly at the delay, which seemed incomprehensible. Indeed, the merchant was avoiding private communication with Arthur, only assuming the master, and ordering him about in a peremptory fashion which it was very hard to digest.

After the sunset orisons had been performed, Yusuf regaled his slaves with a donation of coffee and tobacco, but with a warning to Arthur not to partake, and to keep to windward of them. So too did the Abyssinian, and the cause of the warning was soon evident, as Bekir and his companion nodded, and then sank into a slumber as sound as that of the little Frenchman. Indeed, Arthur himself was weary enough to fall asleep soon after sundown, in spite of his anxiety, and the stars were shining like great lamps when Yusuf awoke him. One mule stood equipped beside him, and held by the Abyssinian. Yusuf pointed to the child, and said, 'Lift him upon it.'

Arthur obeyed, finding a pannier empty on one side to receive the child, who only muttered and writhed instead of awaking. The other side seemed laden. Yusuf led the animal, retracing their way, while fireflies flitted around with their green lights, and the distant laughter of hyænas gave Arthur a thrill of loathing horror. Huge bats fluttered round, and once or twice grim shapes crossed their path. 'Uncanny beasties,' quoth Yusuf; 'but they will soon be behind us.'

He turned into a rapidly sloping path. Arthur felt a fresh salt breeze in his face, and his heart leapt up with hope.

In about an hour and a-half they had reached a cove, shut in by dark rocks which in the night looked immeasurable, but on the white beach a few little huts were dimly discernible, one with a light in it. The sluggish dash of waves could be heard on the shore; there was a sense of infinite space and breadth before them; and Jupiter setting in the North-west was like an enormous lamp, casting a pathway of light shimmering on the waters to lead the exiles home.

Three or four boats were drawn up on the beach. A man rose up from within one, and words in a low voice were exchanged between him and Yusuf; while Fareek, grinning so that his white teeth could be seen in the starlight, unloaded the mule, placing its packs, a long Turkish blunderbuss, and two skins of water in the boat, and arranging a mat on which Arthur could lay the sleeping child.

Well might the youth's heart bound with gratitude as, unmindful of all the further risks and uncertainties to be encountered, he almost saw his way back to Burnside!

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNITTE LISTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I HAVE not yet introduced my reader to the family at the Priory, and, indeed, there is but little that need be said until we see it with Katharine's eyes. Katharine, and Katharine's letter, had been the subjects of much speculation to all concerned, and of a decided tiff between Mrs. Craven and her sister Florence. Mrs. Craven disapproved of bringing Katharine to the Priory at all, giving as her reason the assertion that the girl would be 'quite unlike a lady.' Florence said that the child was young and would learn; and at all events she was dear Fanny's child. In fact, for once in her life Florence St. Aubyn defied her sister Henrietta, and took her own way. The young people were greatly amused—some of them because any variety is welcome to young people, others because they had a strong suspicion that the expected guest was no child, to be improved and educated. Marcia Craven remarked that it seemed to her that she had been a very small child when put into mourning for Aunt Fanny, and that the girl might possibly be as old as herself—twenty-four. But Aunt Florence was just the woman to take up the idea that she was thirteen or fourteen, and to go on thinking so, though the mother might have been dead thirty years! And as to mamma, she never remembered when anything happened. Had she not nearly fainted the other day because Bertha mentioned that it was her thirtieth birthday? And did she not declare that it was not four years since dear Bertha came out, when Bertha has been married ten years!

Two days before leaving London, Katharine wrote to say that her brother would bring her to the Priory, probably on the following Thursday.

There were one or two railroads in that day, but they had not yet superseded the coaches; and the Thorolds travelled from London to Devizes in the mail coach, slept there, and next day took a chaise and post-horses for the rest of the journey—about twenty-five miles. The country through which they drove seemed to Katharine ugly and uninteresting, while Maurice expended much pity upon farmers who had to do with such poor land. At about four o'clock the day, which had been lovely, began to grow dark and cold; a fine mist was falling, and Katharine felt ill and depressed, when the postillion began to rouse up his horses for the final display of speed

and spirit which postillions always thought necessary. She looked out and saw that the road was bordered by pretty villas, some large, some very tiny, all standing in pleasant gardens with fine trees, singly or in groups, sheltering them pleasantly.

'I don't know what place this can be,' said Maurice. 'We must be near the Priory, and my mother always said it was a lonely place.'

'Here is the gate. We are going through it now,' said Katharine.

'Well, we've a good way to go yet, so don't excite yourself, Kitty. The park is a large one.'

As he spoke the chaise drew up with a final rattle, and they were at the door of a large house.

'This can't be the right place!' cried Maurice, and opening the door, he accosted a servant in livery who was coming down the steps.

'Is this the Priory? Mr. St. Aubyn's?'

'Yes, sir, it is.'

'Oh! well, all right. Come, Katharine. We are expected, I hope?'

'Mr. Thorold, sir? and Miss Thorold?' said the servant. 'Oh yes, sir; but the ladies thought you could not be here till six.'

Maurice gave Katharine his arm and they followed the servant into a large hall, dark and rather cold, all paved with a chess-board pattern in black and white tiles. The house seemed very large; passages ran off from the hall in every direction, and a great staircase led to the upper story. Having walked about half-way up one of the passages, the servant threw open a door and announced—

'Mr. and Miss Thorold.'

A buzz of many voices became audible as the door opened, and ceased abruptly when the name Thorold was heard. Katharine, her senses preternaturally alive, took in much of the scene at a glance. What she saw will take some time to tell, though it took her but a moment to see.

On a couch in the middle of a large and very pretty room lay a lady dressed in black, but with a cap of great brilliancy on her head, and various bright-hued wraps lying about her. She was almost lying down, and at her feet sat a young girl dressed in plain white, with her long black hair hanging about her in heavy curls. Standing in the deep bay window was a tall lady—the most beautiful woman, Katharine thought, that she had ever seen. She, too, was dressed in black. There was a slight, small girl standing near the couch, and they had evidently been talking busily. But in the moment's silence which followed the servant's words somebody who had been sitting close to the door jumped up, and Katharine found a pair of arms clasped round her. Looking down, she became aware of a small elderly lady, who looked, face, dress, and all, as if she had once been bright-coloured, but was now completely washed out.

‘Katharine, my love, is this you? My dear Fanny’s child—we did not expect you so early. And this is your brother—and you have never told me his name, my dear.’

Miss Florence had made up her mind beforehand as to the manner she would adopt to the child of her dear Fanny, and though Katharine’s uncommon height quite destroyed the illusion as to her age, the poor lady in the hurry of the moment could not help herself, but spoke in a tone of encouraging, protecting kindness to the tall, handsome creature who could have picked her up and run away with her without much difficulty.

‘You are my Aunt Florence, I am sure,’ said Katharine, trying to rouse herself from the strange feeling that was creeping over her. ‘My brother’s name is Maurice.’

The tall lady in the window now left her position and came forward, and Aunt Florence turned nervously from Maurice, whose hand she had taken, and said—

‘Katharine, my dear, this is Miss St. Aubyn.’

Katharine, weary and miserable, was very unlike her usual self, thereby perhaps pleasing her new connections better than might have been expected. For she knew that she ought to say something, and feeling as if nothing in the world mattered very much, she said it with a certain gentle indifference.

‘I hope,’ she said, holding out her hand, ‘that Miss St. Aubyn knows how much obliged we are to her and to Mr. St. Aubyn.’

‘Do not say anything of that,’ Miss St. Aubyn said, in a soft, even voice, taking Katharine’s hand kindly. ‘Introduce me to Mr. Thorold; and then I shall go and tell my poor boy that you have arrived.’

‘Maurice—Miss St. Aubyn.’

‘Aunt Florence, will you not order some tea. I am afraid Miss Thorold is very tired,’ Miss St. Aubyn said; and then she walked slowly and gracefully down the room and went out by a second door. Then Aunt Florence seemed to come to herself, and many a time was Katharine reminded of the likeness she then perceived between her aunt and a certain little Bantam hen which she had possessed in her childhood.

‘Now, my love, sit down—and you, too, Maurice. I will ring—we dine at six, but a cup of tea will do you good. Smiles, some tea, please, and bread-and-butter. Katharine, come here; I must introduce you to your other aunt, Mrs. Craven.’

Poor Katharine, who had just sat down, got up again obediently, and the lady on the sofa held out her hand without rising.

‘You’ll excuse me,’ she said, ‘I am sadly tired to-day. You are welcome to the Priory—not that it is my place now to say that. Marcia—Beatrice, come here.’

Marcia proved to be the bright-looking small girl with keen dark eyes, who had been standing behind the sofa. Beatrice was the long

lank maiden in white, who all this time had stared point-blank at her new cousins in dead silence. Marcia came forward, shook hands, said a pleasant word or two, and gave a reproving look to her sister, who thereupon unwillingly rose and put out a limp hand sulkily to Katharine, while she merely bowed to Maurice. Tea was now brought in; there was no four or five o'clock tea in those benighted old times, but Katharine was very thirsty, and a cup was welcome to her. Aunt Florence poured out cups of tea and fussed about, trying to make everyone comfortable, and Maurice having risen to help her, was in the act of handing a cup of tea to Beatrice Craven, when the door opened and two more ladies came in—one a tall, dark-eyed girl with a certain likeness to Beatrice—but whereas Beatrice was plain, this person was very handsome; and whereas Beatrice looked vacant and silly, the new arrival looked bright and intelligent. The other was a short, rather plump little lady, very shabbily dressed in a childish frock and little tippet, who came shyly into the room behind her tall companion, followed her up to the tea-table, and then contrived to put her foot on the hem of Marcia's dress. In trying to get off again, she entangled herself in the trimmings of the dress, and stumbling forward, came full against Maurice, giving him such a shock that the cup he was carrying jumped out of the saucer, fell on the girl's head to the detriment of her poke bonnet, and finally rolled on the carpet. So would the unlucky damsel, but that Maurice caught hold of her. There was a general laugh, and Mrs. Craven murmured—

‘So like her—poor child. No repose about her.’

Katharine laid down her cup and disentangled the girl's foot from the torn trimming, and Maurice easily set her on her feet again, and looking down, saw a pale, innocent, round face with pretty frightened brown eyes looking up at him, just like a newly-caught bird.

‘I hope,’ said he gently, ‘that you are one of my cousins; for if not, I'm afraid you won't forgive me for beginning our acquaintance by throwing a tea-cup at your head.’

‘I—I am only Lettice Charteris,’ she said hurriedly; ‘and it was my fault—I am very shortsighted.’

Maurice placed her in a chair, saying—

‘You are trembling—rest a little.’

He might have added ‘and don't cry,’ for she looked very well inclined to do so.

‘Now,’ said Aunt Florence, ‘if you've all had enough tea, I will take Katharine to her room. You will stay here to-night, Maurice, will you not? Your room is ready.’

‘Oh, Maurice, do stay!’ said Katharine.

‘Yes, if you will allow me to be off very early to-morrow, Aunt Florence; for I must be at Plymouth the next day.’

‘Certainly; but you could not get very far this evening, and I

suspect that Katharine is glad to keep you,' said Aunt Florence, nodding her head and smiling.

She was a kind-hearted little mortal, but just as incapable of understanding the storm of despair that poor Katharine was hiding as she was of setting the Thames on fire.

'Florence, you're forgetting me,' said the tall lady who had come in with the unlucky Lettice, 'so I must introduce myself. Young people, I am your aunt, and I hope you will treat me with proper respect.'

'My aunt!' exclaimed Katharine.

'Yes, she really is,' said Aunt Florence laughing. 'She is my sister—my step-sister, Eleanore.'

Eleanore kissed her niece, saying—

'You are perfectly dazed and puzzled by such a horde of new relations. By-and-by I shall help you to clear up your ideas. My dear nephew, I hope I see you well?' turning with an air of condescension to Maurice. 'What are you all laughing at? I consider that a very aunt-like style of address.'

The room Maurice was to occupy was on the ground-floor. They left him there, and then Aunt Florence—they all called her Aunt Florence, even Eleanore sometimes falling into the way of it—conducted Katharine upstairs, then along a wide corridor and up a second flight of stairs, much narrower than the first. They came thus to the part of the old house which was three stories high, all the front being only two. There were only two rooms, one on each side of a passage; they were large, light and airy, but low, and with sloping ceilings on one side. Aunt Florence stopped and looked at her tall niece in a troubled way.

'My dear,' said she, 'how does it happen that you are grown up?'

Weary and wobegone as she was, Katharine could not help laughing.

'Why, I am twenty years old,' she said; 'and I could not well be less, for my mother died when I was born.'

'Twenty! Is Fanny twenty years dead? Dear, dear, how time flies. Yes, I remember now; Eleanore was—yes—yes——. Well, my love, I fancied you were about twelve, and so I put you up here, and your only neighbour is poor Lettice; but I will move you down to a room near mine, and you will not be offended, dear? Don't, Katharine, for I shall hear enough of my mistake without that.'

If Katharine had understood this—if she had known that Mrs. Craven was exceedingly angry with poor Florence for bringing a grown-up girl to interfere with the prospects of her lanky Beatrice, she would probably have insisted on going back to the Hookers next day. But not knowing, she looked kindly at the faded, gentle face, so oddly framed in the most impossible golden braids, and said—

'Indeed I shall not be offended. Why, it is a delightful room;

quite as comfortable as my room at—as any room I have ever slept in. I shall like it very well—do not think of moving me.’

‘Lettice Charteris is in the one opposite, dear. I shall tell her to wait for you and show you the way to the dining-room. Shall I send a servant to help you?’

‘Oh, no; I can get what I want, thank you,’ and Aunt Florence departed.

Katharine sank down on the floor beside her two trunks, which stood waiting to be opened; but instead of opening them, she hid her face in her hands and sobbed, not cried, for no tears would come.

‘Oh, if I might only stay here! All these strangers drive me wild, and some of them are not friendly. But I must not let Maurice see it. I can’t send him away wretched.’

She took out her keys, and opened one of the trunks, meaning to open the new one and get out one of her new dresses. But not thinking of what she was about, she opened the old trunk and was too lazy to repair her error. She pulled out a brown silk dress, her best last summer, and dressed herself hastily. When ready she sat down near the window and looked out. Below her lay a large garden, with shrubberies and pleasure-grounds beyond it—the country round seemed flat and uninteresting. Presently a soft knock at the door made itself heard. It was Lettice Charteris, dressed in a white muslin with blue belt, blue shoes, and blue ribbon in her hair. It was quite the dress of a child, and though the girl was short, she did not look at all like a child.

‘The bell has rung, Miss Thorold; will you come down?’

‘Oh yes, thank you, I am quite ready.’

And they went down together. In the lower corridor they met the Cravens, and the whole party entered the drawing-room together. Katharine saw that there were two gentlemen in the room, Maurice being one, and Maurice had actually put on correct evening costume, which made Katharine feel ashamed of her own laziness. Miss St. Aubyn was there too, dressed in perfectly plain black velvet, with delicate lace round the throat and wrists, and lappets of the same lace on her head; lappets arranged with great dexterity so as to afford the slight shade given by a cap, without suggesting a cap. Eleanore was in white, and it became her—she and Clare made a pretty picture, for they were both exceedingly handsome. In fact, Clare was more than that—she was really beautiful, and held her own as the beauty of the party in spite of her age; she was many years older than her brother, who was three-and-twenty. That brother, lying back in a particularly luxurious chair, was talking to Maurice, and looking at him with a kind of gentle envy in his dark soft eyes. A more thorough contrast than these two presented, no one need desire to see. Theodore St. Aubyn was not quite so tall as Maurice, though he was tall—but he lost several inches by an habitual stoop. He was very thin, with a clear pale olive complexion like his sisters; beautiful

eyes and hair. His form seemed made for activity and strength, for though thin, he was broad-shouldered and well made, but he moved languidly and like one whose strength was utterly gone. He was about to stand up now, when he caught sight of Katharine's fair head over Marcia's shoulder, but Clare laid a hand on his shoulder and said softly—

‘Don't move, dear Theodore ; Miss Thorold will excuse you, I know. He has been standing too much to-day,’ she added in a low voice.

Katharine came and shook hands with him, and then dinner was announced, and Aunt Florence trotted in breathless, just at the last moment. Theodore rose slowly and took Clare's arm, the rest paired off as they liked, Maurice taking Mrs. Craven.

As for making acquaintance with her new surroundings, that evening was wasted upon Katharine. Maurice was being made much of—your fair-haired giants always are—by everyone present except Theodore, who hardly spoke, but looked amused—and Beatrice, who ate her dinner and stared. Thus Katharine had no motive for exertion, and she seemed to herself to be in a dull trance of pain and weariness. Her head ached too—altogether she was not like herself. When the ladies left the dining-room, she said to her Aunt Florence—

‘If no one would mind, I will go to bed. Maurice must go very early, and I want to see him before he goes. I have such a headache to-night that I cannot talk. Will you tell Maurice, please?’

‘Certainly, my love ! I will go up with you. Poor dear, you do look tired. Eleanore, when the tea is ready, bring up a nice hot cup for her—will you, dear?’

Eleanore looked up, not very eager to say yes, but Lettice said, ‘May I do it, Aunt Florence?’ looking timidly at Katharine.

‘I shall be very much obliged to you,’ said Katharine, and followed her aunt from the room, quite forgetting to say good-night to any one. She was really sick and blind with headache, as any one could have seen who had taken the trouble to look at her. Mrs. Craven raised her eyebrows and looked at Marcia, saying—

‘Clare, you must excuse Katharine—she is very tired.’

Beatrice looked up from her needlework and said—

‘She has no manners, none at all.’

‘You are certainly a great judge of that,’ remarked Eleanore.

No more was said. Tea was brought up and Lettice carried off a cup for Katharine, whom she found in bed, Aunt Florence sitting beside her to administer the tea. They left her to repose as soon as she had drunk it. When they came back to the drawing-room, they found that matters were not going to the satisfaction of Miss St. Aubyn, who said to Lettice—

‘Where have you been, child ? I have wanted you. I am uneasy about Theodore—he is staying far too long in that uncomfortable cold room—it is inconsiderate of Mr. Thorold. Go into the dining-room, dear, and tell Theodore that tea is ready.’

Lettice crimsoned, and though the habit of obedience made her go to the door, she turned and came back, going close to Clare and whispering—

‘May I send Smiles, Clare? Mr. Thorold is a stranger.’

‘Do not be silly, love, Theodore dislikes having Smiles sent—and for a child like you, it does not matter; go at once.’

Evenly and softly as she spoke, Lettice seemed to know that there was no use in arguing. She hurried away—Eleanore muttered ‘Shame,’ but Mrs. Craven said, ‘Poor Lettice! will she never acquire any repose of manner?’

Lettice went down the wide hall to the door of the dining-room, but there she paused, irresolute. She was a very shy girl, and the task she had been given was dreadful to her. As she stood there, almost crying, she heard the two young men talking and laughing. She ran back to the drawing-room door, determined to tell Clare that Theodore seemed very well amused, but she had not the courage to do it. Back again at the dining-room door; at last she knocked, so timidly that no one heard her. After a pause she knocked again, and was told to enter.

‘If you please, Theodore, Clare bid me tell you that tea is ready.’

The two young men were standing by the fire, Maurice telling some story of Yorkshire shrewdness, and telling it well, for he had plenty of quiet fun in him, though of late it had been overcast. Theodore was laughing, and standing upright like, as Lettice mentally observed, ‘any one else.’ But no sooner did her voice fall on his ear, than with a sigh he said—

‘Yes, Lettice, I understand. Come, Thorold. My poor Clare! She never forgets her charge.’

Maurice stared, for in a moment the look of weakness had returned, and it was slowly and wearily that Theodore walked to the drawing-room. Clare met them at the door, looked anxiously at her brother, and shook her head at Maurice.

‘I shall lay it at your door if my poor boy is knocked up, Mr. Thorold; but I ought to have warned you. Come, Theodore, sit in your own chair. Eleanore, Marcia, can you give us a little music?’

‘A little music’! Dreadful phrase! Maurice came of a musical family, and he privately wondered what Katharine would say or do when she heard the playing and singing of these young ladies. Presently Theodore asked for ‘that pretty part song,’ and for this Lettice was wanted. And it now became apparent that Lettice was not in the room. In fact, the poor girl had escaped to her own, in a perfect misery of shyness and discomfort. However, Clare rang the bell and sent for her, and the part song was sung. The less said about it the better. Clare seemed quite satisfied; Theodore looked unhappy once or twice, but Maurice supposed that he took the discord for part of the necessary proceedings, for he expressed

himself pleased at the end of it. This over, Maurice rose, saying—

‘As I must start early, and Katharine will be with me at cock-crow, I shall say good-night now—and good-bye,’ he added, looking at them with his kind eyes, and a smile in which there was a good deal of sadness. ‘I cannot tell you, Miss St. Aubyn, how glad I am to leave my sister here—not for very long, I hope—but it was very kind of you, and of all; and I know’—turning wistfully to Aunt Florence—‘I know you’ll be kind to her.’

‘I will, Maurice,’ she said heartily. He shook hands with them all—last, with Lettice. And as he took her hand, the girl raised her soft eyes and gave him a look so curiously pleading, so full of shame and helplessness, that for a moment he half expected her to speak, though what she could have to say he knew not. He waited, and much terrified, Lettice pulled away her hand and slipped away, running like a frightened mouse to her own room. Marcia and Eleanore exchanged glances; fortunately for Lettice no one else observed the little scene.

Katharine awoke at about four o’clock, not indeed free from headache, but able at least to see and speak. She got up and dressed quickly, putting on in her hurry the dress she had worn while travelling. Then, stealing softly downstairs, she made her way to Maurice’s room. He had pulled up all the blinds, so she had plenty of light. There he lay fast asleep, with his broad white brow and tangled fair curls. Poor Katharine! she did not often cry, but now she sat down and gazed at him, and cried bitterly. And somehow the proceeding comforted her, and she was able to rouse him and speak to him calmly. As soon as he was ready he joined her in a small parlour where breakfast was ready for him.

‘You’ll write to me from Plymouth, Maurice—what a comfort the penny post is!—and as often as you can afterwards. And we will promise each other, dear, to be quite frank. I mean, if you’re ill, you are not to go on writing as if you were well—and if you find Canada hateful, you are to tell me so. I shall be so much happier if you will promise me this.’

‘And you promise me the same? Very well, Kitty, that’s a bargain. Do you think you will be happy here, Katharine? Do you like them?’

‘I have hardly seen them yet. I had a blinding headache last night, and was as stupid as an owl. But Aunt Florence was very kind. She came up with me, got my things out of my trunk, and put me to bed like a great baby! a tender-hearted little soul.’

‘I think you’ll like Miss Charteris, Kitty.’

‘Oh, I don’t know. Why does she dress like a child? Clare is a beautiful woman, and Eleanore is handsome.’

‘She had the loveliest eyes,’ said Maurice, ‘such a pleading, appealing look. Just like a bird when you catch it.’

‘Which?’ said Katharine, looking surprised; ‘Clare, or Eleanore?’

‘Oh, neither; Lettice—Miss Charteris. And I should say she is not very happy. Why, there’s the chaise! I had no idea it was so late.’

Katharine got up and came close to him—she put her arms round him and hid her face on his breast. He clasped her close—and so they stood until a servant knocked at the door.

‘Your portmanteau is in, sir.’

‘I’m coming! God bless you, my darling, let me see your face again.’

Katharine looked up and tried to smile. ‘I’m not going to send you away without a kiss,’ she said, and kissed him quietly. Then she held his arm and went with him to the door. And then she crept upstairs again and lay down on her bed.

She did not make her appearance at the breakfast-table, and Aunt Florence went in search of her as soon as she was free from her morning duties. She found her feverish and ill, and insisted on her going to bed. Next day Dr. Buckland, the doctor who lived in one of the little villas, was sent for, but ill as she was, Katharine noticed that her aunt sent for Eleanore and had a long consultation with her before she sent for him. She asked Eleanore what was amiss, but the answer only puzzled her.

‘My dear, between fools and tyrants, poor Florence has a hard card to play.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘You be a good girl and get well, and I’ll explain—that is, if I find you are *safe*.’

Katharine found afterwards that Mrs. Craven began to pack up, declaring that it was *sure* to be either scarlet-fever or small-pox; and that Clare always disapproved of any one being too ill to appear at table, and to form one of the circle with which it was her pleasure to surround her brother. However, Dr. Buckland quieted Mrs. Craven, and propitiated Miss St. Aubyn—and poor Katharine was too ill to care what either of them thought, so long as they left her in peace.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER IV.

WHATEVER anxieties the future might bring, Bessie Mallard was still young enough to enjoy the thought of six months of adventure, with her darling Baby's undisturbed company. She hired a nurse to take charge of the little one, and took her to her own house at Kensington for a fortnight before the day on which she was to start from Liverpool; the Ellises had already set off on their Continental journey. Baby was always happy with Granny, as Bessie had taught her to call her; at home she might be left to ignorant servants and neglected, but Granny's house had always been to her a palace of delight, and Granny's fairy tales and baby songs had stimulated her baby imagination, and made her little wits keen and bright. She was a taking little creature, though pale and fragile: she had large bright eyes, marked eyebrows, and silky fair hair, and when her father said that it was possible that she might grow up a beauty, he was not far from the truth. 'Me always stay with Granny, me never go home again!' was her remark on the first evening of her removal to Kensington, and Bessie listened with a kind of foolish hope that Baby might be prophesying her own fate.

The first *contretemps* in Bessie's plans came the last evening but one before they were to start for Liverpool. The nurse, who had gone out in Kensington Gardens with Baby, had not returned when Bessie came in from her last London purchases for her journey, and when she did come in, two hours later than she should have been, she was decidedly the worse for liquor. Bessie paid her her wages and dismissed her on the spot, and resolved to take Baby and attend to her herself without a nurse. She was an admirable sailor, and as she said to herself, she would have Baby on her hands anyhow, for servants were always ill on board, so she would go without any attendant, and secure one in Barbadoes when the voyage was over.

Baby was not very well the next day, but Bessie was quite sanguine that nothing but sea air was wanted to make her plump and rosy, and that it was only London smoke and fog that ailed her and made her tired and fretful. The following day they went to Liverpool, and Bessie arranged her berth in the steamer, which was to sail at nine the next morning, and then went back to the hotel with Baby. She was rather anxious about Baby, who began to be very unwell and feverish, and all night kept on waking from frightened sleep and

complaining that 'Baby's troat hurts.' As soon as it was light Bessie took her up and dressed her, inquired for the address of a doctor, and drove round to consult him before going on board the ship. All her luggage was on board the *Hibernia*, except what she carried in her hand-bag, and—the Mallard diamonds, which Bessie carried secreted in her under-garments, because she had made up her mind to dispose of them in America, where the knowledge of the fact would not come to the ears of the Ellises, and to invest the proceeds of them in a fortune for Baby, which might make her independent of her parents.

The doctor was not up, and there were delays. Bessie began to get fidgety about the time; she was not used enough to illness to see that this was something worse than an ordinary cold and sore throat, or she might have been fidgety about other matters too. But when the doctor appeared, a very little investigation caused him to turn round to Bessie and say, 'The child has got scarlatina, and must be put to bed at once.'

There would have been barely time for Bessie, if she had been free, to drive to the docks and explain what had happened; but, as it was, anxiety for the child made her at once decide that she would not try to save her passage-money, but would telegraph to the manager of the line of vessels at New York, where she was to have landed, to say that she would follow as soon as possible. She was not a woman who made much of the slighter misfortunes of life: she asked about lodgings and nurses as though she had nothing else on her mind, and, having attained the needful information, went and installed herself with Baby in the most suitable rooms she could discover. When the nurse came she went out, changed a cheque—for Bessie's ideas of expense were liberal—rather a large one—at the bank, bought various appliances for the sick-room, and then sat down by Baby's bedside to watch the child's heavy feverish sleep and to fight against the dread which overcame her lest the fever demon should devour her child as it had devoured so many more.

She did not write to the Ellises. If she had wished to do so, no doubt she would have done it, but as it was she found many and conclusive reasons against it: carrying infection, giving alarm, etc. She would wait and see. She waited three days, during which Baby was severely ill, but gradually began to amend; and on the fourth day something happened which resulted in her never writing at all.

She went out to do some shopping for Baby; various little sick-room comforts were required, and Bessie Mallard had always been the sort of woman who preferred doing things in person to entrusting them to others. She disinfected herself to the best of her power before mixing with her fellow-creatures, quashing any qualms of conscience by pleading the doctor's example—why should she carry infection more than he did? So Mrs. Mallard performed her duties, put her parcels in her bag, and was turning homewards, when her eye was caught by a poster in large letters on a blank wall: '*Liver-*

pool Daily Mercury—Fatal Collision off the Irish Coast—Loss of the *Hibernia*—Total destruction of Crew and Passengers—over 400 souls lost.’ Bessie stood still and stared at the announcement, and, meeting a newsboy almost immediately afterwards, bought the paper and went home feeling as if she had had a physical shock. She sat down by Baby’s bedside, and opened the paper. It appeared that there had been a heavy fog, and a Hamburg steamer had run into the *Hibernia*, which had sunk immediately, before there was time to get the boats out or to give any one time to escape. Below came the list of the passengers and crew who had been lost, the passengers’ names printed alphabetically. Bessie let her eye run down the list, thinking how strange it would have been if her name and Baby’s had appeared among them; when, with a curious shock, she read:

‘Madden, Frederick, Stoke Newington.

‘Mallard, Mrs., and niece, 12 Brougham Place, Kensington.’

She had been for some time sitting in a kind of dream, gazing on her own name, and wondering what strange new experiences she and Baby would have met with by this time, if it had not been for Baby’s attack of scarlet fever, and thinking sadly that perhaps death with the creature you loved best in the world was more merciful than life without it, when two other little occurrences happened, minute in themselves, but not without important bearings on her future fate.

One was that in emptying her bag of the small parcels which were the result of her morning’s shopping she found a letter in Bertha’s handwriting which she had thrust away just as she was starting for Liverpool when the post came in, and had forgotten afterwards in the excitement of the journey. Bertha’s letters were not usually interesting, and this one, which began like all the rest, with a bare statement of the superficial facts of the journey—how she had felt very uncomfortable during the crossing, and that stupid Perkins had given way so frightfully, she had been of no use at all, etc. etc., did not promise to be more important than the rest. It ended, however, with this paragraph: ‘I should not be the least surprised if we were to live abroad altogether. Wyndham says it would be so good for Baby to be brought up in the atmosphere she will have to live in. I think between ourselves he is dreadfully afraid of your putting notions in her head that will interfere with his plans for her, and, as he says, you have only to look at the marriages American girls make to see that a strait-laced Englishwoman has no chance. He has taken it into his head that she is to be a beauty, and I think it is just as well that you have got her this winter, as you wished for her so much, for really I am afraid it will be difficult to make him consent to your having her again.’

Bessie took up the little hand that was lying outside the bed and pressed a passionate kiss upon it. ‘My darling, it would have been better if we had gone to the bottom of the sea together!’ she said under her breath, turning quite pale as she uttered the words.

The effect of the morning's shock had not passed away, and she was just a little off her balance with it. The result Bertha's letter produced was almost the same as if she had heard that her sentence of death was to be carried out when her tropical holiday was ended. Bessie was one of those who feel pain, either of mind or body, so acutely that the moment of torture is one in which they cannot reason dispassionately; otherwise she might have remembered that she had a pull over Wyndham in the fortune which she could leave Baby if she pleased, and the Mallard diamonds, which were quite within her power to give or to withhold. 'I wonder,' she thought to herself, 'whether he will read of my death in the paper, and think he is heir to Mallard, before he gets my letter to say I am alive! How disappointed he will be!' Some women with the grudge against Wyndham which Bessie had cause for might have gloated over the thought of his disappointment; but Bessie, partly owing to pride, partly to the fine grain of her nature, felt that this disappointment would be something which she did not wish to be responsible for. She thought of telegraphing; but when she read Bertha's letter again she could not make out what their plans were. Bertha, in fact, had mentioned that they were leaving Homburg in three days, but had forgotten, in a Bertha-like way, to say where they were going next. 'If he would give me Baby, he might keep Mallard and welcome,' she said to herself.

Her musings were interrupted by the entrance of the nurse with a bottle of medicine for Baby, neatly wrapped in white paper, inscribed 'Mrs. Maynard.' Dr. Bertram had made this mistake on the first day; he had communicated it to the nurse he had sent to Bessie, and she to the landlady of the lodgings. Bessie had never cared to correct it, as it entailed personal explanation which she thought an unnecessary trouble with inferiors. Suddenly a thought flashed upon her so vividly that her heart seemed to stop for the moment. Things were such—they had so arranged themselves without her intention—that if she chose to be dead, she could be dead. If she did not assert her identity with the Mrs. Mallard who was supposed to have been lost in the *Hibernia*, who was to know that she had not been lost? Why should she not take Baby to America, and keep her there as her own child, under another name? Wyndham and Bertha might have Mallard, and rejoice in the possession; she could dispose of the Mallard diamonds in America, and it would make a fair competence for herself and for Baby after her.

Baby awoke here, and was so much better that she wanted to be talked to and amused; but all through the day the fascinating vision of herself free from Wyndham's persecution and in secure possession of Baby hovered before Bessie's mind. At first it was only as a vague possibility, with no serious intention of carrying it out; in fact, she once got out her writing-case to write news of her survival to Wyndham's lawyer, intending to ask him to send it on to her

brother's present address. But Baby wanted her, and by the time the patient had dropped off to sleep, the London post was gone; she would write to-morrow. But all that evening possible ways and means of executing her device came unbidden into Bessie's mind, and more and more intense grew her desire to cut away her moorings from this old life which she had found so unsatisfactory, and to sail away with Baby in her arms into the unknown, where at any rate her darling would be her very own.

The next day she sent out for a newspaper to see if there were any more particulars of the accident to the *Hibernia*. It seemed absolutely certain that no one but a small cabin-boy had escaped, of all the hundreds who had sailed in the magnificently appointed vessel; and the dearth of details respecting the accident was filled up by particulars respecting the passengers who had been, as the correspondent said, 'so suddenly launched into eternity.' 'We hear,' Bessie read, 'that one of the ill-fated passengers was a lady who will be much missed in the distinguished circles in which she moved, and much sympathy will be felt for her sad fate. She was the beautiful and wealthy Mrs. Mallard of Mallard, a young widow, and was taking her niece, the daughter of Sir Wyndham Ellis of Featherfields, to the West Indies for the winter. Much sympathy is expressed for Sir Wyndham Ellis, who has thus by one stroke lost his sister and his child. We believe that the Mallard estates devolve upon the honourable baronet in question.'

Curiously enough, it was the reading of this paragraph that first made Bessie's floating vision seem to come within the bounds of actual material possibility. Perhaps the remark of George Eliot's innkeeper that 'she wouldn't believe' a certain report, 'not if she see it wrote up with chalk upon the chimney-board,' has some foundation deep in human nature; anyhow, Bessie could not help thinking that it looked natural that things should have happened so. The inclination to take advantage of circumstances grew stronger, and the subdued remonstrance of her conscience less persistent. Bessie was not a religious woman; she had a warm and generous heart, but she was undisciplined; her unhappy married life had crushed her for the time, but it had not disciplined her, and when she desired a thing she desired it passionately still, just she had done twenty years before in pinafores. Yet she had a conscience, and it made itself felt as a discomfort through that morning, though Dr. Bertram said that Baby was going on surprisingly well, and must have warm flannel garments made for her little limbs to be ready as soon as ever she was able to leave her bed.

The crisis at which she had to take definite action for the first time came with reference to this command of the doctor's—unexpectedly, as such things do. Bessie sat down to write an order to a shop, took up her pen, and began—'Mrs. Ma——' and then paused. If she wrote 'Mrs. Mallard,' she put it out of her power to get rid

her identity as she had the chance of doing now, and probably never would again. If she wrote 'Mrs. Maynard,' she would be assuming a false name; and Bessie shrank with instinct rather than reason from entering the ranks of adventurers and impostors who were not what they seemed, and whose touch had always seemed to her something unclean. She did not actually put this into words, but it was more this feeling than anything else that kept her pen idle for full five minutes, as she sat staring at the wall before her.

Suddenly she said to herself, 'Anyhow, it saves trouble to call myself Maynard, as they all call me so here;' and with this transparent excuse to veil from herself the seriousness of the step she was taking, Bessie dipped her pen in the ink and wrote, 'Mrs. *Maynard* requests Messrs. Burnet to send her patterns of his finest Saxony flannel.'

Even then she could not quite make up her mind; she walked about the room, deep in thought, and it was only when the nurse came in for the note that she said to herself, 'What does it matter?' and hastily directed the note she had written. Afterwards she found that it had mattered more than she thought. Trifling as the action was, it had lifted Bessie's plan from the region of pure speculation to that of action, and pledged her, in however slight a degree, to one course of action rather than another. Thenceforth, though she did not know it, she had set her sail so that her bark must drift in a given direction. More and more imperative grew the thought of her present possibilities, which could never recur—of Baby's needs—of Wyndham's persecution—of a possible calm and lovely future in which she and Baby might be all to one another, undisturbed by any outer hostile influence. Opposite considerations came to her at times; what right had she to rob Bertha and Wyndham of their child? But she answered herself cynically that after all neither of them cared more than superficially about Baby, and Wyndham would be more than gratified to buy Mallard for himself at the price of the loss of his child; and her act gradually took shape in her mind, not as a passionate and selfish grasping to herself of a blessing which belonged to others, but as a heroic self-sacrifice, in which she was throwing away the fortune of an heiress and all that most people valued chiefly in life for the love of a little child.

So the days went on, until at last Bessie woke up to realise that, while she had been debating the question, her inaction had practically decided the matter. She had delayed too long to act now. If she now wrote to say that she had been safe at Liverpool all this time with Baby, and yet had taken no steps to reassure the Ellises of their safety, would not all her acquaintances ridicule her—would they not call her eccentric—odd—even slightly cracked? and might not Wyndham make things very disagreeable to her about Baby? These might be foolish and trifling considerations compared to the issues involved, but they helped to decide Bessie on her course of action.

When we refuse to choose nobly, our strongest desire is the rudder which determines our course. Baby was Bessie's strongest desire ; and therefore, in choosing Baby against the world, she chose according to her own wish.

As soon as Baby was recovered and disinfected, ' Mrs. Maynard and child ' sailed from Liverpool to New York, and arrived at their destination in safety.

CHAPTER V.

' HORNBRIDGE, Xshire. To be Let or Sold, the White House, Hornbridge, with two acres of garden and paddock for pony, picturesque Cottage Residence, comprising two sitting-rooms, with verandah and small conservatory, six bedrooms, offices, etc., looking upon Hornbridge Green. Apply, etc.'

The newspaper which Bessie always resented having to hear spoken of as ' the London Times ' lay on the table of the ladies' sitting-room in a Boston hotel ; that is, the advertisement sheet lay there—the husk of the nut, as it were—for the kernel had gone to some masculine reader elsewhere. But in a fit of home-sickness, Bessie was sometimes capable of reading all the advertisements of an English newspaper straight through, and thus it was that her eye fell on the advertisement of the White House at Hornbridge about four years after the loss of the *Hibernia*.

These four years had not been a great success, except as regarded the child for whom she had given up name and wealth, who was playing with some other children in another part of the room, the prettiest, rosiest, and most vigorous of all of them ; for Bessie believed in plain food, early hours, and few sweetmeats ; and the American children in general, she considered, had their digestion spoiled by unlimited indulgence in these respects. But for herself, however she might plead against her own conscience that the resignation of her wealth was enough to cover all the other wrong-doing involved by the course she had chosen, she never could help feeling as an impostor, and envying all the persons she met (who were numerous) who might reasonably be supposed to possess only one name, and to have no secrets in their lives which they did not wish to be found out. Her first difficulty had been with Baby herself, who had been always in the habit of naming herself as ' Baby Ellis.' Bessie did not know at first how to change the name without some palpable break in the child's consciousness, till it struck her in turning over the pages of ' Sordello ' (which she had brought with her as a puzzle for study on board the steamer) that Ellis ought to be treated as a Christian name, and spelt Elys. In that way ' Baby Elys ' would come to seem a natural childish expression, both to herself and to any one who would hear her prattle on the subject ; and as her literary attainments were limited to ' B. for Baby, and E. for Elys,' the change of spelling would offer no obstacle.

So the little girl grew up to childhood as Elys Maynard, and every one admired the suitability of name to child. Bessie's care had made her thrive both in mind and body; she was no longer pale and delicate, but merry, rosy, and high-spirited, and her fair hair and dark eyes, with delicate straight eyebrows like Bessie's own, made her a very striking-looking child. Bessie often thought that the metamorphose in Elys had been complete enough to prevent any recognition by any one, and would have been thankful if she had been equally confident in her own. She considered it a kind of special dispensation of Providence that her black hair had turned rapidly grey at an unusually early age, and abstained from any devices to retain its original colour; but her fine figure and carriage were not those of a woman who was likely to succeed in passing unnoticed in a crowd, any more than her refined and delicate intonation (her 'English accent,' as it was called here) among the somewhat commonplace Americans among whom she had thrown in her lot. In fact, the very abundance of her grey hair, which gave the effect of artificial powdering rather than of age, together with her smooth skin and young contour of face, attracted attention to her fine features instead of the reverse, as Bessie had fondly hoped would have been the case.

Bessie's first idea had been to go and live in the country, and she had spent three years in a little country village on the Hudson. But she did not find it ideal. Waited on as she had been all her life, she had no personal power of domestic management, and had never even seen a potato boiled; and in a country where you may at any time be left servantless with no redress, she found this a decided drawback. Then, though generous to people who allowed themselves to be her inferiors, Bessie was not exactly genial to those who considered themselves her equals when she did not consider them so herself; and the neighbourly advances made by the matrons of Bakersville were met but coldly on her side, so that there was none of the friendly small change between them in domestic matters which would have made her lot easier. She gave them no interesting information on her own maternal experiences, on Elys's teething troubles, etc; not because she could not have given a far better account of them than Elys's own mother could have done, but because she did not care to enter upon subjects on which she must either romance or betray her secret. So that her reserve produced resentment, and in her three years at Bakersville she made but few acquaintances, and those only superficial ones.

Servant catastrophes, recurring about once a month, at length put an end to Mrs. Maynard's stock of patience, and she resolved to let her house, and pass an interval at a Boston hotel, partly for intellectual recreation, partly because she was so tired of domestic worries. She intended, when she went, to stay there only for a month or two; but the months went on, and she had not yet made up her

mind to return to her exile at Bakersville, or her struggle with Bridgets and Norahs, with their dirty habits and their absolute objection to any kind of training in the niceties of service in a free country. Yet she did not like the Boston hotel life much better. Suddenly the advertisement in the *Times*, mentioned above, struck her eye, and she pictured to herself how different life would be in England; how she could once again rejoice in neat, quiet, white-capped servants, and bring up Elys among delicate appointments, out of hearing of the nasal American accent which she was always afraid of her learning from the other children whom she associated with, in the one half-hour after dinner in which Bessie frequented the ladies' sitting-room.

Bessie had been growing more and more homesick ever since she took up her abode in the New World, and now an intense desire came over her to return to England, as she pictured to herself the 'cottage residence,' with its two sitting-rooms and verandah, looking upon an English green, with English neighbours and English speech about her. Xshire, too—surely she would be as safe from recognition there as here. Neither the Mallards nor the Ellises had any connection with that county; it was the opposite side of England from that which she had ever had to do with; surely she would be perfectly safe from observation, living in a small country town, and doing there as other people did.

It had been the bane of Bessie's life that she had always not only been prone to passionate desires for making some great change in the conditions of her life when things went contrary with her, but had, unlike most people, found it in her power to put these desires into action. So it had been with her marriage, with her action after the loss of the *Hibernia*, and so it was with her desire to return to England. She would have been a much happier woman if the bonds of circumstance had fettered her will, as they do most people's, and prevented her from carrying out the erratic projects which shaped themselves in her mind as the only way to happiness. A prudent adviser would have pointed out to her how far more heavily the burden of concealment which she felt such a weight would lie upon her shoulders in her own country, where she would not only have it upon her conscience that she was hiding a secret, but have to guard on all sides against its betrayal.

Probably, however, had such a prudent adviser been at hand, Bessie would hardly have taken his advice. It had always been her way to desire everything passionately that she desired, at all, and not to see the obstacles that lay in the path of her desires. So she wrote to the agent who advertised the White House, Hornbridge, by the very next mail, and in time received an answer to say that the cottage was still unlet, that it would be put into good repair for an eligible tenant, and was to be had on a lease at an extremely moderate rent. Bessie wrote off by return of post to close with the offer, and in

a fortnight's time she and Elys were on their way back to England in a great 'White Star' steamer, which landed them at Liverpool with no misadventure.

And so she began a new episode in her eventful and solitary life.

CHAPTER VI

HORNBRIDGE was a fairly average English country town, built upon the river Horn, just where it ceased to be a quiet sluggish stream and became tidal. There was nothing remarkable about it; it had a large church, with a fine Perpendicular tower, whose four pinnacles caught the eye some way down the estuary of the river; it had its slums, low in level and character, huddled down on the left side of the wharf, and its west end residencies, of which the prettiest and most comfortable were ranged round the Green, a wide space of open turf, with some fine elm-trees on it, and one or two duckponds, picturesque if not lake-like in extent.

The White House had belonged to an eccentric old man who objected to do any repairs to his property, because the end of the world was imminent; and when he found a difficulty in obtaining tenants who took the same view of matters, went to live there himself. He had lately died, and his heir was anxious for eligible tenants, but there were many similar houses to be let in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Maynard was the first person who showed any inclination to take the house. When she went there to view her new acquisition, she was somewhat disappointed—the garden was overgrown, the trees were ragged, and the rooms were dark. But Bessie was a woman of resources; a bay window thrown out here, a pretty modern grate with shelves above it there, and a large clearance of straggling shrubs made such a difference, that the Hornbridge builder who was employed assured his friends that 'the American lady knew what was what, and had a good head upon her shoulders too.'

For awhile Bessie was more interested and happier than she had been for a long time. She took a furnished lodging in Hornbridge for herself, Elys, and a highly respectable half-maid, half-nurse, whom she had engaged on arriving in England, and proceeded at her leisure to arrange and beautify the White House. This involved several London visits, and Bessie was very glad that it was August, when no one was in town, as minimising the risk of her coming across any of her old friends. Her curiosity got so far the better of her prudence in one respect, that, on passing the shop where Sir Wyndham was wont to get his cigars, she stopped her cab, walked boldly in, bought a box of cigarettes (which she detested), and asked if Sir Wyndham were in town still. The man stared at her, for Bessie, with her stately dignity, did not look much like the ladies who were most wont to affect his cigarettes, though she was handsomer

than most of them. 'Gone abroad, ma'am,' was the reply; 'but I believe I heard him say he should be back at Mallard for the first of September.' It gave Bessie a little shock to hear of Sir Wyndham at Mallard, but she was happy to think that the Ellises were at least safely out of her way for the present. She would have liked to ask about Bertha and the boy, and whether there were any more children; but prudence prevailed, and her next visit was made to a bookseller, where she asked to look at a baronetage of the current year. She found under her brother's name: 'Married 18— Bertha, daughter and heiress of Antony Daubeny-Mallard, Esq., of Featherfields, and has issue by her: May, born 18—: died 18—: Wyndham Daubeny, born 18—: Edith, born 18—: Gertrude, born 18—: and Maud, born 18—.' Bessie heaved a sigh of relief when she read this register. 'Anyhow they don't want Elys back again,' she said to herself.

At first, when she returned to England, everything seemed delightful to her; even the grey skies and the soft heavy air had a fascination for her after the pitiless blue and fierce sunshine of America and the luxury of being waited on by servants who knew their business, and at the same time enjoying the comfort of privacy after the Boston hotel, was untold. She was quite willing to feel in a genial temper even to the denizens of this little country town, with whom she would now have to associate as her nearest neighbours, and looked forward with some interest to the visits they were to pay. They on their part were somewhat excited by the advent of a 'foreigner' among them. Those were the days when Americans were supposed to sit with their feet on the table, and American ladies to be fairly represented by the portraits of Mrs. Hominy and Mrs. Jefferson Brick; and it was perhaps somewhat of a disappointment when Mrs. Maynard proved to be a remarkably stately and highly bred woman. When Archer, the maid, was questioned about her, she, having a strong dislike to confess herself ignorant on any point, produced statements which in the course of retailing made up a neat little resumé of Mrs. Maynard's history, which highly amused her when she came to hear it later on.

'Yes, poor thing, she had gone through a deal. She had been left a widow when Miss Elys was quite a baby, and that had made her hair as white as snow.' (The foundation of this romance being that Bessie, being asked by Archer whether her hair had begun to turn grey young, had replied rather curtly, 'Yes, it went all at once,' which was supposed to mean that, like Marie Antoinette's, it had suddenly changed from grief.) 'She was born in England, and lived in London till she married; but she never liked living in America; and then her husband died when Elys was a baby, and she tried going on living in his country, but she couldn't take to it, I suppose, when he was gone, so at last she came back again to her native land, poor lady! Yes, she's a bit high, but she's quite the lady; there

aint many as would find it easy to take a liberty with her; and the child's a bit noisy and rampageous, but she knows what behaving means too, well enough. Yes, I'm glad for my own part, for I never could abear to have to be in service with low people.'

This story, pieced together from Archer's imagination and Elys's answers to her remarks, was related to the Vicarage nurse as the two servants walked together with their respective charges. It was perhaps fortunate for Bessie that little Elys's memory seemed to be quite a blank before the scarlet fever: the first thing she could remember was being ill in the Liverpool lodgings, and 'mother' telling her that she was not to be called Baby any more, and that she was big enough now to learn to say mother, and not—what was it? Mammy, she supposed. Archer accepted this as quite natural, and though Elys went on to say, 'I don't quite think it *was* 'Mammy' that I used to call her,' Archer naturally thought that it was only some baby name, and had no suspicion that any change in relationship was denoted. The story thus set afloat had one merit—it was absolutely devoid of mystery, and being thus retailed from the Vicarage nurse to her mistress, and from Mrs. Bruton to her friends on the Green and elsewhere, prepared Hornbridge society to expect a neighbour much of their own kind.

The Green was closed at the town end by the church and vicarage, tenanted by the Reverend Thomas Bruton, his active little thread-paper of a wife, and eight or nine children, all in steps one above the other. Then came a neat little doll's-house, standing in a neat little doll's garden, inhabited by the Miss Priors, two birdlike little old maids, devoted to good works, and happily possessed with the belief that their remarks to their 'districts' produced much more moral effect than was really the case. Next came the Hornbridge auctioneer, a man of the name of Simons, with a smart wife. The Green looked coldly on the Simons, considering the fact of their taking a house there to be an avowal that they wished to push themselves into society unto which they were not born. Then came the White House, and next to it Dr. Enderby's tall dark red square-windowed abode, shut in behind clipped limes.

On the opposite side of the Green there were several other houses which need not all be particularised, but there was one especially exactly opposite the White House, which Bessie found herself looking at and wondering about oftener than any of the others. It was built of red brick, but otherwise it was almost a facsimile of her own. A lady in a pony carriage with two little boys drove up to it one day when Bessie was passing, and called out for the gate to be opened by the gardener inside with the tone of a proprietor. And Bessie's curiosity went so far that, though she scarcely ever demeaned herself to ask a question of her servants, she one day asked Archer if she had heard who lived in the opposite house. Archer's tongue never wanted much encouragement, and she began at once. 'Law, yes,

ma'am; it's a Miss Hughes as lives there with an invalid lady, her aunt, and her two little nephews, which their pa is in India. There's a queer story, they say, about that house; they call it the Red House, and they say it was built by a brother of the man as built ours; and they two brothers hated each other; and when one settled here and built this house white, the other settled opposite on the other side of the Green, and built his house as like as he could, only red; and they was always trying, long as they lived, what harm they could do one another, with lawsuits and such. And when they died, one was buried here, and the other left orders as he was to be buried up at Ashdown on the hill, so as not to lie in the same churchyard. That wasn't the last owner, you understand, 'm, but his father; and after he died the Red House stood empty for years and years. But now it's come to Miss Hughes, and she's done it up and is living in it herself.'

'How do you pick up all these stories, Archer?' said Bessie.

'Why, ma'am, Mrs. Bruton's nurse Kate is Redstone the clerk's daughter, and he's a wonderful man to talk. But he's superstitious, he is, and shows what ignorant nonsense people will believe. He says he's heard, because of them two stupid old men quarrelling, that nobody that lives in the Red House or the White House ever gets the wish of their heart. I'm sure, ma'am, I should be sorry to think that would come true of you, and I said to Mr. Redstone, "Man is born to trouble, Mr. Redstone," I said, "as no one ought to know better than you; but I'm not that credulous," I said, "as to think our house can have its share more than another. Them poor middle-aged people might believe such things, but they were ignorant papists, and knew no better."'

'Thank you; that is all I want,' said Bessie, cutting short her maid's historical reflections. But she rather wished all the same that she had not heard the tradition.

(To be continued.)

DELICIA DARLING.

A KENTISH MEDLEY.

'Whanne that April with his showers sote
 The droughte of March hath pierced to the rote,
 And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
 Of which vertue engendered is the flour;
 Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
 The tender croppes and the yonge sonne
 Hath in the Rain his half course gronne,
 And smale foules maken melodie
 That slepen alle night with open eye,
 So pricketh hem nature in her corages
 That longen folk to you on pilgrimages.

And specially from every shires ende,
 Of Engelonde to Canterbury they weude.'

—*Prologue to Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'*

THE day was so bright, her own heart, after a long strain upon it, so light, that Felicia Lovibond for the moment wished that her whole life, or at least every remaining hour of this blithe May day, could be spent within that Canterbury omnibus.

Up and down the road lay between wooded undulations and smiling pastures, where peaceful well-to-do sheep and their happy baa-ing lambs were grazing in undisturbed leisure, as if diligent grazing were the one duty of their innocent lives. Dotted about here and there came a curious old wooden house, with deep weather-stained tile roof, or some huge thatched farm buildings, telling a tale of the days when steam threshing was unknown, and the winter's flail had given merry work to many a rustic 'mid the frost and snow. Here and there rose, also, a modern hard-lined jail, or country work-house, or row of newly-erected model labourers' dwellings; but such interruptions to the general sense of picturesqueness were still very rare. Then to both left and right lay constant and curiously still and quiet ponds, reflecting every blade and leaf of grass or sedge around them, every bare bough and twig or just opening blossom of the old oaks and elms around them. But even here was many a bare stock newly hewn down close to the primrosed grass, telling not of trees uprooted by the severe October gales, but of those fallen only this same spring-time before the woodman's axe, and leaving equally sorry scars, whether the motive power of their downfall had been high modern farming, or an impoverished landlord's stern necessities.

A simple kindly folk seemed these men, women and children of Kent to one bred among an acute New World population. Here a

parcel was dropped at the entrance-gate of some farm or unseen mansion, to be left until picked up instead of called for; there a blue-eyed sunburnt milk-lad went many steps out of his way to direct a tourist stranger; whilst here a straight-backed, dark-headed descendant of the Norman intruders—the ‘men of Kent’ were never conquered—whistled some Whitsun hymn, ancient or modern, as he trod quickly by, his master’s post-bag strapped across his shoulders.

Sweeter still sang the many larks, soaring upward to the sky—sky of a deep dark blue, with delicate white clouds just streaking its pure unfathomable depths. Rooks were cawing in and out of the tall round-headed oaks and ancient feathery-branched wych elms, apparently regardless that their many nests had as yet, this long hard spring, no sheltering leaves nor even the earlier blossom of sage-green or purple madder to but semi-veil them. Down in that once wooded hollow shone wide-open stars of the red lychnis, and just opening blue-bells were unfurling one after another of their flowrets in the sun.

“Over sheets of hyacinth that seem’d the heavens upbreking through the earth,” murmured Felicia. ‘No, theirs is a redder, grayer, dimmer’—as she glanced from flower to sky—‘and yet most exquisite blue.’ And then a yellow-hammer stood fearless on the railing they were passing, and the ‘chink-chink,’ that sharp note of the easily-tamed chaffinch, arose from the neighbouring hedge, where the jagged blackthorn was still in blossom in place of the proverbial may.

Altogether it were no wonder if the young girl again and again repeated to herself those well-known lines from Aurora Leigh:

‘And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
And clapped my hauds and called all very fair.’

‘Sweet England!’ she thought. ‘Worth all the effort of reaching! And I don’t think it’s been too much, even for *his* darling Dessie!’

And then she closed her eyes, and her thoughts flew back to the scorching summer skies of that portion of the globe beneath which those hitherto most dear to her were, for the most part, lying.

The ‘Kentish Curlew’ suddenly stopped, and with a blast from the conductor’s horn not unworthy of its name. Felicia half opened her eyes, reluctant to be thus suddenly recalled from past to present. The sign of ‘The Canterbury Bells’ was swinging just before them, a quaint uneven village street lay to right and left around them; a little black-gloved hand was thrust into her own, with the somewhat anxious question:

‘Mamie, you aren’t quite asleep?’

‘No, Delicia Darling, only dreaming.’

‘But this is Denneland!’

‘Father’s Dreamland.’

‘And yours! He always said so! Do you like it now you’re in it?’ asked the younger voice, a little plaintively. For even Delicia had found some much-desired pleasures prove bitter to the taste, and

Denneland must be beautiful indeed to make amends for their past cramped sufferings by sea.

‘It is beautiful, beautiful! Yes, and satisfying!’ And Felicia, as she spoke, was gazing with moistened eyes upon the smiling Old-World scene, grateful that it did satisfy the heart which had so long hungered for the sight of John Lambarde’s earliest home.

The little overhanging inn lay close to the churchyard gate, and from this gate an avenue of alternate limes and chestnuts led to the old grey porch; and above these and their bright masses of early foliage rose the earlier tower, a strange mixture of long narrow Roman brickwork, Kentish rag, and rubble, chalk and flint.

‘Oh, if the Romans had only found out America, perhaps we should have had there something ancient too!’ thought Delicia, to whom had descended her own father’s artistic eye and no mean portion of his skill. But she had remembered her sketching apparatus, and reclaimed it from under the wraps of an old lady picked up half way, and was paying the fares from Canterbury for two, quite accurately; did not a child under seven go half-price?

‘Oh, the lambs—the dear lambs!’ cried the little Delicia; ‘each close to its mother, and so happy! And what long thick coats the mothers have; how wise they look! Yet people always call them silly, don’t they? I love them! oh, I love England! Oh, if father had only lived to come back with us!’ but she ran happily away, though he had not, clapping her hands after a white butterfly.

‘She is so young,’ thought Felicia, down whose pale cheek was trickling a solitary tear; ‘and oh! how he did long at least to be laid here with the old grandpeople he’d never seen old enough thoroughly to remember. Hereditary instinct is so strong. Types reproduce themselves—else perhaps Frederick wouldn’t after such an example have suddenly proved himself only a worthless scapegrace after all, and so like his father’s father, not his own!’ And she wiped her eyes a little fiercely.

John Lambarde, after all, had but married twelve years back her own New York widowed mother; and this ‘worthless scapegrace’ then been the only surviving issue of his first English wife, as was Delicia Darling of the later. Felicia loved to continue this, her step-father’s pet name for his now only surviving child.

‘My happiness and my delight,’ as he had loved to call them, and had died blessing them, a hand on either head.

‘But it’s strange, Mamie, isn’t it? I thought sheep never lived in English churchyards. Don’t you remember in that bishop’s *Dreamland* that not a tinkling sheep-bell there the poet’s walk becalms.’

‘Ah, but that is only poetry.’

‘And perhaps he only meant that the sheep had not bells; and I don’t think these have’—added Felicia, looking around her enquiringly.

'The little lady does not like to see the sheep, miss?' asked the old sexton, who from his corner window had seen these two strangers alight and turn up his churchyard path, 'but nought else keeps the grass so green and so neat shaven. And all the sixty years that I've been sexton——'

'Sixty! how old are you then?' asked Felicia, bent upon gleanings for her mental English note-book from their friendly accoster.

'One-and-eighty come next Thursday'—with a touch at his forelock.

'But you're neither deaf nor blind nor lame?' said Delicia, gazing at him hard, 'nor so grey as father.'

'No, miss; I be real hearty.'

'And father wasn't even born when you become sexton here!' pursued the child, after a hard mental calculation. She thought also that therefore he might even remember her father, and his father and grandfather before him better still; but with much natural acuteness was mingled considerable English reserve, and, careful as those around her had been, the child knew that there were not only sad passages, but things neither father nor Mamie liked to hear talked about, in the lives of some of the family dead; and that since Lambarde Court had been sold away from its original owners her father's desire to return to England had grown but faint, whilst 'Mamie' in no way meant to identify herself with the old family in the eyes of any remaining inhabitants of Denneland.

'Thirteen hundred and forty and three graves I've dug within this church and churchyard,' mused the old man, looking around him with a half-proud, half-pathetic sense of personal possession.

'Would that you had dug one more!' thought Felicia. 'But we will plant Denneland chestnuts on his grave when we go back,' noting some last year's blackening chestnuts still lying amongst the soft rich grass around her. And then she glanced upwards to see delicate spikes of coming flower only just beginning to appear amongst the tender foliage of the parent trees, although in less than another six months both leaves and fruit would be once more falling dry and withered to the ground. Her mind was full of old-world poetry, even to its hymns, and Bishop Heber's familiar autumnal lines were in her thoughts though not upon her lips. Life had already made them full of meaning to her, even at four-and-twenty, even on blithe May days.

'Fine trees, miss? yes, they be,' said old Nicholas Hogben, following her glance. 'Now Mr. Leadbitter—he wor a canon of Canterbury, he wor, but rector here when I was a boy, and 'ud come over once and again to take a Sunday,—he used to keep those trees fanned up. But Dr. Sessiby and now Mr. Freemantle, why, they like 'em just to grow as they pleases. Yes, they be fine trees, they be! Better nor what they've got at Burymouth, for all their cackling.'

'May we take a few of these nuts—berries—burrs?—what do

you call them hereabouts? away with us?' and the old man nodded a kindly assent as he unlocked the latticed door and they stood within the porch. A stoup for holy water still stood, if somewhat battered, upon the western side of that church door. Impulsive Felicia dipped her finger in the dust therein and crossed herself.

'You no be Jesuits from that new Jesuit College?' asked Nicholas Hogben, with a dawning of suspicion. He had long felt that in some way these two black-clad girls were 'foreigners;' but, therefore, been all the prouder of their interest and admiration.

'No, only Catholics of the Church universal;' so much had Felicia learnt from that staunch old Anglican churchman, John Denne Lambarde; 'and so Ridley preached here? Cranmer was vicar here? the Te Deum first sung in English here?' and she closed her red-bound 'Murray,' and gazed around and upward as if expecting some faint echoes of that then strange vulgar tongue to be still vibrating through those quiet aisles.

'Yes, and that be his monument——'

'And, Mamie, the font,' whispered Delicia softly, 'the very font where father was christened!' Even this child could see how unlike that font was from any of their home-country experience. Yet she began to trace the half-obliterated shields under the early Tudor architrave upon the font, quite unconscious that its existence dates some four centuries further back than even the christening of John Denne Lambarde. That especial date, eighteen-hundred-and-twenty, still seemed to Dessie, in spite of some acquaintance with 'a Child's Guide to General Knowledge,' the beginning of all authentic English History.

It was Whitsun-eve. Soft green depths of country moss already lay around the base of the old font, ready to receive the primrose legends of to-morrow. A dim scent of fragrant flowers, with perhaps just the first faint touch of decay stealing into their sweetness, filled the ancient church. Under the east window stood a gentle blaze of brilliant flowers, of brazen candlesticks, and burnished vases, the dark oak screens, dividing the chancel from nave and aisles and side-chapels, throwing up but more effectively the glittering masses.

'But where are the steps, the many steps?' cried Felicia in perplexity. 'I mean the Canterbury steps. I counted thirty-five this morning——'

'Ah, but that was a Cathedral, and all those steps led up to its Altar. This is only a Church and Holy Table;' and if Felicia herself was quite unconscious of any possible flaw in her reasoning, Delicia accepted her dictum now, as always, as infallible. 'But it is sweet, sweet!—It is home,' murmured Felicia, in a final whisper.

'There be fine brasses in the chapels—and Canterbury has ne'er a one;' and then the old man turned aside to do some dusting, and let them go their round at will.

'A window—a little girl and roses,' said Delicia, as they were re-tracing their steps westward down the southern aisle after rather a

hasty survey. Felicia meant to come again on Monday, and meant while time for her intended in-and-exterior sketching was growing short—‘all leaves and roses; and Our Saviour calling the little child to Him, all in her nightgown, Mamie, see.’

Felicia paused, read the inscription, and thought of a fellow mournful wail which they had read yesterday evening, in their walk on their arrival at Canterbury—finding the Cathedral already closed—under the yews of St. Martin’s, Canterbury, to a dear Duncan and darling Dorothy. Were all three children still passionately lamented? Or had some, if not all these impassioned mourners learnt, with Delicia’s father, how sharp a pang a graceless child can give? How a most promising youth can set in sudden folly.

‘I must sketch the font, Delicia darling.’

‘But me tired of being inside. It is so big, so still! We have been at church all day.’

‘Go out and pick up some chestnuts for me, then, and——’

‘And play with the lambs!’ cried Delicia delightedly.

‘Yes, if they will let you; only on no account leave the churchyard, and come back now and then, and see how I am getting on, if you feel lonely or tired of mere play.’ And then Felicia secured undisturbed possession of the church for the next hour, old Nicholas going off to his early tea, and began her drawing.

She paused often to gaze on the fair scene. The warm lines of sunshine crossing the grey walls, the soft and innumerable varied tints and touch of age on stone and wood and grass, the lengthening shadows. Suddenly, upon moving a chair and strip of matting obscuring one corner of her font, a long flat memorial stone, on which she had gazed but idly before—catching here and there the name of Thornhurst,—became alive with earlier Lambardes. She put down her paint-box, and rose and copied the long list of familiar Johns and Georges, Anns and Emmas, Delicia’s great-grandparents, and great-aunts and uncles, she felt very sure. But she only read through, and with but little interest, the comparatively recent deaths of the young children of a John and Alice Thornhurst. And yet it was a piteous array of Berthas, Harolds, Ethelberts and Mildreds: and crowded in at the very foot of all came ‘Alice Mary, the beloved mother of the above.’

‘Apparently a very futile attempt to revive old Saxon forenames,’ she decided, with the hard little smile inherited from her own Yankee father; ‘they don’t seem to thrive, these little modern anachronisms.’

But she was tempted on in search of possibly older Lambarde slabs. She knew that with her own step-father had perished the last actual bearer of the name—borne by the sixteenth-century writer of the ‘Itinerary of Kent’ and that of the father of all county histories—on either side of the water. That on his uncle’s death the old place had been sold by the inheriting grandson, that well-meaning but poor witted last heir direct in whom the falling fortunes of our oldest names so

frequently expire. She found a comparatively humble rural slab to this last Lambarde owner in the chancel, recording his death, as drowned, a childless widower, in South Australia, 1870. But nothing within the church older or of more interest; the old brasses beneath her feet, which really recorded the valiant warriors of the early Tudor times, being unintelligible to her transatlantic eyes, the stately marble monumental effigies, *temp.* Elizabeth, which had once adorned the Lambarde side chapel having been demolished by 'Blue Dick' in a flying visit of fanatical destruction which he had paid to Denneland from poor Canterbury. 'So perish all the enemies of the Lord;' he had cried, whilst hewing off this loyal courtier's head. But some of the still remaining ancient inscriptions she copied, making slight sketches of uplifted hands and kneeling knights, or 'weeping cherubs and classical columns as she did so, with a vague dreamy feeling that he would recognise the familiar Kentish names, and like to hear of their surroundings.

One remaining magnificent monument to one Edward Thornhurst and his wife 'Anne, daughter and coheir of,' 'etc. etc.,' took her fancy strongly—the kneeling figures above, and troops of kneeling sons and daughters underneath them, the rear of the latter brought up by a babe in swaddling-bands, the returning light casting on its dusty colouring and recesses many a beautifying ray. As if they did intend—

'For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone,'

she murmured, recalling the graceful, simple lines of one of her favourite minor English poets, in 'The Squire's Pew.' And over one brass she pondered dimly whether Thomas Cranmer were already rector when, so late as 'a thousand fyve hundred forty save one,' some pious mourner had bid the engraver cut very legibly, and deep—

'For whose soule I praye through His grace;
In heaven may find a resting place.'

Then she knelt down beside that brass, and buried her face in her hands, and tried to pierce behind the veil, to see through that dark curtain which stirs never a fold, for all the fond and temporarily comforting phantasies of an American 'Gates Ajar,' or English 'Little Pilgrim.'

Meanwhile, happy little Delicia had filled her pocket with decaying chestnuts, and was making daisy chains, delighting in the frisking playfulness and constant bleating of the lambs; and found how, when never injured, innocent of fear or possible ill, they played games together with at least as much purpose and innocent enjoyment at three months as would a group of little children at three years.

But suddenly, even to her childish ears, it grew plain that one solitary lamb was bleating not from pleasure. Every now and then

it stopped and grazed a hasty mouthful, but then pushed on and bleated plaintively; and, looking around it, then moved on, and hurriedly, again.

'You have lost your mother! You cruel other mothers, why don't you go and tell her? Silly mother not to hear!' and Felicia rose and looked around her for some solitary mother. Again the cry rose, louder and more piteous. 'I will find her! Never mind, little sister, *I* will find her!' and then she flung down her bunch of daisy chains and ran on towards the wanderer, who looked a little scared at this sudden descent upon its solitude.

'Come, mother-sheep, come quick!' she cried. 'Oh, you are silly sheep after all! Even swans are wiser than you! they turn round and wait if their little one gets left behind upon the water, and yet that cygnet was so young it could only make a very little cry. They turned round and waited, just like a king and queen of snow, father said, so solemn and so grand. Perhaps they were a little angry, but they didn't scold, for it was such a frightened little cry.' Delicia had passed the grand western end of the old building, and was now looking around the walls of its southern isle in search of some solitary ewe.

'Oh, don't cry so! don't cry so!' she exclaimed, tears in her own eyes, as the lamb, too, had gazed in vain, and returned to its sharp bleat of mingled fear and lonesomeness.

But suddenly an abrupt change came to its cry, and it sprang past her. The old mother-sheep had at last looked and enquiringly round the eastern corner. There was a joyful meeting, a great frisking, a solemn rubbing, a most satisfactory reunion.

'But—but, I shall never meet father again, however much I cry,' thought the child suddenly. Her mother had died when she was only a year old, and left neither memory nor yearning behind her so completely had Felicia taken a mother's place, as bidden, to her half-sister. 'No, father, nevermore, *however* much I cry!' and yet, illogically, the young speaker sat down amongst the grass and began to shed a very many tears.

'And who are you, my little maid?' presently asked a kindly voice beside her.

'Delicia Darling,' sobbed the child, burying her face deeper in her handkerchief.

'Darling? Why, the only Darling I've heard of was called Grace!'

'No, Delicia Darling—father's darling. But I shall never see him more. Lambs have——'

'But you are not all alone?' asked John Fenoulhet, looking around him.

'No; Mamie's in the church, or was in the church, but she's forgotten poor me quite because she's drawing;' but she took her sopped handkerchief from her eyes as she added confidentially, 'she often does then, you know.'

‘And where do you come from?’ asked her kind questioner, taking the little hand stretched out to him so confidently. ‘Margate?’ this brought the bulk of its sightseers to Denneland.

‘No, Massachusetts. Father died there. He’d gone after some business of poor Fred’s:’ repeating by rote an explanation she had once heard given, but happily knowing nought of the sudden heart-aches connected with that journey—‘but he was christened here, and he’d always promised to take me and Mamie home to see it some day. But then Fred died, and yet he still wanted all our money. But Mamie always said she would come through fire and water to see this place, and she sold off all her pictures, and now she’s done it. And we’ve done the water——’

‘Shall we come into the church and find her?’

But just then Felicia appeared in the far distance. Dessie loosed her hand and ran to her with a cry of joy, and, like the straying lamb, had forgotten her kind friend in finding her true protector.

But John Fenoulhet was interested in them. ‘Darling!’ he repeated; ‘a strange name, but Americans do have strange names.’ And then as he closed the churchyard gate behind him, he relighted his clay pipe and went his way, thinking, ‘My uncle may know all about them; I never heard the name hereabouts before. But he’s not quite so new a stranger.’

Later, whilst telling the tale of his little adventure to this uncle, and his own widowed mother—but to find them as ignorant as himself—he watched ‘Mrs. Darling’ from the thick-framed windows of the old Court, reopen her sketch-book, throw back her long veil, settle Delicia beside her to hold her paint-box, and begin a sketch of the old tower and yews. Through the open window, in this peaceful country quiet, he could even hear the changing tone of the child’s now happy, now remonstrative, shrill prattle.

‘True American freedom of manners,’ he thought; and yet how familiar had something seemed to him in the child’s tone for all its twang, and in the straightforward look of her blue eyes! ‘But then all children are so much alike before the world has spoilt them.’

The sun had disappeared behind the old trees and hedges to the backs of the young pair from Massachusetts, even the rosy gleams growing less red upon the crumbling tower; and yet they lingered on, although Felicia herself beginning to feel in danger of losing her best lights and sunset effects if she persisted in finishing this sketch, as was her custom, on the spot. Whilst Delicia had once or twice murmured something about Canterbury, and supper, and wouldn’t it be quite, quite dark before they got safe home?—and that she was so sleepy.

‘Keep awake just five minutes longer, dear.’

‘But you must put in a sheep and lamb—my sheep and lamb,’ the child cried, starting up, suddenly wide-awake, at the remembrance.

‘Or the old sexton—he is going into the church now—and I want

to ask him the times of to-morrow's services, and ever so many things. Stay here and take care of my things, Dessie.'

Delicia considered such care quite compatible with walking through the long grass, amongst which, here and there, rose a pale blue-bell and dwarfed cowslip, to the low red wall bordering this western wall of the churchyard: 'I want to gather some of that tiny-tiny wee-wee forget-me-not, growing in the cracks,' her thought. But when she reached it this object was forgotten. Pure white pear-blossom, its deep dusky stamens setting off this purity, rose level with her face, as she looked into what proved to be an old-world English garden, lying far below the churchyard's heightened level. There were pleached alleys and trim grass paths, the carefully-kept vegetable beds bordered with an outer framework of auriculas, tulips and jonquils. Rows of espaliered apples crossing these borders divided them here and there into enclosures, and in the midst of one of these fenced squares arose a standard apple-tree, whose deep purplish rosy blossom held even the American child's eye entranced one minute. In warm quiet corners purple flags and dusky crown imperials were flowering side by side; and tall Solomon's Seals drooping their green and white alternate leaves and blossoms over the sweet leaf-sheathed lilies-of-the-valley nestling at their feet.

'Oh! it is beautiful, beautiful!' cried the child in a hushed ecstasy, patting the neighbouring pear-blossom softly, with a kind of rhythm in her pleasure. 'Is it yours?' she asked fearlessly, as the friend of her past loneliness stepped out from under the well-pruned pear, and looked smiling across its blossoms in her face.

'No, I am only here for a holiday, like yourself. What were you going to ask me?'

'Whether I might run about those little green paths! Oh, I like them! I love them!'

He stretched out his arms, this kind-hearted London bachelor, and said, 'Come!'

'No, it isn't yours?' and she drew back with decision.

'I will ask my uncle——'

'No; Mamie told me to stay in the churchyard, and to take care of her things,' and she drew back further still. 'But she wants some clean water for her painting; you may get her that.'

And he got it, dipping the tin vessel, when duly rinsed and emptied, into the round pond in the centre of the garden.

'Yes, it is quite clean,' he said humbly, as the child eyed it critically, wondering if this would prove the soft water Mamie always desiderated; 'or have some of the little gold and silver fishes got in? Or——'

'Oh, have you gold and silver fishes? I had once! Once, when I was quite little.'

'And how old are you now, missie?' and he smiled.

'I am not old at all! I am quite young.' And she looked

seriously into the kind blue eyes, whilst tears began to fill her own; 'but my little fish are all dead, dead and buried, long ago. Father dug their grave for me—he was only just beginning to have his cough—and Mamie——'

Just then the Court seven o'clock supper-bell rang. And John Fenoulhet, with singular reluctance, knowing his uncle's punctual habits, said good-bye and turned away.

Felicia was still talking with Nicholas Hogben, one of Nature's gentlemen for all his plainness of speech. He had given her the information asked for, and was now telling her his reminiscences of that church and churchyard, when a boy.

'There wor a gallery there, Miss, at the west end, and I sang treble in't. Organ there then? Lor bless you, no, Miss! but a fiddle and a viol and a drum. And that ere gallery came catering down right into the church as far as this,' planting his foot upon an old lozenge memorial stone initialed 'J. M. L.'

'Came catering down? It fell down; was, I suppose, so old——'

'Na-a. Came catering down—in steps like—the steps came as far as this—else how should we have got int' it?' ended old Nicholas triumphantly, thinking he must thus have brought down his information to the level of this foreigner's ignorant stupidity.

'Oh, yes! As far as this small lozenge. And this large slab—"Robert Grey"?'

'Ah, he wor a friend of mine, he wor. Poor young chap! thought our foine air 'd set him up again—came here from th' old barracks I nursed him, but he died.'

'Six-and-fifty years ago; I see—and you were friends?' The young fellow dead at seven-and-twenty had, she saw, come of a good old northern family, and been a captain in that English army whose officers, she'd heard, were always gentlemen.

'Yes,' said the old man simply, as if looking back into the past and forgetting all that had passed since July 7, 1825: 'we wor friends; he took to me, loike; sickness made us friends; I nursed him; he said he would like to be buried here, not carried north; he should like me to dig his grave—I dug it; but lor! I blubbered like a baby o'er that job, Miss, yet 't wor a beautiful grave, that wor; and now my eyes 're too old too shed a tear for 'm!' And yet he drew his sleeve across them as he spoke.

'Ah, but your heart has kept young—like father's!' And Felicia laid her hand gently on his other arm, and then passed out. She had learnt that sometimes young eyes have no tears left to shed. Frederick Lambarde had not suddenly erred and died without half-breaking another heart beside his father's.

Delicia was now in faithful charge of all her drawing-tackle, and chattered away freely, telling the story of the clean water, and the beautiful garden just behind the wall; but presently, as the sketcher became absorbed in what were indeed to be 'the very, very last' last-

touches,"' stole away and began gathering the pale blue-bells in the twilight; for all her afternoon playfellows were gone, safe-folded for the night. It was growing dusk, a soft pale yellow light in the sky now alone showing where the sun had set, even to the dwellers behind the trees and copses. Even Felicia had begun to feel a little eerie in this still churchyard, and these gathering shadows, in this unknown England, when she suddenly heard Delicia cry in a soft voice, of half-amazed and half-delighted recognition—

‘Father!’

Felicia held her breath. Like most of us she could not have told, least of all at such a moment, how much or how little she believed in the possibility of spiritual appearances. That morning she would have said very little; that evening, the only wonder seemed that such appearances were not daily. Surely it could only be that, for the hardness of men’s hearts, their eyes were holden. She waited, for her heart had given a sudden leap and then stood still; she hardly felt herself mistress of her own voice or even limbs. She had heard that ghosts could never speak unless spoken to, but Delicia’s tongue had spoken; and this at least was again fully under its little owner’s control, for she broke the profound stillness by crying a little louder, and with none the less glad assurance—

‘Father—oh, father, look this way! Speak to your darling Dessie!’

‘Father, my little maid?’ And a deeper voice than John Fenoulhet’s was speaking to her across the old-world border, the familiar espaliered pear. ‘Nay, no one’s father longer, unless you be my little Bertha come back at last to comfort me?’ And perhaps there had been a tinge of a sudden overpowering hoping against hope even in his tone; then he remembered his nephew’s tale of the two strangers. ‘Nay, no father, but a friend, my child.’ But he put his arm over the wall around her, and spake never the less kindly.

‘Isn’t you father? You look like him, you speak like him, you feel like him.’ And she nestled her tired head upon his shoulder. ‘What is oo name, then?’ relapsing into the baby talk of a year back with which she had cheered many a declining hour of her father’s life.

‘John Denne Lambarde.’

‘Then oo are father’—and she put her arms around his neck and kissed him quite content; ‘I thought you were; and you’ll take me home, and let me go to bed? You know you always said nothing made Mamie forget me but her drawing, and—and to-day she’s drawing *everything*, because she thought you’d like to see it when we got home to New York—heaven!—no, where was it?’ But her head sank again with the contented sigh, ‘I am so sleepy!’

‘This is a very tired little maid,’ said Mr. Lambarde. Felicia had drawn near them, and paused, still pale and faint and disappointed, yet feeling this disappointment most childish most unreasonable. ‘Have you far to take her?’

Yes, Delicia had had excuse for her strange blunder, in general outline, tone, and manner; and yet Felicia felt pained that even a child had made it.

'Back to Canterbury, and it is quite time that we were starting. Come, Dessie, dear, wake up! Did you think I had forgotten you? Come and help me pack up my things, and we shall be back before the moon's set.' She spoke on until she felt she had regained her natural voice.

'If your trap is put up at the "Bells," will you not both come in and have some tea? My sister, Mrs. Fenoulhet——'

'We are walking; that is, came in the "Kentish Curlew," and are walking back.'

'But, my dear Mrs. Darling——'

'Dear Mrs. Darling!' cried Felicia, half offended, and most wholly amazed; then she added quietly, 'But you are mistaking us in the dusk for other friends.'

'Dear Mrs. Darling!' laughed Delicia softly, half-aroused. 'Oh, Mamie, that is a very nice name for you! But I can't go to Canterbury to-night, I am so tired, so sleepy; and you don't want to take me away from father, when he came all this way only to see his grave.'

'Poor child! She is overtired! And I have forgotten she was so young, and came on straight from Liverpool talking to her of—of her father till I have quite confused her. Told her he might be always near us till—till I have almost believed him near myself.' And Felicia glanced behind her, as if half-expecting her kind protecting step-father, as he had not proved before her, might yet be in the deepening shadows of the old church walls at her rear.

'I think she is overtired, indeed already asleep,' said Mr. Lambarde quietly, feeling it sweet to have young arms once more so trustingly around him; 'let us keep her till the morning. My sister is staying with me and will make her very welcome,—and if you also will but stay——'

'Are you still so hospitable in old England? I thought Washington Irving's times were quite over even in Kent.' And Felicia smiled and hesitated, the kind voice, its very intonation, were so enticing, so like the sound of a voice that was dead. Then added, upon fuller consideration, 'But no, thank you, we must get home.'

'Home?'

'Yes, to the "Fleur-de-lys," Canterbury. "Murray" named it, if not first. And I liked its name the best. Come, Dessie dear, wake up!'

But Delicia was now fast asleep; no mere make-believe or merely would-be. 'You must let me lift her over the wall quite, and carry her to Aunt Emma, who will take care of her till you reclaim her.'

'But it is Saturday night.'

'Yes, so you had better both stay quietly till Monday.' But Mr. Lambarde had an old housekeeper of whom he stood in wholesome

awe, and knew both the real spare bedrooms at the Court to be already occupied, so was not wholly without sensation of its being perhaps as well that he was answered—

‘If your sister will really not be inconvenienced by Delicia, I will leave her for the night, and claim her before your eleven o’clock service here to-morrow, that you may not be troubled with her in church——’

‘She will not be frightened when she wakes to find you gone?’ in spite of a sensation of relief, feeling it strange a mother could thus leave her child to strangers.

‘Oh, no. She has been knocked about too much, poor child! and does not naturally know what such fear means. But she is full of life; I hope she won’t tire out your patience.’

‘Nay, I can quite answer both for her and for ourselves. Good evening!’ and he was already stepping back from the border to the pathway.

‘But I ought to know your name—you mine.’

‘John Denne Lambarde.’

‘But—yes, you said to to poor Dessie, but I thought all the Dennes and Lambardes had died away from Denneland long ago. “Murray” says so, and he thought so—’ faltered Felicia.

‘I fear they have. That I have but assumed my grandmother’s maiden name upon finding myself in a position to purchase Lambarde Court from its temporary owner, Captain Tritton. Good night; it is not safe for the child to be out longer in such a heavy dew,’ and he was gone.

A great deal of comfort, the renewal of the but lately-lost sense of fatherly protection, seemed to disappear with that retreating footstep. Still, she made haste to call after him, ‘And I am only Felicia Lovibond, my parents both American:’ but if he heard her he made no response. She gathered together her own scattered goods, more by the light of moon than of that of day, and could not find her favourite paint-brush, that which had dropped from her hand at Delicia’s joyful cry, for all her searching. She found her way as one in a dream down the dusky avenue and out to the high road, that long, dusty, high white road to Canterbury. It seemed long and very lonely: whilst at times she could not help doubting if she had done right to trust *his* Delicia darling to even such kind strangers. Would *he* have thought it right? And yet she was sure they were in some way kin, not only strangers; and with this last comforting thought she crept into bed at last, that long walk over; too tired to wonder longer about anything, and still too young to do aught, when so tired, but sleep well.

She awoke at half-past five from a most profound and refreshing slumber; and opened her eyes upon the sketch which she had been too sleepy to do more than set up open on the mantelpiece the previous night.

'It is my best, my very best!' she cried, delighted, and with gratitude; 'I did put all my heart into it. I am glad!' and she gazed a few minutes, recovering from the sudden disappointment of remembering that *he* would never see it.

'Now I must go and fetch Dessie! and I should like to see it all again first by myself: 'twill be better for the child, and myself too.' And she rose quickly, and by a quarter to eight stood once on the same spot, at once found the missing paint-brush, and then sat a few minutes in the porch of the already open church, to tie up the blue-bells and primroses which she had gathered by the way into a fitting bunch to lay on that long slab of Johns and Emmas. To her surprise, the old sexton was again sitting in his guardian chair.

'Yes, ye be in good time, Miss, service bain't till eight;' and then he stept out under the chestnuts to exchange Whitsun greetings with old friends. Felicia seized the moment's secure solitude to lay upon that slab her bunch of innocent spring flowers; but by a sudden inspiration and decision, upon the little Bertha's name, although of what kin to *him* she knew not.

Footsteps were approaching, and she stole quietly to the southern aisle and found shelter under Delicia's rose-tree window; and then looked up to find the whole chancel freshly decked with the sweetest white and crimson hothouse roses. Some one, nay, many willing workers, had been at work that morning long before she had even thought of her own little offering of love. Two or three worshippers had passed quietly by before she felt Mr. Lambarde and his nephew pause beside that suddenly decked stone. 'Can Delicia darling have done this?' murmured the one in a well-pleased whisper to the other. And yet this seemed impossible, though they were beginning to feel her a fairy sprite upon their hands.

Felicia let all go and come without moving from her knees or from that corner, and then wandered about the lanes, the meadows, watching the busy rooks in a group of giant firs, the happy lambs, the grazing cattle, thinking how still more delicious was an English Sunday than its eve, and only when the chimes struck up at the half-hour to eleven turned towards the Court.

Delicia and her kind host were within the flagged square hall, which in summer time still served as the common living-room, Aunt Emma gone upstairs to put on her bonnet. He was taking her the round of his curiosities, she delighting 'Cousin John' with all her prattling questions. But when Felicia's shadow fell across the open doorway, and a faint tinkle came from the hanging bell, whose long wooden handle she had feared to pull too strongly, the child ran to her crying—

'Oh, Mamie, my dear Mrs. Darling——'

'But surely you have learned that I am not that,' interrupted the girl anxiously, 'only Felicia Lovibond——' and John Lambarde smiled assent.

‘Oh, Mamie, he isn’t father but some one just as good!’

‘No, no, Delicia darling, that’s impossible——’

‘And he is Cousin John.’

‘The true John Denne Lambarde’s second cousin,’ spake their host.

‘And he and Aunt Emma both say you must stay the whole week here, sketch the Court, and the oak gallery, and—oh, ever, ever so many things!’

‘“Must,” little maid? Nay, that we trust she will, and thus let us make true friends with one who has been such a true friend to our little orphan kinswoman.’

‘But we must go to Ashford, where *he* went to school, and Warwick, where his first wife was born. And then—then back to America, to—to plant these chestnuts on his grave,’ answered Felicia, trying to keep voice and eyes quite steady.

‘But *after* you have spent this week with my sister and myself, we hope?’ and both his kind hands were around the hand Delicia had left free.

‘And you won’t *mind* sketching the oak gallery; it’s very pretty, Mamie; not like that gallery you painted for ten shillings in New York, not old a bit, all sham.’

They stayed. It was a very happy week.

‘Now, don’t you think he really is just as good as father?’ demanded Dessie, when they were at last alone upon their way to Ashford.

‘Not quite, Dessie. Oh, not quite!’ and even this admission gave her pain.

But three months later Felicia had changed this opinion.

‘But—but I must go first back to America!’ she cried loyally, ‘those chestnuts—I can’t break my word to him, even—even, dear John, for you. Wait till the spring.’

‘But I am not young. I dare not wait, lose sight of you. We will go together, and be back before the winter. Emma and I have talked it over and settled everything. I think we might contrive to take some of the young seedling chestnuts in the avenue.’

‘But, Delicia darling?’ There was still a half-sob in her voice, although he was so very good to her, with all her grateful love.

‘Aunt Emma will take care of our Delicia darling for us, teach her needlework, and John Fenoulhet start her in both French and Latin.’

So they were married, crossed the seas just after the equinoctial gales were over, and were back to keep their Christmas in the old Lambarde home.

‘It does seem comfortable after all our hotel-life,’ whispered Felicia gratefully, ‘and all America seemed one huge hotel.’

‘We are much indebted to Captain Tritton for having put the old Court into such excellent repair,’ replied John Lambarde, ‘made it a truer home of English comfort than ever before in my memory, or in my father’s, or even father’s father, before me, I am very sure.’

Mrs. Fenoulhet and her son, and their little American cousin, all came down to keep that Christmas of 1881 with them, and then sorrowfully left the little cherished cousin behind them.

‘You can’t want her now,’ said John Fenoulhet next Michaelmas Day, when he and his mother had stood fellow-sponsors to a new John Denne Lambarde; half in earnest, half to tease his little playfellow cousin.

‘We do,’ said John Lambarde, putting his arm around Delicia; ‘this will always be our eldest’—looking across to the wife this child had brought him.

Felicia smiled. She was very happy; but not quite so ready to speak as eighteen months ago. Her husband said there was no need; he read her meaning in her eyes, her ways, her very silences. And one silent feeling of that day he had read, and read aright, and tenderly rejoiced in,—‘dear faithful heart,’ his mental comment. And this was that it had still given Felicia Lambarde as much satisfaction that her little son should have been christened in ‘father’s font’ as it had to her still demonstrative as well as trusting little sister, ‘Delicia Darling.’

A. C. D.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXIII.

1648—1649.

THE REGICIDE.

THE English Revolution had been begun by men who believed the Crown to have usurped unconstitutional authority both in Church and State, and wished to limit its power chiefly as exerted through the Court of High Commission and the Star Chamber.

These men, when the appeal to arms came, had taken different sides, according to their sense of duty, either to the King or to the country. Almost all the most distinguished among them had perished on the field of battle, while the less noted and able had—in the hopes of political victory—identified themselves with the Scottish Presbyterians and accepted the covenant. They had thrown over the Church, but did not want to throw over the King, and they still formed the majority in Parliament.

The new party were however the strongest, though by no means the most numerous. There were political and theoretic republicans, whose object was to do away entirely with monarchy; and there were the mass of the Ironsides, or Levellers, as they called themselves, who viewed royalty and loyalty as the Israelites viewed the seven nations of Canaan.

There was also a considerable cavalier party, but crushed, dispersed, and rendered almost helpless by the last unfortunate attempt. The great body of the nation, though once chafed and angered by small tyrannies, had come to feel the pressure of the war far worse, to miss their Church ordinances, to pity their King, and to grieve for the cheerful days past; but they were helpless and exhausted, and would probably rather have endured anything instead of a renewal of the war.

To none of the parties enumerated did Oliver Cromwell belong; though he was the idol of the army, and used it as his instrument. He was the only existing person in England—perhaps in Europe—who united the attributes of practical greatness, as soldier and statesman, and he had thus risen to be the leader. Face to face, hardly any one could stand against his determination, whether couched in brief sharp words, or in long winding speeches. His character is one that it is almost impossible to understand. He seems to have been to a certain degree a fanatic, but with fanaticism subordinate to the strongest common sense and decision. He believed himself a Divine

instrument, and instantly perceiving what would lead to success, he carried it out, without questioning whether it were morally right or wrong, or rather supposing that because it occurred to him, it must be done, and was the right course.

Probably he had as little idea where these measures would lead him as the meanest soldier in his army, and thus he was the more led to believe in his Divine appointment. At the present juncture, he beheld the army resolved to do away with monarchy, and the Parliament hankering after a reconciliation with the King, and he well knew which was the strongest. Moreover, Charles's nature was that which he would most condemn. Indecision and doubt, scrupulous and tender-hearted piety, yielding concessions inch by inch, and halting where conscience came in, seeking counsellors all round to reinforce that conscience, these traits seemed to him mere hypocrisy. He knew likewise that whatever Charles might grant contrary to his own sense of duty to the Church and State, he would consider as unjustly forced from him, and revoke if ever he had the power.

Once Cromwell had seemed inclined to restore the King, under strong restrictions, as preferable to the remains of the Presbyterian Parliament. The Levellers had shown that the army would not endure the idea; Charles himself had again shown his desire for emancipation by Scottish and cavalier hands, and Cromwell decided that to sweep him out of the way would be getting rid of an obstruction to the settlement of affairs. It must be done by assisting the army to overrule the Parliament, and yet leaving enough of the latter to give a species of constitutional form to a judicial murder. The thing was to be done, and therefore the sense of expediency in Oliver Cromwell's mind seemed to him a direct inspiration driving him on, and conquering all scruples. No doubt it was a gigantic instance of self-deceit, making the intuitive perception of what was best for policy and ambition appear to him like heavenly direction. There can be no doubt that he really wished for the welfare and peace of the country, and felt himself called to take the lead by the fact that there was nobody else capable of so doing, and thus he lost sight of the crimes into which he was led. It was as if, in a mutinous ship, the only able mariner decided on throwing a feeble captain overboard in order to be able to take the helm and quell the disturbance, having already wrought himself into a state of blindness by mutinous discontent and contempt alike of the captain and the articles of war.

There was great indignation among the Presbyterian members of Parliament, who had guaranteed the King's safety and liberty for twenty days after the conference with the commissioners, and who held themselves dishonoured by his violent deportation to Hurst. They voted that he had been taken away without the knowledge or consent of the House, and they renewed the debate on the terms of peace with him. Fiennes and Prynne spoke strongly in favour of it,

and Prynne's conclusion was memorable. It was the last at that sitting, given at nine o'clock in the morning, after twenty-four hours of debate: 'Mr. Speaker, it is said that if we displease the army we are lost. One of their leaders has just declared to us that they would lay down their arms and serve us no longer; and then, it is urged, what would become of us and our faithful friends? If such were the case, I own I should prize little the protection of servants so inconstant and mutinous. I make no doubt that if the army forsook us, God and the kingdom would be with us, and if we can conclude this treaty with the King, I hope we shall not stand henceforth in need of the services of the army. Be it as it may, "*fiat justitia, ruat cælum*"—Let us do our duty and leave the event to God.'

After this there was a division: 140 in favour of accepting the King's terms and restoring him, 104 Independents against it. Ludlow and Hutchinson attempted a protest, but there was a clear majority against them, and Parliament had at last decided on peace with the King.

But it was too late. They had to give up the delusion that they were the masters of the realm. Cromwell had not yet arrived in London, though he was near at hand, and either had given directions or infused enough of his spirit into his officers to decide the steps they took. Fairfax was in London, but though nominally commander-in-chief, the Levellers held him as at heart, parliamentarian, and left him in ignorance of their purpose.

A council of officers and of the Independent minority was held in early morning, and three members and three soldiers were chosen to carry out their design. A list of the House of Commons was laid on the table, and names were marked off, happily not for proscription, but expulsion. The next day, the 6th of December, 1648, Skippon consented to remove the militia guard of the House, and two regiments, one of horse under Colonel Rich, one of foot under Colonel Pryde, took their place, and occupied every entrance to the House.

Colonel Pryde himself stood at the door of the Commons' chamber, with the list in his hand; while Lord Grey of Groby and an usher stood by him to name each member who attempted to pass. As each marked man arrived, the Colonel said, 'You shall not go in;' and those who resisted were seized and expelled. All the other entrances were closed and guarded by soldiers, who only laughed at the protests and attempts of the members. Prynne said, 'I will not go back a step of my own accord,' on which he was actually kicked downstairs! Forty-one members were thus turned back. The same scene was repeated on the ensuing day, and some others were arrested in their houses, till 143 of the moderate men had been expelled by this audacious measure, which became known as Pryde's purge. The remnant, who were either of the same mind as the army or lacked nerve to resist, were called by the derisive royalists 'the Rump.'

Cromwell arrived and took his seat the next day, swearing that he

had known nothing of the measure; 'but now the deed is done, I am glad of it, and it must be supported.' He wrote to Fairfax that it had been done by inspiration, and Hugh Peters preached to that effect, declaring that the saints of the army would not only extirpate monarchy in England, but in France and all the nations round! It was true that the King was doomed. The real power was in the hands of two committees of officers, one, of the superior ones, the other, of the Levellers and wilder fanatics. When a measure was decided on, it was sent down to the obedient Parliament to give it what was held to be legal sanction.

Plans for a republic were drafted, and petitions sent up demanding that the King should be brought to trial for having levied war upon the nation, and thus caused bloodshed.

A detachment was sent to Hurst Castle to bring the King to London for trial. It arrived in the middle of the night of the 17th of December, and Charles was awakened by the rattling of the chains of the drawbridge and the tramp of horsemen. Before it was light he rang for Herbert, who slept in the next room. 'Did you hear nothing last night?' he asked.

'I heard the drawbridge lowered,' replied Herbert, 'but I dared not, without your Majesty's orders, go out of my room at so unseasonable an hour.'

The King bade him go and find out who had arrived, and he presently came back with the tidings that the officer in command was Colonel Harrison, at which Charles's countenance became agitated, for the name was well known to him as that of one of the sternest fanatics among the Levellers. He asked, 'Are you sure it is Harrison?'

'It was Captain Reynolds who told me so.'

'Then I believe it,' said the King. 'Did you see the Colonel?'

'No, sir.'

'Did Reynolds tell you for what purpose he came?'

'I did all in my power to ascertain, but the only answer I could obtain was that the motive of his coming would soon be known.'

The King then sent Herbert away, and spent an hour alone, and when he recalled his faithful servant he had tears in his eyes, and looked so much distressed that Herbert ventured to remark it.

'I am not frightened,' he said; 'but what you cannot know is that this is the man who had formed the project of murdering me during the last negotiations. A letter informed me of it. I do not remember having ever seen him or done him any injury. I would not be taken by surprise. This place is just fit for such a crime. Return and ask again what brought Harrison hither?'

Herbert was able this time to learn that Colonel Harrison was come to escort his Majesty to Windsor within three days. This seemed to Charles a good omen; he brightened up, saying, 'Well

and good. Windsor is a place where I have always enjoyed myself. It will make up for what I have suffered here.'

The letter accusing Harrison must have been a false alarm, for there was nothing of the assassin in him. He was a wild fanatic, full of visions and imaginary revelations, one of those men whom the success of the arms that they imagined to be peculiarly blessed had driven almost frantic. He looked on Charles as an obstacle to the reign of the saints and to be swept away, but only in battle or on the scaffold, not by private murder.

After two days Colonel Cobbett brought word that he was to take the King to Windsor, whither Harrison was preceding him. Charles was ready and eager to leave the gloomy chambers of Hurst, and after going three miles was met by an escort of horse. As he passed on horseback people came out to watch him, some merely to stare, but others doing him obeisance, weeping and praying aloud for him. At Winchester, the mayor and aldermen came to meet him with the mace and keys of the city, and had begun a speech full of loyal affection when Cobbett rudely pushed in among them demanding whether they had forgotten that whosoever should thus address the King was a traitor. They had not the spirit to withstand him, but humbly apologised.

Between Alresford and Farnham another escort relieved guard. Their commanding officer was a well-dressed gentlemanly-looking man, in a velvet cap, and fringed silk crimson sash over his buff coat, and he made a respectful salute as the King rode past him. Charles asked who he was, and on hearing he was Harrison, surveyed him so steadily that the colonel retired behind the other soldiers to avoid his gaze. Charles observed, 'That man has the air of a true soldier. I understand physiognomy; his I like. He is no murderer.'

The halt for the night was made at Farnham, under the shadow of the ruined castle of the Bishops of Winchester. There Charles seeing Harrison in a corner of the supper-room, beckoned to him, and Harrison came up with a manner awkward between shyness and self-assertion, his excitable temperament no doubt stirred to the depths by the presence of one whom he thought the enemy of Heaven and the country, yet whose quiet kingly dignity in misfortune could not but be impressive. The King took him by the arm, and leading him into the embrasure of a window, held nearly an hour's conversation, even asking whether the warning of his intentions had been well founded.

'Nothing can be more false,' said Harrison. 'This is what I said, and I can repeat it: it is that justice should have its course alike for all persons, and that the law is alike for great and small.'

Charles said no more, and sat down to supper. He was to reach Windsor the next day, and he insisted on halting to dine at Bagshot, at the house of his faithful friend Lord Newburgh, nor did Harrison venture on a refusal. The fact was that Lord Newburgh possessed a

horse which was supposed to be the swiftest in England, and he had proposed to give this animal to his master wherewith to repeat the escape of Edward from Simon de Montfort; and with this view, Charles was continually complaining of the one he rode between Farnham and Bagshot, and expressing his desire of changing it; but when he reached Lord Newburgh's house, the fleet horse proved to have been so badly kicked in the stable as to be useless. None of the others equalled it, and apparently suspicion had been excited, for all the rest of the way the guards kept very close to their captive with their pistols cocked. He was much pleased to find himself at his beautiful home at Windsor, where his own room had been prepared for him, and he seemed almost to forget that he was a prisoner, even saving the seed of some Spanish melons to be planted at Oatlands.

At that very moment the small fragment which called itself the House of Commons was debating on bringing him to trial. A few even there were against it, wishing simply to depose him, like Edward II. or Richard II.; and Cromwell said, 'If anyone made this motion from a premeditated design, I should regard him as the most signal traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity have thrown the house into this deliberation, I pray God to bless its counsels, though I am not ready to give my advice immediately.'

A charge of tyrannical intentions enforced by bloodshed was drawn up against the King by a committee of thirty-eight accepted by the Commons, and sent up to what remained of the House of Lords, only thirteen in number, who rejected it with one accord. 'There is no parliament without the King,' said Lord Manchester, 'so the King cannot commit treason against parliament.' Lord Denbigh said he would be torn in pieces rather than consent, and all the rest agreed, by this time heartily regretting that they had opened the flood-gates of rebellion.

However, the Rump, with closed doors, decided that the people were the source of power, and that they themselves, as the representatives of the people, were supreme, and needed no concurrence of king or peers.

So a High Court of Justice was selected by them, consisting of 150 commissioners, but out of those named, three judges, six peers, eleven baronets, ten knights, and six aldermen utterly refused to take any part in the proceedings. The number was fixed at 135, of whom 20 might form a quorum. Thirty-seven of these belonged to the army. There were three peers, Monson, Lisle, and Grey of Groby, most of the Rump, and three serjeants-at-law, of whom John Bradshaw was the most noted. He was a cousin of the poet Milton, a grave man of mild manners, and a strong republican. As he was a lawyer of some eminence, and no judge would be on this illegal commission, he was chosen to preside.

No more than fifty-eight of those nominated ever appeared. Fairfax came to the first private consultation, but never again, and

others only came to protest. 'I tell you we will cut his head off with the crown upon it,' exclaimed Cromwell; and after this the opponents of extreme measures ceased to sit with the others, who took their measures undisturbed.

With sound of trumpet and beat of drum, proclamation was made in all the principal places in London that the King was about to be tried, and all who had any complaints against him should bring them forward. Moreover the Great Seal, bearing King Charles's effigy, was broken, and a new one made, one side of which bore 'The Great Seal of England,' and the other 'In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing restored, 1648.' It was the 20th of January, but the year was still reckoned from the 21st of March. At the same time, persons were appointed to take an exact inventory of all the royal castles and palaces, and their contents, which henceforth would become the property of the nation. The trial was fixed for the 20th, and Colonel Whitchcott, the Governor of Windsor, informed the King that he was to be taken to London for it. He had been so hopeful that the news came as a blow; but he said, 'God is everywhere, and in all places the same in power and goodness.'

At the same time all tokens of respect at his meals were dropped, and he was served like any ordinary gentleman. 'Is there anything more contemptible than a despised prince?' he said; and after this he always ate in private.

On the 19th of January, Harrison came to fetch him. A coach and six horses were sent for him, and he was conveyed to St. James's Palace, where he was closely guarded, two sentinels placed at his door, and he was allowed no attendant save Herbert, who slept by his bedside.

On the 20th at noon he was brought in a sedan chair to Westminster Hall. The commissioners were in the painted chamber, when Cromwell, looking from the window, turned somewhat pale, and exclaimed, 'Here he is—here he is, gentlemen! The hour of the great affair approaches. I beseech you to decide speedily what answer you will give him, for he will immediately ask by what authority you pretend to judge him.'

No one found an answer, but Henry Martyn said, 'In the name of the Commons assembled in parliament, and of all the good people of England.'

The Court then marched in procession into the hall, Bradshaw going at their head with the sword and mace carried before him. These were laid on a table in front of an elevated chair covered with red velvet, where he sat, and all the commissioners who chose to appear around him. A velvet chair was set for the King at the other end of the table exactly opposite to him. There were guards and barriers, and the lower end of the hall was given up to the people. The King was carried up to his seat in the sedan, between two files of soldiers, commanded by Colonel Hacker. He came

forward, and gazed fixedly on the tribunal without raising his hand towards his hat, sat down, then rose, turned round and looked again on the mass of people, meeting all their gazing eyes with his deep melancholy calm glance of compassionate upbraiding. There was a great silence through that vast densely thronged hall. It was broken by Bradshaw :

‘Charles Stewart, King of England, the Commons of England, being deeply sensible of the calamities which you have brought on the nation, which have been fixed on you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquisition for blood, and according to the debt and duty they owe to God, to justice, the kingdom and themselves, they have resolved to bring you to trial and to judgment, and for this purpose have constituted the High Court of Justice before which you are brought.’

Coke, who acted as solicitor-general, stood up to speak the charge, but the King held up a cane as a sign of silence, called out ‘Hold,’ and gave him a tap on the shoulder to enforce attention. The gold head of the cane fell off. The King’s face showed for a moment that this was a shock. He stooped, picked it up, and seated himself, while Coke went on, ‘My Lord, I am come to charge Charles Stewart, King of England, in the name of the Commons of England, with high crimes and misdemeanours.’

He then gave the charge to his clerk to read the whole of the accusations of having conspired against liberty, despised the laws, levied war, stirred up Irish papists, shed the blood of the people, and the like. ‘Charles Stewart is a tyrant and a traitor,’ the words went, at which the King gave a short laugh.

Bradshaw called on him to answer.

Gravely, clearly, and without the wonted hesitation in his speech, Charles demanded by what authority he, the lawful King, was brought thither.

‘By the authority of the people of England who had elected you king.’

‘England is not an elective kingdom,’ returned Charles, ‘but an hereditary kingdom these thousand years. I stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges.’ Then he appealed to his guards whether they had not brought him thither by force, and ended with ‘Where are the lords? I do not see that there are any present to constitute a parliament. A king also would be necessary. Is this what you call bringing the King to his parliament?’

‘Sir,’ said Bradshaw, ‘the Court are waiting for your definitive answer. If what we tell you of our authority is not sufficient for you, it is for us, for we know that it is founded on the authority of God and the kingdom.’

‘It is neither my opinion nor yours that is to decide,’ returned Charles. Bradshaw then adjourned the Court till the Monday. As

the King rose, he pointed with his cane to the sword on the table, and said, 'I do not fear that.'

In the crowd, as he was taken downstairs, a few voices cried 'Justice! justice!' but many more, 'God save your Majesty!'

And in spite of orders that there should be perfect silence, the same acclamations greeted his arrival on the Monday.

Again he utterly denied the authority of the Court, when called upon to plead 'guilty or not guilty.'

'You have no reasons to give against the highest of all jurisdiction,' said Bradshaw.

'Then show me this jurisdiction in which reason is not heard,' said Charles.

'Sir, we show it to you here,' said Bradshaw, apparently missing the irony of the speech; 'it is the Commons of England. Sergeant, take away the prisoner.'

Then Charles turned round to the people behind his chair and said, 'Remember that the King of England is condemned without being allowed to give his reasons in favour of the English people!'

'God save the King!' was the shout from all the spectators.

One soldier, as the prisoner left the hall, echoed the cry. His officer struck him on the mouth. 'Sir,' said Charles, 'the punishment exceeds the offence.'

In fact the soldiers began to fear that he would be spared, and began to shout, 'Justice! Execution.' The next two days the Court sat in the painted chamber with closed doors, examining witnesses in the absence of the prisoner, and of course what the Commission chose to call treason was palpable to all men; but endeavours were being made on every side to rescue the King. The Scottish commissioners made a formal and solemn protest against the whole proceeding, declaring in the name of their kingdom and Parliament that they dissented from, abominated and detested the monstrous design against his Majesty's life. A Dutch embassy was on its way to intercede for him; John Cromwell, a cousin of Oliver's, an officer in the service of the States, preceded it, and argued fervently and passionately with his kinsman. The Prince of Wales wrote to Fairfax literally offering *carte blanche* if his father's life were spared, and the Queen sent an ardent letter begging permission to return and be with her husband. Just then too the Eikon Basilike was brought out, and handed about reverently among the royalists, who read with hot tears the pious meditations and prayers of their captive master; while the more moderate Puritans were struck by seeing how they had misjudged him. The opinion of the country and of the City of London was plain enough, but all this only served to give impetus to the determination of the Levellers to hasten their proceedings and prevent what they viewed as a great act of justice from being frustrated; Cromwell himself had been gradually worked up to regard it as just and necessary, and as the only way of tran-

quillising the country. He therefore held it to be Divinely appointed, and set his resolute will and force of character to hinder any faltering in its accomplishment.

On the 25th of January the sentence was drawn up by a committee consisting of Scott, Marten, Harrison, Lisle, Say, Ireton and Love. It was debated over on the following day, and on the 27th the Court assembled to deliver it. The names of all the commissioners were called over as usual. Sir Thomas Fairfax had never been present since the first preliminary meeting, and now, when his name occurred, a woman's voice exclaimed, 'He has more wit than to be here!' and those near enough recognised his wife. The roll was proceeded with, and sixty-seven made answer.

The King was brought in, amid ferocious cries of the soldiery for justice and execution, specially excited by Axtell, the commander of the guard, but the people kept a grieved and shocked silence. Bradshaw wore scarlet robes instead of the plain black lawyer's gown in which he had hitherto appeared, and Charles saw plainly why he had been brought in.

'Sir,' he said to Bradshaw, 'I shall ask to speak a word. I hope I shall not give you occasion to interrupt me.'

'You shall answer in your turn,' said Bradshaw; 'first listen to the Court.' But, divining that he should not then be permitted utterance, Charles persisted.

'Sir, if you please, I desire to be heard. It is but one word. An immediate judgment——'

Bradshaw broke in: 'Sir, you shall be heard in due time. You are first to hear the Court.'

'Sir, I desire——' began the King, then changing to, 'What I have to say is concerning that which the Court is, I think, about to pronounce, and it is not easy, sir, to recall a hurried judgment.'

To which Bradshaw replied, 'You will be heard, sir, when judgment is passed; till then you are to abstain from speaking.'

Charles then sat down as if reassured, and Bradshaw proceeded: 'Gentlemen, you are well acquainted that the prisoner at the bar has several times been brought before the Court to answer a charge of high treason, and other great crimes brought against him in the name of the people of England.'

'Not one half of them,' cried the same voice as had answered when Fairfax's name was called. 'Where are the people? Where is their consent? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!'

'Down! down!' shouted Axtell. 'Soldiers, fire at them.'

It was soon known that the voice came from Lady Fairfax; but there was a great disturbance, and the soldiers had much difficulty in obtaining silence, when Bradshaw again spoke; and after going through the King's alleged crimes, said that though the Court was agreed on the sentence, they would consent to hear him speak, provided he ceased to impugn the validity of the Court. On which Charles replied—

'I demand to be heard in the Painted Chamber, by the Lords and Commons, a proposal which is of greater importance to the peace of the kingdom and to the liberty of my subjects than to my own preservation.'

There was considerable disturbance and debate, the commissioners consulting together, and some wishing to hear his proposal, thinking it might be to abdicate; but Bradshaw, like a lawyer, held to his opinion that the Court was a sufficient authority, and there were others who cared for no law, but for what they thought justice. Every time the King renewed his demand for a constitutional hearing before the other estates of the realm, the insolent soldiers puffed tobacco smoke in his face, and grumbled in coarse language at the length of the affair, while Axtell laughed and joked. If Charles turned towards them and begged for a hearing, they shouted the louder 'Justice! Execution!' At last he cried, 'Hear me! hear me!' in a tone of anguish, but they only bawled him down.

One of the Commission, Colonel Downs, was so much shocked at this brutality that he became violently agitated. 'Have we hearts of stone?' said he. 'Are we men?'

'You will ruin yourself and us with you,' said his neighbour, Cawley.

'No matter,' said Downs; 'if I were to die for it, I must do it.'

Here Cromwell turned round on him and sternly said—

'Colonel, are you in your senses? What are you thinking of? Cannot you sit still?'

'No,' said Downs firmly; 'I cannot sit still,' and immediately rising, he said to the president: 'My lord, my conscience is not enlightened enough to allow me to refuse the prisoner's request. I move that the Court should retire and deliberate.'

'Since a member requires it,' returned Bradshaw, 'the Court must retire.'

Accordingly they did so, and the King had to wait in silence the consultation on which his fate turned, for except in that packed Court, in the midst of an intimidated people, the act of wickedness could not have been committed.

Cromwell endeavoured to browbeat the Colonel, abusing him as the cause of so much trouble and disturbance; but John Downs shares with Anne Fairfax the honour of having been the only persons who raised any voice for their sovereign in this crisis of his fate. He spoke boldly in the face of Cromwell, declaring that common justice required that the King should have a hearing, and he persisted, though the General kept on walking round him, and interrupting him continually.

'Is it proper,' demanded Cromwell, 'that the whole Court should be disturbed and crossed by the obstinacy of one man? We see the aim of all this; he would fain save his old master. Let us return and do our duty.'

Colonel Harvey tried to support Downs, and so did a few others; but they were borne down, and in half-an-hour they returned, when

Bradshaw informed the King that the request was refused. Charles was silent, and Bradshaw proceeded.

‘If you have nothing to add, we shall proceed to pass sentence.’

‘I shall say no more,’ replied the King. ‘I only desire that what I have said may be placed on record.’

On this Bradshaw told him that he was about to hear his sentence, but previously made a long speech in vindication of the proceedings and reproaches of the King. Charles attempted to speak in answer, but was silenced, and Bradshaw bade the recorder read the sentence of death by beheading in two days’ time, the 30th of January.

‘Sir,’ said the King, ‘will you hearken to me one word?’

‘You cannot be heard after the sentence,’ returned Bradshaw.

‘Not heard, sir?’

‘Begging your leave, no, sir. Guards, take away the prisoner.’

‘I can speak after the sentence,’ reiterated the King. ‘With your permission I have still the right to speak after the sentence. With your permission——’

‘Wait, the sentence, sir, the sentence.’

‘I say, sir, that—— I am not allowed to speak! Think what justice others can expect.’

All these broken sentences were uttered without temper, and with dignity, but the soldiers seized on him, and carried him to his sedan, insulting him in every way, some throwing lighted pipes in his way, some puffing smoke at him, one even spitting in his face, all shouting ‘Justice! Execution!’ to drown the cries of ‘God save your Majesty!’ ‘God deliver your Majesty from the hands of your enemies,’ which came from the people. Till he had seated himself, the bearers kept their heads uncovered, though the brutal Axtell repeatedly gave orders to the contrary, and even struck one of them. As they bore him back to Whitehall, with the soldiers marching on either side of his chair, the streets, windows, and shops were thronged with people, many weeping, many praying aloud for the King, while the soldiers continued their shouts.

‘Poor souls,’ said Charles, as he alighted at Whitehall; ‘for a shilling they would do the same by their own officers!’

As soon as he had reached his own rooms, he said to Herbert—

‘Hark you, my nephew and a few lords who are attached to me will do all in their power to see me. I am thankful to them; but my time is short and precious; I wish to employ it in the care of my soul; I hope then that they will not take offence that I refuse to see any one except my children. The greatest service that can now be rendered to me by those who love me is to pray for me.’

By his nephew he meant Charles Louis, the Elector Palatine, who was on good terms with the parliament. He also begged for the ministry of the Bishop of London, William Juxon, who was living unmolested in London, and had been already permitted to see him, on the intercession of Hugh Peters.

On the next morning, the 28th, a Sunday, he was removed to St. James's, where the Bishop came to him, and was at first in a speechless agony of grief.

'Leave off this, my lord,' said he; 'we have not time for it. Let us think of our great work, and prepare to meet that great God to whom, ere long, I must give an account of myself. I hope I shall do it with peace, and that you will assist me therein. We will talk no more of these rogues in whose hands I am. They thirst for my blood, and they will have it. I thank my God I have heartily forgiven them. I will talk of them no more.'

Nor did he say a bitter word of any. All through the Sunday he was reading and praying with the Bishop, though interrupted at short intervals by the sentinels, who kept on opening the door to ascertain that he was present, also by messages from the nobles he had expected to beg to take a last farewell of him. These he refused, entreating them to pray for him. He went to the chapel at St. James's, where the Bishop preached on Romans ii. 16, and administered to him the Holy Communion. Mr. Seymour brought him an affectionate letter from his eldest son, and fell into a paroxysm of grief, kissing his hands, embracing his legs, and weeping so bitterly than even Hacker, who came in with the guards, was abashed.

There was a still sadder interview to come, namely, that with his children, Elizabeth and Henry, who were still at Sion House under the care of the Earl of Northumberland. Elizabeth, who was twelve years old, had been lying as if dead ever since the news of the sentence had reached her, but on being told that he wished to see her, she roused herself, and she wrote an account, for her mother, of this interview. It was fifteen months since she had seen her father, and she was struck with the alteration in his appearance, his grey hair and neglected dress. She burst into a passion of tears, but he soothed her, took her on his knee, and begged her to be calm enough to listen to him, as he had things to tell her that he could not confide to anyone else. He told her not to grieve, for he should die a glorious death; for the laws and liberties of the land and the true Protestant religion. He bade her read 'Bishop Andrewes' Sermons,' 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity,' and 'Laud's book against Fisher,' to arm her against Popery. He told her that he had forgiven all his enemies, and desired that all his children should forgive them likewise, and sent word to her mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her. After other injunctions, which she did not record, he said, 'Sweetheart, you will forget this.'

'No, never while I live,' she cried.

Then, putting her down, he took little Henry on his knee.

'Sweetheart, they will cut off thy father's head.'

The boy gazed steadfastly on him, and he added: 'Mark, child, what I say, they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king;

but, mark what I say, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last, and therefore I charge you be not made a king by them.'

The child, with a long sigh, said, 'I will be torn in pieces first.'

Charles then divided between the children the contents of a small casket of jewels, consisting chiefly of broken collars of the Garter and Georges, whose owners had fallen in his service. He only retained his own to wear till the last moment. Then he kissed and blessed them, and was turning away when, at an irrepressible lamentable cry from the poor princess, he came back from the door, and gave her another last embrace and blessing.

Meantime the Court had met in Westminster Hall to sign the order for his execution to take place between 2 and 5 P.M. the next afternoon. Many of the commissioners played the part of Pilate, most unwilling to sign, trying to escape from the chamber, but turned back by two of the more determined who stood at the door; and their signatures were so uncertainly scribbled as to be scarcely legible. Fairfax was not present. Cromwell had worked himself into a state of violent excitement which found vent in horse-play. After writing his own name, he smeared the ink over Henry Marten's face. His cousin, Colonel Ingoldsby, was on the list of judges, but had never appeared till on this morning he had the misfortune to pass through the hall. 'This time,' cried Cromwell, 'he shall not escape.' Ingoldsby was seized on by absolute force, and Oliver put the pen into his unwilling fingers and guided his hand. Thus fifty-nine signatures were collected, about a third even of the closely packed commission of judges.

The order was addressed to Colonels Hacker and Huncks and Lieutenant Phayre to prepare everything for the execution.

Then, and not till then, did the House of Commons admit the two Dutch ambassadors, who had been five days soliciting an audience, and had striven to get the French and Spanish ambassadors to join with them, but neither would stir. The one said he had foreseen all along to what things were coming, the other that he had no instructions from his sovereign. The two Dutchmen pleaded hard, but in vain. Then at 12 o'clock on the 30th they saw Fairfax, and roused him into saying he would go to Westminster and try to get a reprieve, but it was too late, the streets were already filling with soldiers on horseback, and the King was expected at Whitehall.

Early in the morning, Harrison and Ireton, who slept in the same bed, had been visited there by Cromwell, Axtell, Hacker, Huncks, and Phayre, that the warrant to the executioner might be drawn out. Cromwell bade Huncks write it, but he refused, and was called 'a stubborn grumbler;' while Axtell said, 'You make me ashamed; the vessel is in the harbour, and you want to furl the sails before the anchor is cast.' Cromwell then, muttering between his teeth, sat down

and wrote the warrant; but even then Huncks would not sign it, though Hacker readily did so.

Bishop Juxon and Sir Thomas Herbert had with difficulty persuaded Hacker not to place two musqueteers to watch in the King's bed-room all night, and no one was there but the latter's faithful attendant, who lay on a pallet on the floor, often waking, in the light cast by a wick set in a cake of wax in a silver basin, and wondering at the regular breathing of his master.

Early, however, Charles opened his curtains and said, 'I have a great work to do to-day, I must get up immediately.' Then he observed on his friend's troubled rest, and Herbert said he had been dreaming that Archbishop Laud came into the room, conversed with the King, gave a great sigh, and fell down prostrate on the floor.

'It is very remarkable,' said the King, 'but he is dead. Yet had we conversed together in life, it is very likely, albeit I loved him well, I should have said something that would have made him sigh.'

Herbert's hand shook in combing the long hair of the 'grey dis-crowned head.' 'I pray you,' said the King, 'take as much pains as usual. Though my head is not to remain much longer on my shoulders, I will be dressed like a bridegroom. It is my second marriage day.'

He put on a second shirt. 'The season is so cold,' he said, 'that I might tremble. Some people would attribute it to fear, and I would not have such a supposition possible.'

At break of day the Bishop came, and the King gave in charge to him the books he wished to send to his children, as well as to Lord Lindsay and the Duchess of Richmond. They then spent some time in devotion, and the Bishop read the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, giving the narrative of the Crucifixion. Charles thanked him for choosing what was so comforting and applicable. 'May it please your Majesty,' said the Bishop, 'it is the Lesson appointed for the day.'

He was much pleased and touched. A knock came to the door, which Herbert would not hear, but at the second the King sent him to open. It was Hacker, in a good deal of agitation, come to tell him that it was time to take him to Whitehall, but he would still have some space there. The King spent a few minutes more in silent prayer, then took Juxon's hand, and said, 'Come, let us go.' He asked the hour, and gave Herbert the silver watch that usually hung by his bed.

The way was across St. James's Park. He walked between Juxon and Colonel Tomlinson, his head erect, and with a rapid step. The troops escorted him on either side, drums beating and colours flying. As he passed along he observed, 'That tree was planted by my brother Henry.' One of the officers took this opportunity of asking him if he had any share in the death of his father.

'Friend,' said Charles gently, 'if I have no other sin—I speak it

with reverence to God's Majesty—to confess to God, I would never ask pardon of Him.'

Colonel Tomlinson behaved with feeling and respect, and Charles begged to have his attendance to the last, and talked about his own burial, and whom he would wish to have present.

He walked lightly up the stairs at Whitehall, and along the gallery to his own bed-room, where the Bishop was about to give him his last Communion, when a party of Independent ministers knocked at the door to offer their services.

'The King is at prayers,' they were told, but they persisted. 'Well, then,' said Charles, 'tell them I thank them heartily; but they have so often prayed against me, and without necessity, they shall not pray with me in my agony. They can, if they like, pray for me; I shall be grateful to them for that.'

The Eucharist was then celebrated, and Charles rising from his knees, said: 'Now, then, let these rascals come; I have forgiven them from my heart, and I am prepared for all that I have to go through.'

He had not eaten all the morning, and he was told that a dinner was prepared for him, but he refused. Juxon, however, said, 'It is very cold, and your Majesty has been long fasting; perhaps on the scaffold some fainting——'

'You are right,' said the King, and he took a piece of bread and some claret wine.

Then he chose the white satin night-cap under which his long hair was to be tucked up; but while he was praying apart, Herbert told the Bishop that he felt incapable of standing by his master at the block, on which Juxon undertook to be there, and took the cap, bidding him wait below to take charge of all that would soon remain of their beloved prince.

It was one o'clock, and Hacker knocked at the door. Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees, weeping. 'Rise, my old friend,' said Charles, and assisted the Bishop. The door was opened. 'Go on,' said the King to Hacker, 'I will follow you.' He walked on between two files of soldiers, all silent and grave, and a multitude of people rushed in behind them, weeping and praying for him, so that his face lighted up at the sound. This was in the great banqueting hall, designed by Inigo Jones for his father, and the ceiling painted by Rubens, with allegorical triumphs of James I. An opening had been made in the wall, enlarging the space of a window leading to the scaffold, which was hung with black, and ropes and staples had been prepared, under the idea that as Charles had denied the validity of the Court, he might, like the Countess of Salisbury, resist the sentence, and have to be bound down. Two men in sailor's dress stood by, masked, and the axe lay on the block.

The King came forth on the scaffold with his head raised in royal fashion, looking for the people, for whom he had prepared an address; but the entire area beneath was filled with soldiers, partly to prevent

him from being heard, and partly to obviate any attempt at a rescue, such as probably there might have been had not the proceedings been so much hurried that the greater part of England was scarcely aware of what was passing.

The King therefore turned to Juxon and Tomlinson, and said : ' I cannot be heard by many but yourselves, but to you I will address a few words.' These were calmly spoken, with only one interruption, when some one shook the axe, and he said, ' Touch not the axe. That may hurt me.' His speech was an exposition of his principles. ' For the people,' he said, ' truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whatsoever ; but I must tell you that liberty and freedom consist in having government—in having those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not their having a share in the Government. That is nothing appertaining to them. A subject and a sovereign are different things.'

The Bishop suggested that he should say something of his religious principles.

' I thank you,' he answered. ' I thank you heartily, for I had almost forgotten it. The truth, sirs, is, my conscience in religion is I think well known to all the world, and therefore I declare before you that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left to me by my father, and this honest man will witness it.'

He turned to Colonel Tomlinson, and said, ' Take care they do not put me to pain ; ' and again, on some one coming near, he called out, ' Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe,' having evidently a dread, not of death itself, but of the ineffectual blows struck at Mary of Scotland and Sir Walter Raleigh. He told the executioner that he should say a short prayer, ' And when I stretch out my hands, thus——'

Then, with the help of the Bishop, he put up his hair under the cap. ' I have on my side a good cause, and a gracious God,' he said.

' Yes, sir,' returned Juxon, ' there is but one stage more, and it will carry you from earth to Heaven.'

' I go,' he answered, ' from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where nothing can disturb.'

He asked if his hair were right, then took off his cloak and blue ribbon with the George, and handed it to Juxon, saying, ' Remember,' then took off his coat, and put on his cloak again—and looking at the block, desired that it might be placed firmly. He stood for a few moments silent, then knelt down, and laid his neck on the block. The executioner touched his hair to push it further back. ' Wait for the signal,' he said.

' I shall wait for your Majesty's good pleasure,' was the answer.

In another minute the King held out his hands, and with a single blow his head was severed. The executioner held it up with the

usual formula : 'This is the head of a traitor.' There was one low universal groan among the people, and many rushed forward to dip their kerchiefs in the blood.

Andrew Marvell, Milton's secretary, who was looking from a window, wrote :—

'He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But laid his comely head
Down as upon a bed.'

The word 'Remember' was believed to relate to the George, which Juxon was to deliver to his son. It remained to the last among his male descendants, and was sent to George IV. by Cardinal Henry Stewart on his death-bed.

Cromwell desired to see the body in its coffin, and took the head in his hands, observing, 'This was a well-constituted frame, and promised a long life.' In fact, Charles, who was just forty-nine, must have been a very strong man, since there is no record of his health having suffered through all his troubles.

CHARLES REX
1648

was engraven on his coffin, and after six days it was given up to Herbert and Mildmay, with orders to bury it at St. George's Chapel at Windsor. It was conveyed in a hearse covered with black velvet, and drawn by six black horses, followed by four mourning coaches. Juxon was in one, Herbert and a few other faithful servants, together with Charles's old friends, the Duke of Richmond and Marquess of Hertford, the Earl of Southampton, and the Earl of Lindsay, one of whom had left a brother and the other a father on the field of battle. The coffin was carried to the King's own bedchamber, which he had left only a fortnight before ; and the gentlemen went to the melancholy desolated chapel to choose a resting-place, where all their old landmarks, Altar and cross and banner, were gone. They found the graves of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, and this fixed the place by the eleventh stall on the sovereign's side of the choir.

As the procession moved towards the chapel, a shower of snow came on, and covered the pall. The little band recollected the white Coronation robes, and thought it meet that 'their King should go white to his grave.'

Bishop Juxon stood at the head of the grave with his Prayer-book to begin the burial service ; but Colonel Whichcote, the Governor, forbade it to be used, and in perfect silence the coffin was lowered into the vault, and there left. Whichcote forced the mourners immediately to leave the chapel, and locked the door.

Reports went about that the coffin was empty, and that the King had been interred elsewhere. Under George IV., however, the coffin was examined, and Sir Henry Hallford, the royal physician, wrote a minute account of the condition of the remains, which were un-

doubtedly those of Charles, for the spine at the neck was severed. A lock of the hair was given to Sir Walter Scott. It was of a dark chestnut, and some have said that this discredits his own verses mentioning of 'the grey discrowned head;' but besides that buried hair often seems to assume that tint, hoariness generally begins at the temples, where it is most remarked, though the mass at the back may be still of the original colour.

Charles the Martyr! So the English Church owned him, and the royalists mourned for him with passionate enthusiasm for many generations. And it was for the Church and her Bishops that he stood fast, when all the rest had been yielded or taken from him.

But there will always be two opinions about him. Those who cannot understand that Episcopacy is a vital part of the Faith once delivered to the Saints, think his endeavours in Scotland mere tyranny, and his resistance in England narrow-minded self-will. And his evident desire in politics to resume whatever he thought ought not to have been wrung from him, is taken as shiftiness and bad faith.

It was not conscious bad faith. He thought, protesting all the while, that it was only yielding to the storm for a time. He meant to be conscientious, and yet found himself struggling blindly with times he could not understand. Montrose, in an agony of grief, called him 'great, good, and just.' Great, he was not, or the Rebellion would never have taken place. Just he tried to be, but failed. Good he assuredly was, and there is no doubt that his martyrdom and Laud's clenched the English love to the Church.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXVIII.

INTRODUCTION TO BAPTISMAL SERVICES.

Susan. You said the opening of the Baptismal Service was the remains of the admission as a catechumen, and that it took place in the porch of the church, or outside the door?

Aunt Anne. Yes; and so it continued up to 1552. Our present introductory rubric was then framed; but there was a previous sentence to relax the old rule of christening only at Easter and Whitsuntide.

S. The child must be brought by its God-parents. How old is that custom?

A. Almost as far back as we can go. Witnesses of the fact of Baptism, and securities that the candidate was sincere, were naturally required, and these were regarded as spiritual parents in the new birth, and called by some such name in all languages as far back as the eighth century. Our word existed in the Anglo-Saxon times, and as you know gossip was originally Godsib, related in this spiritual manner.

S. Is it right for parents to stand?

A. Up to the ninth century only one sponsor was required, and that one might be a parent. The Greek Church, however, now will not even permit a parent to be present at a Baptism; and our own, in common with the whole Western Church, enacted that parents should not be sponsors, as well as the rule as to the numbers required according to the sex. The Reformers, however, though not unorthodox as to the Sacramental grace of Baptism, had great prejudices against almost all the accompanying ceremonies. Ignorant people even fancied these invalidated the benefit. I have heard of two instances, in Queen Mary's time, of ladies taking pains to avoid having their babes christened in the old fashion. One of these was answered by the Bishops from their prison at Oxford that she need not concern herself, for this Sacrament was that in which the Church of Rome had least departed from the truth of the Gospel and from primitive usage. Lutherans retained sponsorship, but Calvin held that no one except the parents, or, if they were dead, those who stood in their place, could answer for the children, and this notion was adopted by the Puritans and Dissenters after them.

S. Then some people, in spite of the plain words of the Catechism, fancy that the sponsors make themselves responsible for the child's sins till he is confirmed. Really, I have known of young ladies and gentlemen who thought so.

A. And on the other hand, I have heard of a boy, who answered at least, whether he *thought* so or not, that at Confirmation he should take all his godfathers' and godmothers' sins upon him. Any way, the misunderstandings were so great, and so much difficulty was found in obtaining sponsors, and sometimes in inducing parents to seek them, that it proved to be an absolute hindrance to Baptism, and in 1865 Convocation relaxed the old rule, and permitted parents to stand. It does not seem to have been contrary to primitive practice.

S. The rubric at the head of the Private Baptismal office, that the child should be brought to church the first or second Sunday or holy day after its birth, is not much attended to.

A. No; the reluctance to bring out a young child in bad weather, and the convenience of waiting for the mother's recovery, have prevailed.

S. What used to be done at the door?

A. The priest began by signing the child with the cross on the forehead and the breast, and praying for it. This was retained in 1549, where the priest began, as at present, with the first exhortation and the first prayer, and then signing the child with the cross, said, 'Receive the sign of the Holy Cross both in thy forehead and thy breast, in token——' and then continued as in the reception of the child that we have after the Baptism.

S. It came before, instead of after?

A. Because it was intended to set the catechumen apart and dedicate him, when some time of probation elapsed between such admission and his Baptism. The exhortation, Mr. Blunt says, came partly from Archbishop Hermann's Consultation, partly from the old office of the Gallican Church. If you are going through this service with your pupils, you had better note the references.

S. 'Conceived and born in sin' (Ps. li. 5). Or again, the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, especially the ninth verse. And for our Lord's words about regeneration, the conversation with Nicodemus in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. I suppose 'that thing which by nature he cannot have,' means holiness, or the Grace of the Holy Spirit?

A. The explanation is perhaps best found by referring to Romans viii. 5-9, where St. Paul, after having in the former chapter shown the helplessness of unassisted human nature to come up to any real standard of morality, begins to show what can be done by the indwelling of Grace. The prayer that follows seems, Mr. Blunt says, to have been very ancient. It came to us from Hermann, who had taken it from some old Latin source. There is a curious change in our present version from King Edward's. There in the recital of the types was mentioned the drowning of the 'wicked King Pharaoh,' which we now leave out. Now, you know the B.b'le never states as a fact that Pharaoh himself was drowned.

S. 'But as for Pharaoh and his host, He overthrew them in the Red Sea' (Ps. cxxxvi.).

A. That affirms no more than if we said Napoleon and his army were overthrown at Waterloo, we should mean that he was killed. Indeed, Egyptian inscriptions make it clear that this Pharaoh survived the Exodus, and it is remarkable that the incorrect statement should not have been eliminated. This first prayer puts the punishment in contrast with the deliverance in each type—'didst of Thy justice destroy by floods of water the whole world for sin except eight persons, whom of Thy mercy (the same time) Thou didst save in the Ark'—then going on to the Red Sea contrast.

S. 'Figuring thereby Thy holy Baptism.' For the flood, 1 Peter iii. 20, 21.

A. You should mark that by the filth of the flesh, St. Peter means mere material dirt, a distinction needful where to baptize was still the common word for to wash.

S. The other type is from 1 Corinthians x. Then there comes the pleading of what our blessed Lord did by His Baptism.

A. 'Sanctifying the flood Jordan, and all other waters to this mystical washing away of sin,' as the first translation of this collect said. And there is another clause now omitted, 'that by this wholesome laver of regeneration, whatsoever sin is in them may be washed clean away.' The expression in the Latin originally came from Titus iii. 5, where 'the washing of regeneration' is *Lavacrum Regenerationis*. St. Paul is evidently referring to the laver in the Tabernacle where the priests were entirely bathed on their admission to the office.

S. This, then, is the washing to admit the royal priesthood! And is it not that which was meant when our blessed Lord said, 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit?' (John xiii. 10).

A. You remember, too, what that brazen laver of Moses represented?

S. The sea of glass like unto crystal (Rev. iv. 6) before the Throne.

A. The approach to the Throne, at least, in that first vision in which it occurs.

S. I wonder why that reference was left out?

A. Probably for brevity's sake. The latter part of the prayer is almost exactly the same, except that after the mention of the Ark follows, 'And so saved from perishing'; and on the other hand, 'May so pass the waves of this troublesome world' is added.

S. I see. To answer to the mention of the Ark, we have the prayer that we may be safe in the Church; and to answer to the crossing the Red Sea, we have 'may so pass the waves of this troublesome world'; and the beautiful words about being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, were added in 1549. They always remind me of the water-lily, strongly rooted beneath, and

bright and joyous on the surface. But the attributes of the graces are not those usually going with them, as in

‘Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.’

A. They counterchange like other precious triads. Steadfast in the faith is in 1 Peter v. 6. Rejoicing in hope, Rom. xii. 12.

S. Yes, of course, and in many other places, and “Rooted and grounded in Love” is in Ephesians iii. 17. It is the root as well as the fruit. For I suppose the good deeds must spring from love, or they are worthless, as in the beginning of St. Paul’s great lesson of charity.

A. Then came the sign of the cross, and then followed the second collect, just as it is now, and as it was in the books of Salisbury and York, and others still older. Indeed, the word *famulum* (servant) in the Latin, testifies to its coming from the time when adult Baptisms were frequent. It is most beautiful in its preface, as showing what the union with God is to confer on the one who is brought. Spiritual Life (1 John v. 11), and Resurrection to the new life (Col. iii. 4).

S. And what force ‘Knock, and it shall be opened’ must have had outside the closed door of the church. Of course, that part comes from the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vii. 7).

A. There followed in mediæval times the putting salt on the child’s mouth, with a prayer that it might receive the salt of wisdom.

S. I suppose that was because we are to be the salt of the earth?

A. The salting seems to have been thought superstitious, for it was omitted in 1549; and yet it is curious that in the north of England nurses still carry salt when they take a baby to be christened, and bestow it on the first person whom they meet.

S. I remember, the Marquess of Dorset carried the salt at Queen Elizabeth’s christening. I looked it up yesterday. I wonder why such a Scriptural emblem was an offence.

A. Because the Latinity of the prayer had prevented its import from being understood, and to the ignorant it was a meaningless observance. Then followed the exorcism, which survived till 1552, when Martin Bucer persuaded Cranmer to do away with it. Here it is, as in the English book: ‘I command thee, unclean spirit, in the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that thou come out and depart from these infants, whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath vouchsafed to call to His Holy Baptism, to be made members of His Body and of His holy congregation. Therefore, thou cursed spirit, remember thy sentence, remember thy judgment, remember the day to be at hand, wherein thou shalt burn in fire everlasting, prepared for thee and thine angels. And presume not hereafter to exercise thy tyranny toward these infants, whom Christ hath bought,

with His precious blood, and by this, His Holy Baptism, calleth to be of His flock.'

S. I suppose it is a lingering idea of this exorcism that makes nurses prefer that a child should cry at the christening. But how real it makes the coming out of the power of Satan. Is this prayer a great loss?

A. There is no knowing what difference in the invisible world such a command may make, but certainly, so far as history shows, people who had this adjuration uttered on their behalf do not seem to have been less tempted. And of one thing I am glad, namely, that if it was to be omitted, it was done reverently, before the days of scepticism began. If it had remained in the Prayer-book till our day, we should have heard much offensive cavilling at it. There followed originally another signing with the cross, and a prayer, after which all agree in reading the short Gospel, encouraging us to bring infants to Holy Baptism, and the beautiful tender little exhortation was added in 1549, when instruction in the meaning of all this was so much needed.

S. It is the discourse to Nicodemus that is read in the case of the person of riper years, and of course quite rightly; and the exhortation refers to that, to our Lord's command to baptize, and to St. Peter's call to the converts on the day of Pentecost to repent and be baptized (John iii. 3-5; Mark xvi. 16; Acts ii. 38-46), and to what St. Peter says in his epistle about Baptism (1 Peter iii. 21).

A. You should in teaching, explain that the words 'not the putting away of the filth of the flesh,' are used by St. Peter to distinguish Baptism from ordinary washing, as you know there was then only one word for both. But going back to the office for infants, you should observe that '*alloweth* this charitable work, etc.,' does not simply mean *permitteth*, but *approveth*, from the Latin *allaudare*, through the old French *allouer*, giving a sense of approbation which our modern use has lost. Then in the old offices, and in the first English one, followed the Lord's Prayer and Creed.

S. The Lord's Prayer *does* follow in the admission of the privately baptized infant, but in the other two offices it comes much later.

A. Do you not see the reason for the change, and the exception in dealing with the Prayer of the Faithful?

S. I see! We wait till the Baptism is over that 'Our Father' may include new brothers or sisters among the children of God; but the babe who has been baptized is already one of them. That is very beautiful. I suppose the Creed was left out because it comes directly after, in the vow?

A. Yes. You see this portion, when said in the porch, had more the character of a separate service. And when it was the reception of a catechumen not to be baptized till after further probation and instruction, it was especially appropriate to rehearse the Creed.

S. Did any more follow at the door?

A. In the Sarum-book, another sign of the cross, and the words . 'Enter thou into the House of God, that thou mayest have eternal life, and live for ever and ever.' But in 1549, the beautiful collect of thanksgiving—which all the congregation say together—was added from Hermann's Consultation, and then the priest took the child's little hand, and said, 'The Lord vouchsafe to receive you into His holy household, and to keep and govern you in the same, that you may have everlasting life.'

A FEW WEEKS IN ALGERIA.

H. I. ARDEN.

CHAPTER III.

ONE thing will particularly strike the English visitor in first coming to Algiers, and that is the different Sundays coming one upon another; a triple verification, if we may call it so, of the old saying about two Sundays coming in a week.

First of all is our own Sunday. There is a nice little English church, hardly large enough for its congregation. From the town two roads lead to it: one by the sea, till you take the turning to the right for the Porte d'Isly; inside this gate stands the church; the other is along the Rue d'Isly, and leads you direct to the church.

This street passes through the Arab market, and if you go to the early services you are sure to see camels waiting in the yards for their journey to the desert, or lying by the side of the pavement, while a picturesque group of Arabs are busy lading them. Sometimes a string of camels, one after another, march along; their heads are held up in the air as if they had drooping eyelids, and they walk by, never deigning to notice any one.

I remember seeing a string of nineteen camels; the first, with the most indifferent, proud air, walked right into a heavy waggon which eighteen horses were dragging up the hill. The Arabs shrieked, the French grew furious. They did all they could to move the camels, but the eighteen stood still with the most perfect composure to wait and see what their leader would do. He, with supreme contempt, waited until the French with very great difficulty managed to turn their horses and waggon, and then the nineteen camels condescended to march on as if nothing had happened!

The church is not five minutes' walk from the Arab market, and stands on the left-hand side of the road. The inside is plain and simple. There are a few touching tablets on the walls to the memory of some who are lying in the beautiful cemetery not far off; and there is one window put up to the memory of the English Christian slaves who have died in Algiers.

The next Sunday that falls in the week is on Friday, the Mahomedan Sunday.

Before the French conquest there were one hundred mosques in Algiers; now there are only five. The largest and the handsomest stands in the Rue de la Marine, and is the Mosque Djamaa-el-Kebir, or the Grand Mosque. The entrance to it is through a court, in the middle of which is a fountain playing, shaded by orange-trees. Here you are sure to see several Arabs washing their legs, feet, arms and

ears, before they enter. The interior of the building is divided into several arcades by pillars supporting the horse-shoe arches. Matting is wound round these columns for several feet, and the floor is covered with beautiful Moorish carpets. One or two lamps are hanging from the roof. The pulpit, which is a kind of gallery, is in the middle of the east end; and there is the 'Mihrab,' a small niche in the wall indicating the direction of Mecca, the birthplace of Mahomet, where every good Mahomedan tries to make a pilgrimage at least once in his lifetime, and so gain the title of Hadji.

The thing that strikes one most, I think, is the intense reality of the Arab worshippers. They would not enter a mosque for the world till they were washed. 'Cleanliness is one half of faith and the key of prayer.' 'He who prays to the Lord cannot be too pure,' wrote the Prophet, so before they even approach the threshold of the building, rich and poor, all alike, are busy at the fountain. When they enter the door the shoes are instantly taken off, and placed on a ledge on the pillars; the grave quiet figure stands for a moment quite motionless; then with a quick sudden movement hands are raised to the ears and down again; no sound is heard, but the lips are moving fast; one or two deep solemn bows are made; the hands are stretched out again, not up to the ears this time, but as if the open palms were a book from which the Arab was reading. Whenever the name of God is mentioned he prostrates himself, so that head, hands, feet, and knees all touch the earth at the same time.

The men literally swarm in: you wonder where they all come from. Sometimes a big chief with a grander dress than the ordinary Arab will come in, swing his way up, bow, make his dignified genuflexions, and prostrate himself, while you look on in wonder that his pride will let him touch the ground. Now and again an Arab father, with two little children, appears, one in each hand; and these tiny children are taught the same gesticulations and outwardly have the same devotion.

One Friday, when we were at the Grand Mosque, we waited about a quarter of an hour, and presently six men entered the pulpit; by-and-bye one of them took up a book, and chanted out of it a monotonous chant; then he handed it round, and the six chanted in turn. In the meantime the Arabs poured in, old and young, rich and poor: the mosque was nearly crammed; there must have been several hundreds of them. From every corner of the floor Arabs were prostrating themselves, or sitting, swaying backwards and forwards in the action of silent prayer; some were counting their beads; all were most devout.

Suddenly the voices in the gallery mingled in a wild sort of song; every one stood up looking east towards Mecca, and seven or eight times they all bowed low. It was like a great wave of white burnouses rising and falling, and keeping a stately measured time. After this they silently disappeared, and the service was over.

The seven great principles of Mahomedan belief are: 'Belief in the only one God; the angels and demons; in the inspiration of the Koran; in the prophets, the greatest being Mahomet; in the Resurrection and the Day of Judgment; in heaven and hell; and in God's absolute decree and predestination.'

They also believe that every baby has a black spot in its heart, which with every year increases or diminishes; but that, when God chose Mahomet as a prophet, He sent an angel to open his breast and take from his heart the stain.

Five times a day they pray to the one great God, and they are most particular about the hours of prayer. Often, as you are driving in the country, you will pass an Arab, standing upright on the wayside, his hands outstretched, and his whole figure showing expressions of devotion. The absence of women in the mosques is very striking. No woman under sixty is allowed to attend them; so, as it might be elsewhere, a lady of sixty is so rare that the mosques are simply attended by men. The women go always to the marabout (or tomb of the marabout, the holy man of the tribe), and there you are sure to meet several veiled women.

They are almost all short, fat, and awkward; very different from their lords and masters, who evidently think so too, as they swing on in their kingly dignity, with the two inferior-looking wives meekly following behind.

Here and there a bright pair of eyes will flash at you from behind the adjar or veil, but they are all dreadfully spoiled by the immense amount of henna with which even the smallest children are dyed.

The only dissipation these poor creatures have is on the Friday afternoon, when the omnibuses are crowded, and these shut-up wives are allowed to go to the cemetery: they are permitted to go there because they believe that on their Sunday the spirits of the dead return, and are hovering over the graves of their bodies.

This cemetery is a little way out of Algiers, on the lower Mustapha Road. It is a neglected place; grass and weeds vie with one another in growing as thick and high as they can. Groups of white-veiled women are sitting and lying by the graves. One Friday, when we visited it, some three or four women were laughing and talking, and regularly holding a reception over their dead relations, while a little farther on a woman and her child were sitting over a grave—never speaking, never looking up, never moving, but quite motionless.

It was a ghostly sight, these silent white women coming to pray over their dead; the silent graves, the silent hill behind, and the silent blue sea beyond. At the extreme end of the cemetery, under a forlorn brown withered tree, was a tiny new-made grave, and by this baby's sleeping place a woman's white figure was swaying backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards, in the action of prayer. It was the most touching sight I had seen for a long time. All the

women's love is for their children, and this one had evidently lost her one treasure. I never saw a more real picture of sorrow and desolation; the whole time we were in this graveyard the white figure never ceased swaying.

These poor women go to the marabout to pray, and their chief prayer is that they may have children. They never see their husbands till they are married. He as a rule has four wives, and is not over kind to any one of them. They are banished from innocent amusements, and if they either sin, or appeal against their husband's cruelty, they are unveiled, and turned adrift penniless. So when they lose their children they lose all the joy they possess.

The last Sunday is Saturday, the Jews'; their synagogue is in the Place Randon, and I believe it is quite free for strangers to enter.

This day makes more outward impression than either of the other Sundays, for the Arabs leave their shops open while they attend the mosque, but the Jew carefully closes his, leaving his quarter very dull and different from the usual gay traffic going on there.

You should go one Saturday to their cemetery, a melancholy-looking place on the slope of the hill, just under 'Notre Dame d'Afrique,' on the road leading to St. Eugène. Groups of Jews and Jewesses are paid to stand round different tombs, howling, weeping, lamenting, while the *real* mourners are generally sitting on one side, crying quietly. When one grave has been howled over long enough, these hired wailers pass to another, tearing their hair, shrieking, and making the most hideous noises. Sometimes one of the Jews will stand up, and gabble through some psalms in the harshest, shrillest voice you can imagine, and the whole of the time the rest of his party are keeping up an hysterical chorus of sobs.

One Saturday, when we were there, an old Jew (not a wailer) came up to us and greeted us.

He could see we were English, for he knew English. He had been to London. Were we from London? He would show us the cemetery, for he was so fond of the English. His wife was buried here, and he must show us where she lay.

So we wound in and out of the desolate flowerless graves till we came to his wife's. He did not waste much sentiment on it, however, for he was so anxious to air all the English that he could.

Close to this grave was a marble one, put up to the memory of a girl of twenty-two, and engraved on it was 'Priez pour elle.' I stopped to look at it.

'Ah, yes, miss! She was young; it was sad, very sad. Yea, miss, we do pray for souls. Ah, poor thing, poor thing!' and he stroked the marble quite lovingly. I began to think he had feeling, and was remembering the girl resting beneath it, when his eyes twinkled. 'It cost a good bit of money, it did,' he said, caressing the marble.

On several of the graves I noticed two hands were outstretched, and the fingers laid wide apart; and I asked our old friend what it meant.

‘ Oh, that—that, you know, is as your priests when they say, “ Glory to the Father, the Mother, the Holy, Amen ”—they stretch hands so—that is all.’

One part of the cemetery is set aside, and the graves are nameless, and over them is a great silence—not a wail is made, not a lament is heard, not a soul sits there to watch or pray; but a great company is lying there, waiting until the day when these poor sinful, nameless ones shall rise also, and be judged by the merciful Judge, not perhaps as according to Jewish Law.

I think at the end of this chapter of Sundays, I ought to say a few words about the Aïssaoui fête, which I believe is one of the most curious and disagreeable sights in Algiers.

The Aïssaoui are a religious body, including Arabs, Kabyles, and negroes. They take their name from Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aïssa, who lived in Morocco about 200 years ago.

There are a great many legends about this personage; one is that, as he and his followers were in the desert, their food failed, and they did not know what to do. But in answer to Ben-Aïssa's prayer, he and his disciples were allowed to eat stones, scorpions, poisonous herbs, and the prickly leaves of the cactus. This wonderful power they declare has continued in their descendants, and from it arises the secret of their influence as a Mahomedan sect.

The fête is always held in the courtyard of some house in the Arab town; and any of the Arabs who come every night to the hotel with their goods will tell you the day and hour, and conduct you to the Aïssaoui festivity.

In the centre of the courtyard a group of Arabs will be seated, singing a monotonous chant; they make a beautiful sight, with the dimly-lighted slender arches thrown half into relief, half into shadow, the white figures moving about in the galleries above, and the wonderful heavens covered with stars, shining down upon their earnest faces. This beautiful impression lasts but a very short time; the tom-toms, the tambourines, and the drum begin; and then until the fête is over the most hideous noises are kept up.

The dancing, if you can call it dancing, ends in a sort of mad frenzy.

It is during this frenzy that the Aïssaoui perform their horrible tricks of carrying burning coals, hot irons, and even lighted candles in their mouths; they stick long pins into their flesh, especially in their faces, and scorch the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands with red-hot irons. These performances last all night, and are often carried on till five or six the next morning.

The men die very young generally, as may be expected after such a life.

I do not think any one would care to pay the fête a second visit, and a very short time will be quite long enough for the first one.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE very great comfort in Algiers is the quick, easy, and cheap way of getting out into the country. There is a tramway; and a tramcar runs every ten minutes, in one direction as far as Hussein Dey, and in the other to Saint Eugène. The place of starting is from the Place du Gouvernement. There are also omnibuses running every few minutes, but I cannot recommend them. The trams are both clean and comfortable; and when you meet an Arab in them, you may be satisfied that he is a higher and a cleaner kind than the omnibus Arab. One of the favourite drives is through Mustapha Inférieur to the Jardin d'Essai, the botanical garden of Algiers, covering more than two thousand acres.

When the days are very hot it is delightful to take your work or your book, and sit under the Bamboo Avenue, which is so thick that it shields you completely from the burning Algiers sun. A very long avenue of plane-trees stretches from the entrance of the garden to the end, and from the middle point a great many other avenues strike out; one of the most curious of these, I thought, was the avenue of *Ficus elasticas* (known as the india-rubber plant); the trees are immense, and their trunks are several yards in circumference. A beautiful grove of palms runs parallel with the planes, making a double row of delicate feathery crowns all down the garden, and up their trunks climb the largest and the richest convolvuluses I have ever seen, so the whole avenue of trunks is one bright colour.

Opposite the entrance to the Jardin is a handsome Moorish fountain in white marble, and a Café Maure, where you can get very excellent Moorish coffee. Behind this café is a plantation lying on the Sahel (the wooded range of hills) connected with the Jardin d'Essai, and to my mind it is quite as much worth a visit as the Jardin. The ground is a mass of wild flowers and curious ferns, and the trees are chiefly Australian, making a regular forest.

If you are a good walker you should continue by the bridle-path which you will find near the old Moorish palace at the top of the hill, and, turning to the right, you will come down to Fontaine Bleue or the Champ de Manœuvres, where you may enter the tram or walk on into Algiers.

Another nice excursion is to Hussein Dey, past the Ruisseau, at which place, in a field just under the wood, grow the earliest man orchids and several others, very rare or even quite unknown to English eyes. From Hussein Dey, where there is really nothing to see, you can walk to Maison Carrée. A steep road leads up through the pretty little village to the church, and the fortress which is now used as a prison for native offenders.

Monseigneur Lavigerie has founded near here a body of the

'Missionnaires d'Afrique,' who wear the Arab dress, and adopt as far as they can the Arab customs; they are studying Arabic, and preparing themselves for work in the unknown central regions of Africa. Attached to this is an orphanage where the Arab children are taught French and Latin, and then sent over to learn European customs and ways. From the church you have a beautiful view across the bay of Algiers; if the walk back is too far, you can return by train from Maison Carrée. Another pleasant excursion is to the pretty but unfashionable St. Eugène. It is the only suburb of Algiers really on the sea, and, when the sun gets very hot, one afternoon out there in the fresh air will do you far more good than any drives up the Sahel. At first you seem to pass nothing but cemeteries; but when the funereal quarter is over, you hear the sea 'laving the thirsty land' at your feet, you feel its cool breezes, you have its delicious scent, and you feel revived again. If you go on a Wednesday morning you will most likely meet a great number of people, principally negresses, making their way down to the shore, and carrying some fowls which they are going to offer as a sacrifice. After the bird has been sacrificed, it is thrown into the water to see if it will struggle or die; if the former, it is a good sign, but if the latter, the omen is bad; so the poor bird's sufferings are made to last as long as they can. At the end of these sacrifices the beach where they have taken place is covered with blood and feathers.

There are a great many French and Moorish houses in St. Eugène all '*à louer*,' with beautiful tropical gardens, and geraniums that have strayed from them growing wild in the hedges. Behind the houses is the Sahel, covered with cactus and olives, and in front is the blue sea. I cannot see what business Mustapha Supérieur has to take away all the visitors, making that the only residence for the English, and leaving St. Eugène, with its refreshing air, almost desolate.

The lovers of the ocean world should climb down the rocks by one of the goat-paths, and watch the sea-urchins rolling themselves up in a ball of basking delight, the fish floundering about in perfect security, and the anemones clinging to the rock. Beneath, where the water laps, and raises itself up to splash them with its cool sweet waves, is a perfect rainbow of colour. The sun shines with its African power, the sky is reflected in the water, and below this intense blue is a world of crimson, gold, green and mauve. The colours are many and harmonious, composed of the natural rock, sand, and seaweed: and with all, like a voice of praise, comes the untiring chant of the great sea.

You cannot by tram go farther than St. Eugène, but you should walk as far as Pointe Pescarde, where there are fine rocks. The old fortress of Barbarossa is still standing on one of these rocks hanging over the sea; it is now used for the French preventive men

of the coast-guard service. The Pescarde oysters are celebrated, and there are two very good restaurants there.

There are two stands for carriages, one opposite the theatre, the other in the Place du Gouvernement. If you can, always engage a carriage with an awning, as it protects you not only from the sun, but from the dust, which is sometimes most disagreeable in Algiers. Also settle your fare with the coachman before you start, for if you leave it until you return you will be most lucky if you are not charged as much again as you ought to be. As a rule, we found the *cocher* most civil, but of course, as elsewhere, there are exceptions. The first drive people generally take is to Mustapha Supérieur, the English quarter of Algiers. It is about a mile and a half from the Porte d'Isly, and the road is cut in a zig-zag straight up the slope of the Sahel. Almost all the houses here were old Moorish palaces, and they are surrounded by wonderful gardens. Hedges of cactus and olives separate them from the road, giving delicious peeps to the passers-by of orange and lemon-trees in full blossom, magnolias, pepper, almond, poinsettias in great bushes, geraniums, myrtles, heliotrope, and roses; and the houses are covered with the beautiful Bougainvillier. Here and there, looking down the many-coloured gardens, you get a view of the bay, ending abruptly in Cape Matifou and surrounded by the Djurdjura mountains, with their snow heads glittering in the sunshine.

The largest and most beautiful of the houses in Mustapha is the palace of the Governor-general. It was formerly the palace of Mustapha Dey, who was murdered in the streets of Algiers as he was trying to get refuge in the Mosque Sidi Walli. It is very disappointing, though, to find out that most of the decoration is simply modern.

A few years ago the Governor's daughter was married, and a lady who was present at the wedding festivities told me the sight was too brilliant to describe. Every Arab chief in Algeria was invited, and they all flocked to Mustapha in their most gorgeous robes. The gay French and English world were also invited. Every tree was hung in the garden with Algerian lamps. The Arabs were quite as much struck with the magnificent toilettes of the European ladies as they were with the grandeur of the Eastern Princes. But the climax came when the dancing began. Very few of the Arabs had ever witnessed such a sight; the older ones looked on in dignified astonishment, but the younger ones, unable to resist the excitement, the novelty, and the beauty, folded their burnouses over their shoulders and danced too.

A very pretty drive is through Mustapha Supérieur to Bou-Zarea. After you pass the village of El Biar, you have fields each side of you, some yellow from narcissus, some crimson from anemones; the hedges are hung with wreaths of clematis and honeysuckle. The road winds up the hill till you reach the little village of Bou-Zarea,

where you should leave your carriage at the Auberge de France. If you find the wine sour in Algiers, I should recommend you to try the 'Vin de Bou-Zarea'—for, I believe, a franc a bottle—and take it back with you, as it is both good and sweet. Then you should walk about half a mile along the hill, till you reach the Kabyle village of Bou-Zarea. Once a powerful tribe lived there, and their possessions reached to Algiers. You cannot drive to it, for it is perfectly hidden away in a maze of cactus; our coachman guided us through these thick hedges, till we came suddenly upon some earth hovels, thatched with rough tree branches and whitewashed to an almost blinding whiteness; there were also several hovels where an Englishman would not let his dog sleep. We peeped in, and saw a few dirty rags rolled up in one corner, which made the bed, our coachman told us, and that as many Arabs as can, cram into these hovels at night, and lie, layer upon layer, on them there.

Close to one of these miserable 'gourbis' was a clean Arab one-storied house. The coachman tapped at the door: a veiled woman appeared; but as soon as she caught sight of the man she retired. He went a few steps backward, and we went forward to try our chance of admittance. Back came the white figure; two bright curious eyes looked us well over; but she caught sight of our unfortunate coachman again, and disappeared at once. We sent him behind the cactus and tried our luck a third time; the door flew open, and our white friend appeared again. She was not quite satisfied, though, for I had on an ulster, and she evidently could not make me quite out. I was afraid of another retreat, so I spoke, and held out my hand, whereupon she was perfectly happy, clasping it firmly and touching her forehead. Her house consisted of one long narrow room, as clean as a Dutch house, with cool matting spread over the floor; shelves holding china bowls were fastened up on the whitewashed walls. At each end of the room was a curtain: one concealed the bed, the other a quantity of boxes and lumber.

By different signs and a few Arabic words we had picked up our veiled friend became very friendly with us, and she told us she was the only wife and that she had four girls and one boy. When she raised her veil she looked old and ugly, but scrupulously clean. Presently our coachman's voice sounded from outside to know when we were coming, and this faithful ugly wife rushed to the bed and hid herself behind the curtain. We made her understand the man would not enter, and we all shook hands and left. I turned round once when we were fairly off, and there I saw our old friend, a thorough daughter of Eve, longing for forbidden pleasures, and staring after us and our coachman till we were out of sight.

At the top of the hill is one of the most beautiful views you have in the neighbourhood of Algiers. The whole plain of the Mitidja is before you, and the whole range of the lower Atlas, mountain upon mountain, as far as you can see; but on the right, quite in the

distance, is the sea—not blue, like the bay, but lit up with sudden unearthly light, and shining and glittering like silver. On this height, covered with dwarf palms, stands a small mosque, with its marabout's tomb hung with cotton handkerchiefs. The marabout lives in a house hard by; he is a very well-informed old man; and if you take him a little present of English tea, a knife, or some little offering, you will most likely gain some very useful and pleasant information. A nice way back is down the Bou-Zarea valley, past the Poudrière, and home through the Porte Bab-el-Oned.

Another very charming drive is to the Frais Vallon; the road is through the Bab-el-Oned gate, and runs parallel with the Bou-Zarea valley. The road winds round and round on the rocky side, like a little mountain pass; pepper-trees, almonds and cactus cover the whole hill; very often you drive under a bower of laburnum and clematis. Below you, deep down in the glen, is a rushing stream; purple iris, white asphodel, and the sweet little mauve daisy grow wild in the grass. At the entrance of the Vallon the carriage stops, and you must get out and walk. Here there is a delicious well of cold water, and a *café* with its *bière* and *limonade*, the usual fat, lazy landlord, the usual cats blinking in the sun, the usual hungry untaxed dogs watching for food from the visitors, the usual handsome listless Arabs lying still and doing nothing, and the unusual relief of water rustling, birds singing, and pleasant green for your eyes. You should make the little stream your guide, and it will take you a shady walk under trees, till it leaves you by a high curious gate, and then it will run away from you under a Moorish bridge. On the other side of this gate lies an enchanted garden, sweet with violets, narcissus, roses, mignonette, cherry-pie, geraniums, lilies, and magnolias. The trees were golden with oranges and lemons. At the left is a steep bank and a high wall; in one part of this wall some steps are cut, and a Moorish house stands just above them. It is quite the fairyland where you expect the prince in the shape of the beast to appear and ask—‘Who looks at my flowers?’

To the right of this fairy garden is a steep narrow path on the mountain side, which I believe leads to Bou-Zarea. While we were climbing a little way up it, I saw a peasant woman staring at us from the garden. She began nodding, so I nodded in return; she waived her hand, so we waived ours; then she finally beckoned.

‘Voulez-vous entrer, mesdames?’

‘Ah, oui, merci bien!’ we answered back; and then she pointed to a gate farther on, telling us to go and wait there.

After a minute or two this good woman came up, her keys jangling in her hand, to let us in. She shook hands with both of us, and was delighted to do the honours of the place. At the head of the garden was a pretty French château hidden away by a forest of tropical trees; it belonged, she told us, to a French monsieur who had a town house in Algiers, and kept this one for summer and fête-days. He

was very rich; and the day before he had a fête, and brought forty friends and his *déjeuner*, and such a *déjeuner*—from Algiers. 'It came on the *Orage*, but what did that signify? They had the table here;' and she showed us as she spoke a perfect tent of plants arranged on purpose and spreading over one's head. It was one long room of sweet-smelling coloured walls and ceilings, and outside was a fountain splashing, full of gold and silver fish.

'Ah, mesdames, you should have seen the *déjeuner*, the *poissons*, the *gâteaux*, the *glace*;' and she rattled on a regular talking menu, while all the time her eyes were sparkling and laughing.

She lived there alone, she and her husband, she said, and did all the work of the château and the garden, and she worked '*comme un homme*.' She loaded us with oranges and lemons, and flowers, till we could carry no more, and then she filled our pockets with them.

She led us through the garden till we came to the high gates with the walled-up Moorish house. All my tragic castles of the poor ill-used Arab women fell to the ground when she told me that the French monsieur had bought it, so that at the head of his garden should stand a French château and at the end a Moorish.

Another very nice drive is from Algiers to Birmandreis, and home by the *Femme Sauvage*.

Birmandreis lies to the left of the Colonne Voirol. The road is shut in on one side with high rocks, where the *Coronella* waves in great golden trees, and the valley glitters in the light of the sun. A little stream below, catching the golden rays, seems to be gurgling and singing for joy, and you feel you are in God's land, where the *Bon Dieu is pour tous*, and the *chacun pour soi* part of the proverb is left in the glaring town. After an hour's drive you come to the village: one or two little white houses stand in a background of rock and hill. Just at the entrance of the *Femme Sauvage* is a large group of plane-trees, in the middle of which is a pretty little church. Before you come home through this ravine of the *Femme Sauvage*, if you like to rest your horse and take a walk, you will find some lovely and rare orchids; and a little way out of Birmandreis, on your right hand, a by-road will lead you to a hill covered with crimson anemones.

Another drive every visitor should take is to the Trappist monastery at Staouëli, about ten miles from Algiers. In 1843 the land at Staouëli was, they told us, a jungle of palmetto, and the favourite haunt of the wild boar. The country through which you drive, until you reach that belonging to the Trappists, is still wild and uncultivated, and gives you a more African feeling than any other part. The first cross that you see raised high in this dreary land gives you a sudden thrill.

Forty-three years ago the Government gave the Trappist Order a grant of 2500 acres, and permission to build a monastery; the brethren have now entirely covered the ground with vineyards, corn-fields, and gardens; they plant large fields full of geraniums for the

delicious scent they make, and they pride themselves especially on their wine. I believe the cellar is one of the chief sights of the monastery; but where we gained amongst the Arabs, being two lone ladies, we lost amongst the Trappists, as no woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the monastery. Two refectories are built just outside the walls, where two lay brothers of the order receive the visitors and show them every kind of hospitality. A delicious breakfast of bread and honey and fruit and cheese was laid out the moment we drove up; and Brother Joseph gave us such a kind reception, we were quite sorry when the time came to leave. Photographs, medals, rosaries, geranium-essence and carvings, may be bought as keepsakes of the Trappists, and also a box is placed where visitors may make an offering to the order as a little acknowledgment for the kindness shown to them. Among other trifles we bought a *carte-de-visite* of Brother Joseph, who, when he saw it, instantly took it up and wrote on the back, 'Dieu vous protège!' The walls of the Refectory have several mottoes, but the most conspicuous is the celebrated—'S'il est triste de vivre à la Trappe, qu'il est doux d'y mourir.'

Another drive I do not think many visitors take, but I wish they would, is to the Orphelinat at Dely Ibrahim; and I think it is a very great pity that so little interest is shown in the institution.

Dely Ibrahim is to the left of El Biar: you drive far up into the country till you reach a hilly moorland; on the top is a bare ugly grey house, without a tree near it, and exposed to all winds. We left our carriage at the foot of the hill and climbed up, and at the entrance of the house the Directeur-Général met us. He told us the house belonged originally to the Dey of Algiers, but that at the conquest the French knocked in windows, made a covering to the flat roof, and placed gendarmes there; at last it was turned into this Orphelinat.

He took us through a battered old door which led into a courtyard, then through an immense doorway, up steps, and by winding passages with thick walls; here and there queer seats and odd niches were cut into them, with curious carving over them. At last we reach a long, narrow, scantily furnished room. Where, in the Arab days, the recess for the place of honour stood was now filled by a harmonium; at the other end was a bright wood fire, and one or two plain high-back chairs stood against the wall; where once had been luxurious sofas and cushions. Mademoiselle Müller, the Directrice de la Section des Filles, received us in this room, and then took us over the school. She told us they had forty boys and thirty-three girls: one of the girls was an *indigène*; at first the poor girl had been difficult to manage, for she would neither speak nor eat. Now she is much better, and not more trouble than the French girls. Her father and mother had died in the famine, and she was picked up on the roadside and brought to the Orphelinat to be taken care of. Some little time ago another Arab child was brought in in the same way; and she had been baptized and educated, and had ended in

marrying a Frenchman who had come to do some work in the house. She is very happy now in a nice home of her own.

Mademoiselle Müller then led us to the school, a beautiful old room, where thoughts of the handsome Arabs in their splendour and their dignity would come into my head, but where now, instead of Damascus tables and crimson cushions, are busy classes of children writing dictation, working sums, sewing, and knitting, just as they do in our English schools.

One could see which was the *indigène* at once, and we made a point of talking to her as much as we did the other girls; she flushed up, and her dark eyes softened as she spoke to us. All the girls are taught household work, and each of them in turn month by month does all the cooking of the establishment: the kitchens are charming.

After we had paid the garden a visit (where the view is the best thing to see, and that is most beautiful) we wished Mademoiselle Müller good-bye, and Monsieur le Blin took us to the farm. We walked about half a mile to it along country roads, and up and down fields, and past hedges of the acacia (the thorn of which they say our Blessed Lord's crown was made), till we came to what we might have fancied an English farmyard, with animals all about. An elderly lady with a sweet face and a very kind manner came here to receive us; she was Madame le Blin. She took us straight to her own little room in the farm, where a bright fire was crackling—for we were up on such a hill that, though we were in Algeria, we were quite cold. Monsieur le Blin brought some wine made on the farm to offer to Monsieur Monod, the French pastor who had taken us to Dely Ibrahim, when Madame instantly jumped up, laid a clean white cloth on the table, and brought out plates and basins as if for *potage*, without handles.

'Tu ne pense pas, mon brave homme,' she cried, smiling and patting her husband's shoulders; and she ran and fetched boiling milk and *café* and sugar; and a most delicious five-o'clock meal we had up there in the snug French farm.

Afterwards the Arab shepherd was sent for, who took us to pay the cows a visit: each one had her name written up over its stall. They looked most comfortable and well cared for; but the poor Arab's stall was only a bare shed, without a rug or drugget, placed over one of the stalls. They assured us he was more at home and happier in that way than if he had been made to have a room. He could not speak a word of French, and Madame was our interpreter.

As we walked over the fields back to where the carriage was waiting, the sun was lighting up the nearer Moor hills, bringing out their colour with an unearthly glory; it was like the good Madame's life and her sun setting, I thought, when we reached the carriage and said 'Au revoir.' There was a perfect green sea with golden islands floating over our heads; the wind was blowing cold over the wild African scenery, the weird country was all aglow, and Madame, holding her husband's arm, waived to us till we were out of sight.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.*

‘What is the hardest task in the world?—To think.’

—Emerson.

Mary. Connie, will you help me to enjoy this book?

Constance. Which? *Marius, the Epicurean*?

M. It is one of your sort; but it is worse than *John Inglesant*. It is all philosophy. I know it is my fault, but I catch the drift so vaguely, that it bores me.

C. Then don’t read it. No, really. You know my theory, that after a certain amount of training we take naturally to the books that really help us. Especially, among modern, comparatively untested, books, I should never read for pleasure what gave me none.

M. I always knew you were Irish! But, really, *Marius* is a book that I could enjoy with a very little help, though I suppose that I ought to know my Rome—the Rome of literature, and the Roman too—really to appreciate it.

C. Perhaps so. There are several descriptions in the book in which my love of the Roman ruins, and my own dreams in the olive vineyards above the Campagna, were so vividly recalled, that I paid to *Marius* what some one said was the best compliment an author could receive from a reader—‘I shut up his book and began to think’—of course, with the writer.

M. It strikes me that is what one has to do the whole time one is reading *Marius*!

C. Certainly it is a book to which you must bring a good deal, both of thought and of knowledge, and also, I think, a certain temperament. His ‘sensations and ideas’ are the subject of the romance. *Marius* is a thinker, a spectator, never a doer: the unreflective cannot conceive of the student life. You might compare with *Marius*, Browning’s *Grammarians’ Funeral*:

‘He ventured neck or nothing—heaven’s success
Found, or earth’s failure’

M. I see, vaguely, that is the drift of the book: *Marius* the philosopher would find out God by his experience of life.

C. Yes, or rather *Marius* would find out the answer to this problem of life: ‘The night cometh, what shall I do with the day?’

* ‘*Marius, the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas.*’ By W. Pater, 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

There are four books. They contain the answer of the religion of nature, the answer of the materialist, the answer of the stoic, and the answer of the Christian Church. The last may be truly said to comprehend all that makes life worth living in any of the other systems. It links man to nature (cf. Keble's *Septuagesima*), it allows him 'all things richly to enjoy——'

M. With limits?

C. 'In whose service is perfect freedom!' You know that our modern philosophers—afraid that there will be some 'inconvenience likely to result from the abolition of Christianity,' as Swift said—are now very anxious to point out that Christian morality is good for the world, that the virtues should be cherished, and that the new, new philosophy which bids one do as one pleases, recognises 'limits' for the sake of self and others in a most disappointing fashion to a selfish being like myself! So I would rather have the Christian Epicureanism.

M. Stoicism and Christianity are of course linked.

C. Not so nearly as you think. Marius will afford us proof of that. Would you like to go through the story briefly? First, I must ask you to place yourself on the level of Marius, by excluding from your mind any but the light of the story—as a picture connoisseur looks through his glass.

M. Right. Then here I am. Book I., chapter i.: 'The Religion of Numa.' Let us think; what do I know?

C. What Marius does! He has to grow up in a happy country home, the only son of a widowed mother, the last of an honoured race, gifted with a fine, sensitive nature, and brought up in what was to him a pure, simply devout observance of tradition.

M. Born just before the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and living in North Italy, growing up in a picturesque house, and going to school in Pisa, where he makes friends with an older youth, full of power and ambition.

C. In all this Marius, boy-like, is conscious of no problem to be worked out. But the innate shrinking from what is 'ugly,' the doctrine of the priests in the Temple of Aesculapius, which gave him 'a vivid sense of the value of mental and bodily sanity,' and the love for what was beautiful in art and in literature, all tended to form a serious character.

M. He loses his mother, and gains insight into the real depth of Paganism through his friend Flavian.

C. Yet he touches little himself. And soon the bright, hopeful, ideal days of his early youth are over. In Flavian's death—so premature, so strange, with his life full within his vigorous mind and body—Marius realises 'the night cometh,' for some, even while it is yet day.

M. For Marius 'nothing less than the soul's extinction.' And so he begins to read about the soul.

C. And eventually he takes 'life as the end of life.' No philosopher can tell him more. 'All is vanity.'

M. So he may be said to become, consciously, an Epicurean.

C. Yes. But if a coarse nature, feeling that time is flying, takes one sort of pleasure, Marius takes another, as on page 163:—'Not pleasure but fulness of life, and insight as conducting to that fulness. Whatever form of human life, in short, was impassioned and ideal; it was from these that the new Cyrenaicism of Marius took its criterion of values.'

M. Tending, as Mr. Pater puts it, to 'l'idôlatric des talents.'

C. Yet, what better to be idolised by Marius at the age of twenty? Better living hero-worship for the wisest, than merely a far abstract regard towards the vaguely-believed-in gods.

M. I like that Chapter X. of the Journey to Rome.

C. I can picture every incident—the look of the curious country, and the very atmosphere and look of Rome itself. The Forum, you know, is again laid bare, and, as Mr. Pater points out, the Renaissance buildings carried on the tradition of more classical times, so that, as far as that part of Rome is concerned, we are very well able to see what was seen in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, with the help of historical imagination.

M. And I suppose, as has so often been pointed out, the shows and processions, holidays, even ceremonies, from old Rome, had passed into the popular ritual of the Church; so that to see the Emperor carried in state was like the yearly Papal procession of mediæval times.

C. Yes; the Papacy was 'the Shadow of the Holy Roman Empire.' However, Marius knew nothing about Christianity, though it so happened that on his journey to Rome he made the acquaintance of a Christian, all unwittingly.

M. Cornelius, one of the Imperial guard.

C. I think, throughout this book, the difficult subject of the corruption of the Romans is well managed. It had to be put in, and there is one long chapter devoted to the amusements of the day. But, you see, it is all arranged to bring out the 'sensations and ideas' of Marius. He sees the Epicurean theory in all its wickedness—the attractions of wickedness, so to speak, in the Emperor's brother, and the Emperor's wife. He looks on the cruel amusements of Rome. Cornelius seems to enter into none. He sees every one restless, impatient, self-seeking. Cornelius seems content. Cornelius seems to have a test within himself whereby he knows when to turn away, nor has to wait for satiety or disgust. In that, somehow, Marius recognises a superior. But once he and Cornelius turn away together from the Coliseum. The Emperor falls in his esteem.

M. ' . . . And Aurelius—representing all the light, all the apprehensive power there might be in the pagan intellect. There was something in a tolerance like that, in the bare fact that Aurelius could sit patiently through a scene like *that*, which seemed to Marius to

mark him as eternally his inferior on the question of righteousness.' That is well put.

C. We must hasten on. Just as we could scarcely dwell on the Roman life, and all that the School of Pleasure had to offer, found so repulsive by Marius, we now must pass rapidly over the third book, what the School of the Intellect had to give to its disciple.

M. Yet the school of the intellect starting on the basis of a world salted, at least, with Christianity, is very different from the school of the intellect starting from a world saturated in heathenism.

C. Very different. Those who ask what Christianity has done for the world might realise with advantage ante-Christian corruption, but I had rather not. . . . Then Marius, like so many good men of his type, better than his creed, or want of creed, began to turn to that mystical 'city of the elect intelligences.' You can compare Marcus Aurelius on the subject with the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and with the Republic of Plato. All three speak of an Eternal City, but the Christian only of a multitude therein.

M. All through this third book Marius is sifting the theories of the Emperor, and with all their beauty he finds them wanting. Even the light of reason condemns this elevated Paganism, as not being the best of man's nature.

C. And yet through the School of Resignation Marius arrives at, in some measure, an apprehension of the Ideal. That last chapter, in which he meditates among the olives near Tivoli, is very beautiful.

M. Then in the fourth book we come to the Answer of the Church of Christ.

C. With its new ideas—its renewed sanctity for home ties, purity, unselfishness, and love. Of course the Church had much to bear under Marcus Aurelius, but advantage is taken of a period of respite; and in contrast to the revels of the philosophic symposium, with its mixture of intellectual pleasure and personal degradation (such as made a philosopher enjoy the *joke* of burning his pet cat alive for fun), is seen the house of Cecilia.

M. You told me of the Chapel of St. Cecilia in the Catacombs. That is what made me enjoy this representation of the Christian life—as seen by Marius.

C. Striking him by its cheerful confidence. Marius, by accident, is present at the celebration of the Eucharist. 'Was this,' he thinks, 'what made the way of Cornelius so pleasant through the world?'

M. Then the next chapter is devoted to a conversation which he only overhears, a dialogue after Lucian; which shows that philosophy gave no certain answer, nor in herself contains any test of truth. Yet it leaves on the mind of Marius this: 'and we too desire not a fair one, but *the fairest of all*. Unless we find him, we shall think that we have failed.'

C. And now the sense of compassion for others also begins to grow in the heart of Marius. Then, again, he hears of the Christian

martyrdoms—strange they seem to him. Why endure voluntary torture?

M. Yet he never becomes a Christian.

C. No. Yet as he sums up his meditative life—as if before beginning a new era—Cornelius comes to him.

M. And together, as Christians, they are taken prisoners by the heathen mob. Marius gets Cornelius sent away, as the No-Christian. Cornelius doesn't understand—goes—Marius is left alone to be taken to Rome for trial.

C. Keenly feeling the irony of his fate—and with his limited knowledge; knowing that he might have to suffer, and yet without any hope of the strange martyr-confidence about which, so lately, he had often heard. But he falls ill, and is left by the soldiers to die.

M. Then the people of the country know no more of him than that he was of the sufferers. He thinks over the past. The light is very dim.

C. Yes; he knows not that 'man has for ever,' yet he feels that his life, spent in learning to live, has not been wasted, somehow, after all. And, on his last morning, as he wakes up, he finds the strangers round him praying, 'Depart! O *Christian* soul!'

M. They gave him the privileges of a Christian martyr, as they counted the love of man to be the love of God.

C. Yes. It is a close in harmony with the story of Marius. You said the book was like *John Inglesant*? I think only in being also a philosophical romance. But the story of *John Inglesant* has many sides, and Marius has not more than two or three.

M. And therefore can only attract a few readers. No; it was simply in being a picture of a search for light that I thought made the resemblance.

C. And John Inglesant was a Christian at the beginning, Marius really not a Christian—except 'in will,' as one might say—at the very end. The lesson of the latter book may be well put for us—that outside the Christian Church there is no system of philosophy which can really satisfy a man capable of 'seeking the fairest.' There was none in the past. And a little historical knowledge will often show us that attractive-looking theories are not so new as they always pretend to be!

M. And I think it helps me to see this also, that however beautiful the best human thought may be, it but points out our want, but cannot satisfy it.

A SOIRÉE AT OUR PENSIONNAT.

THE swinging-lamp burns dimly in the dortoir at Sainte-Marie; the girls have finished murmuring their *chaplet* and their 'Souvenez-vous' in a low monotonous voice, and have at length betaken themselves to their little white-curtained beds. Not a sound disturbs the stillness of the hour—silence reigns supreme.

After taking a last glance around to see that every little head is in its accustomed place, we, the governesses who have charge of the dortoir, noiselessly and stealthily creep out of the room, casting many a sidelong glance around to see if any bright black eyes are watching our exit.

But why all this silence and mystery, you ask. Why do we—metaphorically—'Fold up our tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away?'

You are clearly not acquainted with the internal economy of a French school, or you would not ask such a question. Why, secrecy is the centre, round which the whole system revolves. It is to lull the girls into thinking that there is nothing on the *tapis*, when there is, that we steal away like escaped criminals. If they knew that all the governesses were going downstairs to spend the evening *en fête* there would be no possibility of managing them. Whether they are really deceived or not, and what they do when we have finally taken our departure, I leave to your imagination. Meanwhile, I follow my fellow-conspirators into the *lavabo*, where we undergo a hasty toilet by the light of a solitary and depressed-looking lantern, an experience, to me, at least, altogether novel and not exactly delightful. Our toilet finished, we make our way noiselessly downstairs to the *cuisine*, where the cook—kind creature!—surreptitiously treats us to various delicacies in the shape of a morsel of 'œufs à la neige des beignets' (Anglicè apple fritters), etc., before we proceed to the *salle à manger* for dessert. We have not been invited to the dinner, which is perhaps something to be thankful for, as it would not do to deprive the school of all the governesses at once, and it would be invidious to make a selection; however, we are all invited to dessert.

So after a hesitating knock, and a scuffle outside as to who shall be the victim to walk in front and face the enemy, so to speak, we enter. You must admit that it is a little trying for eight—yes, *eight* young ladies to follow each other in procession into a room, each making her bow at the door, and then making her way with as much self-possession as she can command to a vacant seat, under the amused gaze of

a tableful of guests, rather convivially inclined after a good dinner. Various jokes go the rounds at our expense. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion we were actually fished out of our beds to join the dessert.

Madame had given orders to Louise, her confidential maid, to let us know that we should be expected at dessert; but Louise forgot to deliver the message, and we retired unsuspectingly at our usual hour, 8.30, and were just dropping off into the sleep of the weary when she came in and told us. We simply flew over our toilet, and succeeded in making our entry just in time for dessert; but not before the tale had spread to Madame's ears, and she loves a joke beyond anything. However, on the present occasion we take our places and proceed to discuss our share of the good things, chiefly *pâtisserie* and fruit, with a plentiful supply of wine, winding up with a glass of liqueur served in the tiniest of glasses.

Jokes and quips go the rounds, and every one is as happy and merry as a bird. For myself, I greatly admire the characteristic of being amused and interested in small things. There is no difficulty in entertaining such guests—they entertain themselves, and you too. Conversation never flags, every one is bent on enjoying himself to the best of his ability. If the quality of the conversation is not much to boast of, the quantity is abundant.

Our party consists of Monsieur, Madame, the eight governesses of the establishment, M. le Maire, four priests, and a sister of one of the latter. There is the Aumônier of the Collège, tall, stout, and portly; M. l'Abbé Durant, Principal of one of the largest colleges in France, short, dark, and swarthy; not prepossessing in appearance, but a thoroughly good man at heart. He is supposed to be very learned, and he certainly is very amusing, especially when he tries to talk English, which he speaks with so bad an accent that it is quite impossible to understand a word that he says. Then there is M. le Vicaire of the parish; he is a student of the English language too, and has translated some of Shakespeare's plays into French. His accent is on a par with that of M. le Principal; every English phrase he utters has to be translated back into French before we can take in his meaning, which is rather small for him. The remaining priest is M. l'Abbé Latour. Goldsmith must have had such a man in his mind's eye when he drew the portrait of the Village Preacher. He is tall and thin, with fine, clear-cut features, blue eyes, with a far-away expression, and silver hair. His parish is in some remote corner of Auvergne, where he lives, or rather vegetates on his 'forty pounds a year,' or its equivalent. Out of his scanty stipend he supports an elderly sister. Twice a week only he tastes meat, on Sundays and Thursdays. The rest of the week he subsists on vegetable-soup and bread. Once a year he gives himself the pleasure of a visit to Madame, whose family he has known for many years, and then it is a pleasure to see him once more in the world, dispensing wine and

fruits (which he rarely tastes in his frugal home) with a liberal hand, at Madame's table, where he is an honoured guest. It is delightful to hear him exchanging quips with his brother clerics, and with Madame, who has a ready wit, and dearly loves an interchange of repartee.

Dessert over, we adjourn to the salon, where tea is served, 'à l'Anglaise;' that is, it is brought in and handed round something like our five-o'clock tea. The tea is a *very* pale brown liquid, and is served in the tiniest of tea-cups, only a shade larger than egg-cups. The usual quantity of sugar taken with each cup is three lumps, served with the fingers usually; only to-day Madame has brought out her silver sugar-tongs in honour of the occasion. No milk, but two or three teaspoonfuls of brandy is drunk with it. The tea is very disappointing at first to an English palate, but in time one gets accustomed to it. Biscuits are served with it, English ones, Peek and Frean's 'Raspberry Wafers.'

One of the governesses takes round the cups; another, Mademoiselle Lion (we call her the Lamb, she is so meek), takes the sugar, and the Dragon takes the brandy. The Lamb is ready to drop with extreme nervousness ('Je suis si timide,' she says plaintively), although she has been rehearsing her part of the performance beforehand, which consists in presenting the sugar-bowl to each person in turn, with a graceful bow.

After tea, music is the order of the evening. Madame, though no musician, has a good deal of musical taste, although it inclines to the florid. With the sweetest of smiles, she asks 'Mees' to favour them with a piece. Madame's wishes are commands, so 'Mees' smilingly assents, and plays all Madame's favourite overtures, Tancredi, Masaniello, Semiramide, etc., with a few light drawing-room pieces, all Madame's selection. While 'Mees' plays, the rest of the governesses sit in a row opposite the guests, and try not to laugh too much—there is something very comical in the idea of a lot of girls sitting in a row. The instrumental music is interspersed with a few songs. Bébé Boyard sings in a sweet tripping little voice a gay little song: 'Ce que disent les demoiselles.'

The refrain runs thus:—

'Où vont les brunes hirondelles?
On le sait bien.
Ce que disent les demoiselles
On n'en sait rien.'

Bébé is, strange to say, the only one of the five French governesses who can sing; not one of them can play, from which it would appear that French girls do not learn music to the same extent as English girls.

'Mees' sings a little English ditty, 'The little maid milking her cow,' amidst great applause, in spite of the drawback that few of the party understand English sufficiently to take in the sense; but they

understand something of it, and probably imagine a good deal more. Then Madame sings her *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Jeanne d'Arc.' It is a song to be remembered, sung as she sings it. Time was, when she invariably sang without accompaniment; but one day 'Mees' persuaded her to have it accompanied, and now she never sings without. As I hinted before, Madame likes something florid, and she gets it, for 'Mees's' accompaniment is a marvel of dexterity. Louder and louder plays 'Mees,' her fingers flying madly up and down the keys in arpeggios that would gladden the heart of a Czerny or a Cramer—but which are *not* found in the book—and louder and louder sings Madame until she comes to the climax *Il faut partir?* It is simply exquisite—to us. She really sings very well and with great dramatic effect. I always think she mistook her vocation in life when she became a *maîtresse de pension*—she ought to have been an actress.

It is quite a treat, too, to listen to Monsieur as he sings 'Le Bandolier' in a rollicking baritone voice—of course, minus the accompaniment. Then Bébé comes to the fore again and sings a charming little *chanson*, 'Comme à Vingt Ans.'

'Le soleil se levait à l'horizon, d'opale,
L'alouette achevait sa chanson matinale,
La joie était partout,
Dans chaque fleur nouvelle
Aux bois, aux prés, surtout
Au nid de l'hirondelle,
Et, moi-même, joyeux du retour du printemps
Je me mis à chanter, comme on chante à vingt ans.

Puis, je vis s'avancer, une enfant blonde et belle,
Comment vous retracer ce qui charmait en elle?
Ah! rien qu'en la voyant,
Au bord de l'onde pure,
Se pencher, souriant,
On l'aimait, je le jure!
Et moi, qui l'aperçus, hélas! quelques instants,
Je me mis à rêver, comme on rêve à vingt ans.

Je vis, le lendemain, non plus au bord de l'onde,
Mais assise au chemin, la jeune fille blonde,
Je vis qu'ils étaient deux.
A deux l'âme est joyeuse.
Comme il était heureux!
Comme elle était heureuse!
Et moi, dans mon bonheur de les voir si contents,
Je me mis à pleurer comme on pleure à vingt ans.'

By this time we have had enough of music, and cards and conversation take its place. The 'company' laugh and talk and gesticulate as only foreigners can do, and we sit and listen. Little do they suspect that there is a 'chiel among them takin' notes'! It is a perfect Babel. I feel a good deal like the Frenchman (I forget his name) in the 'Pioneers,' who politely tries to listen to every one at once—for I like to hear everything. Madame is '*très dévote*;' M. le Maire is an atheist; we English are Protestants, so opinions vary. However, no

bones are broken. Everything is discussed—religion, politics, and, out of compliment to us, England. M. l'Abbé Durant says that during a late visit to England there were three things that struck him forcibly, viz.: The observance of the Sabbath, the respect paid to established authority, and the large families!

Madame cannot permit the evening to pass without an allusion to her favourite hobby—her new '*classe enfantine*.' As it is only separated from the salon by folding-doors, thither we all adjourn in procession, carrying lighted candles, to view the room. It is a pretty little place, light green with wood panels. The tiny desks and forms with backs for '*les petits anges*' are of carved oak; they are intended for mites of two years old and upwards. M. le Maire, a handsome grey-headed old man, with a fierce moustache, and (of course) the decoration of the Légion d'Honneur, takes his place on one of the tiny benches; the fat Aumônier of the college squeezes his portly form into the like liliputian seat. The infection spreads to the rest of the company, who place themselves and are children again for the nonce. The Dragon (who has charge of this department) has to come forward with a reading card and a pointer, and to give a lesson on the alphabet to these gay juveniles. They all think it an exquisite joke—and so it is—but there is a pathetic side to the picture which they do not see.

By this time it is nearly 2 A.M., and the guests think it time to take their departure.

We eight governesses stand in a row and bow like Chinese mandarins. Frenchmen—especially priests—do not shake hands, as a rule, with ladies. It seems cold and unfriendly to us—at first—who are accustomed to a good honest shake of the hand; but every country has its customs.

After the guests are gone, we lightly salute Madame on both cheeks, and thank her for a very pleasant evening, bow politely to Monsieur, and take our way back to our deserted dormitories, where the friendly lamp still glimmers a faint welcome, and try to obtain a little rest before the bell rings us up at 6 A.M.

BRONWEN.

Spider Subjects.

ON Brian Boromhe, Weaver is very good, Moonraker is painstaking, but wants life; Winifred entertaining, but without much fact. Water Wagtail has few facts and no stops. Spinning Jenny is best, but if she had lighted on Dr. Dasent's Introduction to Burnt Njal, she would have found that the battle of Clontarf was the occasion of the famous song of the Fatal Sisters, freely translated by Gray. They were seen, twelve in number, riding from Caithness on behalf of King Sigtrygg of the Silky Beard. Such was Brian's high character that several Christian Norsemen fought on his side. Sigurd's Raven-banner was fated to bring death on all who bore it. One after another they fell, till the Earl took it himself, and likewise perished.

SPIDER QUESTION.

Give the history of the heraldic bearings and standards and banners of the chief European countries.

WHO WAS BRIAN BOROMHE?

In looking at Ireland during the time when it was torn by fierce contests between Northmen and Celts, we shall see part of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh centuries lighted up by the heroism which formed a halo round Brian Boru, rightly spelt Boroimhe, or Boromhe.

In the year 976, Brian became King of Munster, one of the four divisions into which, according to old story, Heber and Heremon had divided the land they had colonised. Maelsechlan MacDomhail, otherwise and more pronounceably called Malachy, was regarded as the rightful king of all Ireland, and there was continued fighting between the two kings, except when they joined forces against the Danes. In the year 1000, or according to some authorities 1003, Brian wrested the supremacy from Malachy, and reduced him to be tributary King of Meath. Then followed a time of comparative peace, during which Brian showed himself as powerful as he had previously done in war. By imposing a tribute upon Ulster he got the surname of Boromhe (= of the tribute); the religious side of his character was shown by his protection of the rights of the Church and clergy, and the care he took to promote the spread of religious teaching; the laws he drew up and enforced show him to have been no mean legislator and administrator, and by his close attention to the roads and highways of his kingdom, whereby trade and intercourse might be carried on between different parts of it, he greatly advanced civilisation, short though his reign was. In 1013, when Brian was in the eighty-eighth year of his age, his old rival Malachy asked his help against MacMorrough, King of Leinster. As the Danes were helping MacMorrough, Brian granted the request, and marched to near

Dublin, where he waited from August till Christmas-tide to engage with the enemy, who were too busy gathering strength to meet so renowned a foe as he to dare a battle yet. Reinforcements came from Norway, as well as Denmark, from the isles round Scotland, as well as from Scotland herself, and also from the Isle of Man; and as soon as Brian had gone back to Munster the combined forces assembled on the plains of Clontarf, about two miles from Dublin. A vision of the night warned Brian that victory for Ireland would come only with his death; and in the early dawn of Good Friday morning, 1014, as he rode up and down among his men, nerving them for the fight, he told them he was willing to die, for the struggle was for Ireland's life and liberty, and that therefore they must not quail nor pause—no, not even to bear his dead body from the field should he fall in the fight. The battle began while the morning was still grey and dim, lending solemnity to Brian's figure as he headed his troops, crucifix in one hand, sword in the other, and lasted till evening shadows began to fall. His men obeyed him, and victory was theirs, but their leader had passed into a valley of deeper shadows still; and reverence was shown for his dead body by even the wounded begging to take their part in keeping it from being rudely handled. One chronicle says that Malachy greatly distinguished himself by withdrawing from the field early in the day, and leaving Brian to bear the burden and the glory of it alone. However that may have been, and however the glories of Brian's character may have been exaggerated on the one hand, and the blemishes of it magnified on the other, by which he is regarded as an usurper, one thing seems clear, that a great man and a venerable hero fell, fighting for his religion and country, on the plains of Clontarf, on a certain Good Friday morning. The two prophecies—namely, that victory should come with Brian's death, and that yet the 'glories of Erin' should pass away with him—seem also to have been fulfilled, for the Danes were permanently crushed by the battle of Clontarf; and such bickerings and contentions for the kingship over Ireland arose after Malachy's death, which followed pretty closely upon that of his great rival's, that men must have looked back longingly to the time when their land was ruled by the strong hand of Brian Boromhe.

SPINNING JENNY.

Notices to Correspondents.

Etoile presents compliments to those obliging correspondents who have had some controversy as to 'Events in an Irish Country House in 1880'—already widely reviewed. The lines alluded to will be more fully given in the second edition.

Etoile fears that the story about 'Commuting, Compounding, and Cutting,' is too true.

F. I. H.

'Oh! for a blast of that dread horn,'

is in the 6th canto of Scott's 'Marmion.' It refers to the legend of the last blast of Orlando (or Roland) on his horn, which warned Charlemagne that the rear of his army had been betrayed to the enemy at the pass of Roncesvalles, near Fontarabia, in the Pyrenees. *F. I. H.* had better read both her 'Marmion' and her history.

Where can I find the origin of the popular superstition of 'The Flying Dutchman'?

C. S.

Whence comes—

'A friend? Give me my cloak, and tho' the night is raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.'

INQUIRER.

Apathy would be glad to know if any of the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' can give her the words of a short poem on the words, 'A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench.' It begins with a description of the priest going round the Temple attending to the lights, and putting out one which burnt feebly. It then speaks of a shepherd with a reed-pipe which had got bent. *Apathy* does not know by whom the poem is written.

Where shall I find—

'We may in spirit still enjoy
Communion with the blest,
Calmed in our sorrows by the thought
Of their eternal rest.
While the same light that led them on
Shines on our Heavenward way,
While yet we keep the same true faith,
The same bright hope as they.'

G. F. S.

DEAR ARACHNE,

Do people consider enough that the want of sympathy between mothers and young daughters is mainly owing to their having made them over to finishing governesses for the most important years of their education. Mothers used to teach their boys and their little children a great deal. I doubt if they do now. Some may be

absorbed by society, by charities, and benevolent agencies, but with many I fancy the time is much frittered away in notes, conversations, drives, and dawdling, and would be easily redeemed for steady reading with girls who can be left if she is called away.

Let no one say, But the mother is not highly cultivated. The grandmothers, and probably the mothers of the modern girls who are not going in for a degree, read more and knew more than they do. If well-educated and used to clever society, they knew far more of the books of the day, and of the world's opinion of them, than a governess who has been crammed for teaching, and are far better fitted to open a girl's mind on many social and political questions, especially if the governess be a foreigner. The daughter would also gain an insight into her mother's troubles and anxieties—both would gain, and they would not start in life as strangers. Through the last fifty years many excellent biographies and other books have come out, of which the young generation do not even know the names—they were hired, and seldom bought; and who reads a bound book now? Could not the mother disinter some of these? They have helped to frame her life—could not she make them known to her daughter? Would not the governess respect the mother more if she saw her influence?

In 'Seniors and Juniors' Maud finds her parents irresponsible; might not she be as likely to have found them better informed than herself on some points?

S. B.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

(Received too late for July.)

1. *σκέπτομαι*. 'According to the individual's idea of "self" will be his or her method of self-culture.'

2. *Mother*, in an interesting paper, argues in favour of self-culture for women for the sake of helping, if not individual men, yet mankind.

3. *Kitty Mouse* argues in favour of self-culture as helping the mind to escape from daily cares.

4. *Periwinkle's* paper can hardly be condensed in this extra notice; she argues, with other points, that all knowledge increases our gratitude to God.

5. A *Trap-door Spider* brings out prettily the likeness of the mind to a garden, and the need of culture for it.

6. *Retsiambre*, in a very good paper, advises girls to make the most of scraps of leisure, and to do something if they cannot do much.

Chelsea China would like to quote one sentence from a private letter: 'I think if a girl sacrifices self-culture to real duties it will be made up to her, and habits of accuracy and arrangement which a busy life requires may be more wholesome than dreaming over a book of science in your arm-chair. Duty cannot hurt you *unless you mistake your duties.*'

SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Is it better for capable people to keep work in their own hands, or to admit less capable helpers?

Answers to be sent to the Publisher of the 'Monthly Packet,' addressed to Chelsea China, before the 1st of September.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for August.

29. Skotch the course of events which led to the establishment of the Four Hundred at Athens.
30. ‘At that time I was the only one of the Prytanes who opposed you and refused to do anything contrary to the laws.’—Plato: *Apologia*.
Explain fully the circumstances to which Socrates alludes. What was the Decree of Cannonus?
31. Describe the Battle of Ægospotami; and show why it was decisive.
32. Give an account of the reign and overthrow of the Thirty Tyrants.

April Class List.

First Class.

Kettle	33	Creag-an-Fitheach	} 30
Moonraker	} 32	King Arthur	
Water-wagtail		Lisle	
Squirrel		Persephone	
Blue-bell		Lia	
Fieldfare	} 31		
Busy Bee			
Jackanapes			
Great Grandmother			
Philomela			
Vorwärts			
Speranza			
Bladud			

Second Class.

Latter Larimus	} 29	Dun-Edin	} 25
Cockrobin		Pot	
Mignonette		Midge	
Eva		Taffy	
Erin-go-bragh		Countess	
Fidelia	} 28	Donna Pia	} 24
Hawthorn		Toby	
Marion		Maiblume	
Weaver		Apathy	
Actium		Apia	
Harum-Scarum	} 27	σκέπτομαι	} 23
Emu		Carlotta	
Stanzerl		Trop-ne-vad	
Charissa		Robin	
Gimmidge		Mabel	
Sapphire	} 26	Deryn	} 21
Apis		Dame Wood	
Penelope		 20

Third Class.

Lalage	17
Cinderella.	14
Tisiphone	12

*May Class List.**First Class.*

Kettle	36	'Αμήχανος	}	. . . 30
Vorwärts	35	Squirrel		
Creag-an-Fitheach	34	Lisle		
Moonraker	33	Great Grandmother		
Blue-bell	}	Apathy		
Latter Larimus		Emu		
Lia				

Second Class.

Speranza	} 28	Apis	} 23
Robin			Pot		
Charissa			σκέπτομαι		
Fidelia			Maiblume		
Jackanapes	} 27	Apia	} 22
Cherry Ripe			Bladud		
Water-wagtail			Erin-go-bragh		
Marion	} 26	Stutzerl		
Cockrobin			Dun-Edin		
Midge			Toby		
Actium	} 25	Countess	} 20
Eva			Trop-ne-vad		
Kittiwake			Harum-Scarum		
Taffy	} 24			
Mabel					
Deryn					
Carlotta					

Third Class.

Fieldfare	} 19	Taffy	16
Gimmidge			Donna Pia	14
Dame Wood			Cinderella	9
Philomela				

REMARKS.

13. Only Weaver and Water-wagtail and Erin-go-bragh explain why there were no less than twenty-two Oracles of Apollo, while there were only three of Zeus, at Dodona, Olympia, and the Libyan Ammon. It was because Apollo was believed to be not only the patron deity of prophecy, but himself the prophet or interpreter of Zeus, whose will he revealed to men.

Creag-an-Fitheach, Latter Larimus, and others: the story of Œdipus, the self-sacrifice of Codrus, and the details of the Messenian Wars, are legendary, not 'historical.' Busy Bee, Philomela, and others: the reply of the oracle to Croesus when resolving to attack Persia, was not, strictly speaking, 'an intervention in the affairs of Greece.'

14. The principal causes of the invasion of Greece by Darius were: (1) the warlike and enterprising character of the Persian Monarchy; (2) the intrigues and influence of Hippias, the exiled tyrant of Athens, who had taken refuge with Darius; (3) the aid given by Athens to the Ionic Revolt; (4) the burning of Sardis, a public affront which the 'Great King' could not pass over without a loss of prestige.

15. Speranza and Charissa: Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, was not the wife of Xerxes, but one of his vassal princes. Dun-

Edin : it was forty ships, not forty men, that the Athenians lost at Salamis. Dame Wood should not write 'expulsed' for 'expelled,' nor describe Sardis as 'a city of Asiatic Turkey,' a country not known in the time of Darius.

16. Thirty-eight students prefer the Athenians; ten the Lacedæmonians; five are indifferent or undecided; three leave the question unanswered.

Great Grandmother thinks the Spartans were a people to be respected, but the Athenians one to be loved; King Arthur strongly prefers the Athenians, because free institutions are always more attractive than those which are harsh and oppressive. Weaver favours the Spartans, because moral greatness is always to be preferred to mere intellectual power.

The Athenian type of character, quick, lively, ingenious, enterprising, liberal, democratic; the Spartan, slow, cautious, grave, orderly, conservative, aristocratic, were both necessary to the perfect development of the great Hellenic nation, which, like the wise Scribe, brought forth out of its treasures things new and old.

17. Speranza and others: the building of the Long Walls at Athens was not opposed by Cimon, since they were, in fact, built by him with the money which he brought home from his campaign in Asia Minor. It was the third, or inner wall, as Toby rightly explains, which was built by Pericles. Countess: Cimon was recalled in B.C. 457, not because of the Athenian defeat in Egypt two years afterwards. Dun-Edin mistakes the Battle of Tanagra, in which the Athenians were defeated, for that of Ctenophyta, in which they were victorious.

18. Emu: the revolt of Naxos took place twelve years (not two) after the formation of the confederacy of Delos; which (Pot:) was Ionian, not Peloponnesian.

19. The passage from Burke is rightly given by thirty-four members, and is as follows: 'Party is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed' (*Present Discontents*).

Moonraker is severe on the Athenian parties, and seems ready to exclaim with Mercutio, 'A plague on both your houses!' while Squirrel and Lisle estimate them, perhaps, too favourably. The truth is, political parties are inevitable in a free country, where men enjoy what Tacitus calls 'the rare felicity of being allowed to think as they please, and to say what they think;' and Athenian partisanship, though it too often degenerated into faction, never altogether lost its intellectual element, or ceased to represent opinion. Its records, therefore, possess a permanent interest, and differ in this respect from the mediæval feuds of Florence and Pistoja, which were simply contests between the members and adherents of rival families, 'battles of kites and crows.'

N.B. 'Αμήχανος, Penelope. Actium, Creag-an-Fitheach, and a few others, are requested to remember the rule as to quantity; their answers are much too long. A perfect answer is, like the Thames in Denham's poem, 'without o'erflowing, full.'

The Monthly Packet.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

‘Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,
Nor sleep fell ever on his eyes that watch’d
Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline,
Boötes and the Bear, call’d else the Wain,
Which in his polar prison circling, looks
Direct towards Orion, and alone
Of these sinks never to the briny deep.’

—ODYSSEY.

THE boat was pushed off, the Abyssinian leapt into it, Arthur paused to pour out his thankfulness to Yusuf, but was met with the reply, ‘Hout awa’! Time enough for that—in wi’ ye.’ And fancying there was some alarm, he sprang in, and to his amazement found Yusuf instantly at his side, taking the rudder, and giving some order to Fareek, who had taken possession of a pair of oars; while the waters seemed to flash and glitter a welcome at every dip.

‘You are coming! you are coming!’ exclaimed Arthur, clasping the merchant’s hand, almost beside himself with joy.

‘Sma’ hope wad there be of a callant like yersel’ and the wean there winning awa’ by yer lane,’ growled Yusuf.

‘You have given up all for us.’

‘There wasna muckle to gie,’ returned the sponge merchant. ‘Sin’ the gude wife and her bit bairnies at Bona were gane, I hadna the heart to gang thereawa’, nor quit the sound o’ the bonny Scots tongue. I wad as soon gang to the bottom as to the toom house. For dinna ye trow yersells ower sicker e’en the noo.’

‘Is there fear of pursuit?’

‘No mickle o’ that. The folk here are what they ca’ Cabyles, a dounce set, not forgathering with Arabs nor wi’ Moors. I wad na gang among them till the search was over to-day, but yesterday I saw yon carle, and coft the boatie frae him for the wee blackamoor

and the mule. The Moors at El Aziz are not seafaring ; and gin the morn they jalouse what we have done, we have the start of them. Na, I'm not feared for them ; but forbye that, this is no the season for an open boatie wi' a crew of three and a wean. Gin we met an Algerian or Tunisian cruiser, as we are maist like to do, a bullet or drooning wad be ower gude in their e'en for us—for me, that is to say. They wad spare the bairn, and may think you too likely a lad to hang on the walls like a split corbie on the woodsman's lodge.'

'Well, Yusuf, my name is Hope, you know,' said Arthur. 'God has brought us so far, and will scarce leave us now. I feel three times the man that I was when I lay down this evening. Do we keep to the north, where we are sure to come to a Christian land in time.'

'Easier said than done. Ye little ken what the currents are in this same sea, or deed ye'll soon ken when we get into them.'

Arthur satisfied himself that they were making for the north by looking at the Pole Star, so much lower than he was used to see it in Scotland that he hardly recognised his old friend ; but, as he watched the studded belt of the Hunter and the glittering Pleiades, the Horatian dread of *nimbosus Orion* occurred to him as a thought to be put away.

Meantime there was a breeze from the land, and the sail was hoisted. Yusuf bade both Arthur and Fareek lie down to sleep, for their exertions would be wanted by-and-by, since it would not be safe to use the sail by daylight. It was very cold, wild blasts coming down from the mountains ; but Arthur crept under the woollen mantle that had been laid over Ulysse, and was weary enough to sleep soundly. Both were awakened by the hauling down of the mast ; and the little boy, who had quite slept off the drug, scrambling out from under the covering, was astonished beyond measure at finding himself between the glittering, sparkling expanse of sea and the sky, where the sun had just leapt up in a blaze of gold.

The white summits of Atlas were tipped with rosy light, beautiful to behold, though the voyagers had much rather have been out of sight of them.

'How much have we made, Yusuf ?' began Arthur.

'Tam Armstrong, so please you, sir ! Yusuf's dead and buried the noo ; and if I were farther beyant the grip of them that kenned him, my thrapple would feel all the sounder !'

This day was, he further explained, the most perilous one, since they were by no means beyond the track of vessels plying on the coast ; and as a very jagged and broken cluster of rocks lay near, he decided on availing themselves of the shelter they afforded. The boat was steered into a narrow channel between two which stood up like the fangs of a great tooth, and afforded a pleasant shade ; but there was such a screaming and calling of gulls, terns, cormorants, and all manner of other birds, as they entered the little strait, and such a cloud of them hovered and whirled overhead, that Tam uttered

imprecations on their skirling, and bade his companions lie close and keep quiet till they had settled again, lest the commotion should betray that the rocks were the lair of fugitives.

It was not easy to keep Ulysse quiet, for he was in raptures at the rush of winged creatures, and no less so at the wonderful sea-anemones and starfish in the pools, where long streamers of weed of beautiful colours floated on the limpid water.

Nothing reduced him to stillness but the sight of the dried goat's flesh and dates that Tam Armstrong produced, and for which all had appetites, which had to be checked, since no one could tell how long it would be before any kind of haven could be reached.

Arthur bathed himself and his charge in a pool, after Tam had ascertained that no many-armed squid or cuttlefish lurked within it. And while Ulysse disported himself like a little fish, Arthur did his best to restore him to his natural complexion, and tried to cleanse the little garments, which showed only too plainly the lack of any change, and which were the only Frank or Christian clothes among them, since young Hope himself had been almost stripped when he came ashore, and wore the usual garb of Yusuf's slaves.

Presently Fareek made an imperative sign to hush the child's merry tongue; and peering forth in intense anxiety, the others perceived a lateen sail passing perilously near, but happily keeping aloof from the sharp reef of rocks around their shelter. Arthur had forgotten the child's prayers and his own, but Ulysse connected them with dressing, and the alarm of the passing ship had recalled them to the young man's mind, though he felt shy as he found that Tam Armstrong was not asleep, but was listening and watching with his keen grey eyes under their grizzled brows. Presently, when Ulysse was dropping to sleep again, the ex-merchant began to ask questions with the intelligence of his shrewd Scottish brains.

The stern Calvinism of the North was wont to consign to utter neglect the outcast border of civilisation, where there were no decent parents to pledge themselves; and Partan Jeanie's son had grown up well-nigh in heathen ignorance among fisher lads and merchant sailors, till it had been left for him to learn among the Mohammedans both temperance and devotional habits. His whole faith and understanding would have been satisfied for ever; but there had been strange yearnings within him ever since he had lost his wife and children, and these had not passed away when Arthur Hope came in his path. Like many another renegade, he could not withstand the attraction of his native tongue; and in this case it was doubled by the feudal attachment of the district to the family of Burnside, and a grateful remembrance of the lady who had been one of the very few persons who had ever done a kindly deed by the little outcast. He had broken with all his Moslem ties for Arthur Hope's sake; and these being left behind, he began to make some inquiries about that Christian faith to which he must needs return—if return be the

right word in the case of one who knew it so little when he had abjured it.

And Arthur had not been bred to the grim reading of the doctrine of predestination which had condemned poor Tam, even before he had embraced the faith of the Prophet. Boyish, and not over thoughtful, the youth, when brought face to face with apostacy, had been ready to give life or liberty rather than deny his Lord; and deepened by that great decision, he could hold up that Lord and Redeemer in colours that made Tam see that his clinging to his faith was not out of mere honour and constancy, but that Mohammed had been a poor and wretched substitute for Him whom the poor fellow had denied, not knowing what he did.

'Weel!' he said, 'gin the Deacon and the auld aunties had tellt me as mickle about Him, thae Moors might ha' preached their thrapples sair for Tam. Mashallah! Maister Arthur, do ye think noo, He can forgie a puir carle for turning frae Him an' disowning Him?'

'I am sure of it, Tam. He forgives all who come to Him—and you—you did it in ignorance.'

'And you trow na that I am a vessel of wrath, as they aye said?'

'No, no, no, Tam. How could that be with one who has done what you have for us? There is good in you—noble goodness, Tam; and who could have put it there but God, the Holy Spirit? I believe myself He was leading you all the time, though you did not know it; making you a better man first, and now through this brave kindness to us, bringing you back to be a real true Christian and know Him.'

Arthur felt as if something put the words into his mouth, but he felt them with all his heart, and the tears were in his eyes.

At sundown Tam grew restless. Force of habit impelled him to turn to Mecca and make his devotions as usual, and after nearly kneeling down on the flat stone, he turned to Arthur, and said—

'I canna weel do without the bit prayer, sir.'

'No, indeed, Tam. Only let it be in the right Name.'

And Arthur knelt down beside him and said the Lord's Prayer, then under a spell of bashfulness muttered special entreaty for protection and safety.

They were to embark again now that darkness would veil their movements, but the wind blew so much from the north that they could not raise the sail. The oars were taken by Tam and Fareek at first, but when they came into difficult currents Arthur changed places with the former.

And thus the hours passed. The Mediterranean may be in our eyes a European lake, but it was quite large enough to be a desert of sea and sky to the little crew of an open boat, even though they were favoured by the weather. Otherwise, indeed, they must have perished in the first storm. They durst not sail except by night, and

then only with northerly winds, nor could there be much rest, since they could not lay to, and drift with the currents, lest they should be carried back to the African coast. Only one of the three men could sleep at a time, and that by one of the others taking both oars, and in time this could not but become very exhausting. It was true that all the coasts to the north were of Christian lands; but in their Moorish garments and in perfect ignorance of Italian, strangers might fare no better in Sardinia or Sicily than in Africa, and Spain might be as bad, but Tam endeavoured to keep a north-westerly course, thinking from what Arthur had said, that in this direction there was more chance of being picked up by a French vessel. Would their strength and provisions hold out? Of this there was serious doubt. Late in the year as it was, the heat and glare were as distressing by day as was the cold by night, and the continued exertion of rowing produced thirst, which made it very difficult to husband the water in the skins. Tam and Fareek were both tough, and inured to heat and privation, but Arthur, scarce yet come to his full height, and far from having attained proportionate robustness and muscular strength, could not help flagging, though, whenever steering was of minor importance, Tam gave him the rudder, moved by his wan looks, for he never complained, even when fragments of dried goat's flesh almost choked his parched mouth. The boy was never allowed to want for anything save water; but it was very hard to hear him fretting for it. Tam took the goatskin into his own keeping, and more than once uttered a rough reproof, and yet Arthur saw him give the child half his own precious ration when it must have involved grievous suffering. The promise about giving the cup of cold water to a little one could not but rise to his lips.

'Cauld! and I wish it were cauld!' was all the response Tam made; but his face showed some gratification.

This was no season for traffic, and they had barely seen a sail or two in the distance, and these only such as the experienced eyes of the ex-sponge merchant held to be dangerous. Deadly lassitude began to seize the young Scot; he began scarcely to heed what was to become of them, and had not energy to try to console Ulysse, who, having in an unwatched moment managed to swallow some sea water, was crying and wailing under the additional misery he had inflicted on himself. The sun beat down with noontide force, when on that fourth day, turning from its scorching, his languid eye espied a sail on the northern horizon.

'See,' he cried; 'that is not the way of the Moors.'

'Bismillah! I beg your pardon, sir,' cried Tam, but said no more, only looked intently.

Gradually, gradually the spectacle rose on their view fuller and fuller, not the ruddy wings of the Algerine or Italian, but the square white castle-like tiers of sails rising one above another, bearing along in a south-easterly direction.

‘English or French,’ said Tam, with a long breath, for her colours and build were not yet discernible. ‘Mashallah! I beg pardon. I mean, God grant she pass us not by!’

The mast was hastily raised, with Tam’s turban unrolled, floating at the top of it, and while he and Fareek plied their oars with might and main, he bade Arthur fire off at intervals the blunderbuss, which had hitherto lain idle at the bottom of the boat.

How long the intense suspense lasted they knew not ere Arthur cried—

‘They are slackening sail! Thank God. Tam, you have saved us! English!’

‘Not so fast!’ Tam uttered an Arabic and then a Scottish interjection.

Their signal had been seen by other eyes. An unmistakable Algerine, with the crescent flag, was bearing down on them from the opposite direction.

‘Rascals. Do they not dread the British flag?’ cried Arthur. ‘Surely that will protect us?’

‘They are smaller and lighter, and with their galley slaves can defy the wind, and loup off like a flea in a blanket,’ returned Tam, grimly. ‘Mair by token, they guess what we are, and will hold on to hae my life’s bluid if naething mair! Here! Gie us a soup of the water, and the last bite of flesh. ’Twill serve us the noo, and we shall need it nae mair any way.’

Arthur fed him, for he durst not slacken rowing for a moment. Then seeing Fareek, who had borne the brunt of the fatigue, looking spent, the youth, after swallowing a few morsels and a little foul-smelling drink, took the second oar, while double force seemed given to the long arms lately so weary, and both pulled on in silent, grim desperation. Ulysse had given one scream at seeing the last of the water swallowed, but he, too, understood the situation, and obeyed Arthur’s brief words—

‘Kneel down and pray for us, my boy.’

The Abyssinian was evidently doing the same, after having loaded the blunderbuss, but it was no longer necessary to use this as a signal, since the frigate had lowered her boat, which was rapidly coming towards them.

But alas, still more swiftly, as it seemed to those terrified eyes, came the Moorish boat; longer, narrower, more favoured by currents and winds, flying like a falcon towards its prey. It was a fearful race. Arthur’s head began to swim, his breath labour, his arms to move stiffly as a thresher’s flail; but just as power was failing him, an English cheer came over the waters, and restored strength for a few more resolute strokes.

Then came some puffs of smoke from the pirate’s boat, a report, a jerk to their own, a fresh dash forward, even as Fareek fired, giving a moment’s check to the enemy. There was a louder cheer, several

shots from the English boat, a clout from the ship's side. Then Arthur was sensible of a relaxation of effort, and that the chase was over, then that the British boat was alongside, friendly voices ringing in his ears.

'How now, mates? Runaways, eh? Where d'ye hail from?'

'Scottish! British!' panted out Arthur, unable to utter more, faint, giddy, and astounded by the cheers around him, and the hands stretched out in welcome. He scarcely saw or understood.

'Queer customers here! What! a child! Who are you, my little man? And what's this? A Moor! He's hit—pretty hard too.'

This brought back Arthur's reeling senses in one flash of horror, at the sight of Tam, bleeding fast in the bottom of the boat.

'Oh, Tam, Tam! He saved me! He is Scottish too,' cried Arthur. 'Sir, is he alive?'

'I think so,' said the officer, who had bent over Tam. 'We'll have him aboard in a minute, and see what the doctor can do with him. You seem to have had a narrow escape.'

Arthur was too busy endeavouring to staunch the blood which flowed fast from poor Tam's side to make much reply, but Ulysse, perched on the officer's knee, was answering for him in mixed English and French.

'Moi, je suis le Chevalier de Bourke! My papa is Ambassador to Sweden. This gentleman is his secretary. We were shipwrecked—and M. Arture and I swam away together. The Moors were good to us, and wanted to make us Moors; but M. Arture said it would be wicked. And Yusuf bought him for a slave; but that was only *pour faire la comédie*. He is *bon Chrétien* after all, and so is poor Fareek, only he is dumb. Yusuf—that is Tam—made me all black, and changed me for his little negro boy; and we got into the boat, and it was very hot, and oh, I am so thirsty! And now M. Arture will take me to Monsieur mon Père, and get me some nice clothes again.' concluded the young gentleman, who, in this moment of return to civilised society, had become perfectly aware of his own rank and importance.

Arthur only looked up to verify the child's statements, which had much struck the lieutenant. Their boat had by this time been towed alongside of the frigate, and poor Tam was hoisted on board, and the surgeon was instantly at hand; but he said at once that the poor fellow was fast dying, and that it would be useless torture to carry him below for examination.

A few words passed with the captain, and then the little Chevalier was led away, to tell his own tale, which he was doing with a full sense of his own importance; but presently the captain returned, and beckoned to Arthur, who had been kneeling beside poor Tam, moistening his lips, and bathing his face, as he lay gasping and apparently unconscious, except that he had gripped hold of his broad sash or girdle when it was taken off.

‘The child tells me he is Comte de Bourke’s son,’ said the captain, in a tentative manner, as if doubtful whether he should be understood, and certainly Arthur looked more Moorish than European.

‘Yes, sir! He was on his way with his mother to join his father when we were taken by a Moorish corsair.’

‘But you are not French?’ said the captain, recognising the tones.

‘No, sir; Scottish—Arthur Maxwell Hope. I was to have gone as the Count’s secretary.’

‘You have escaped from the Moors? I could not understand what the boy said. Where are the lady and the rest?’

Arthur as briefly as he could, for he was very anxious to return to poor Tam, explained the wreck and the subsequent adventures, saying that he feared the poor Countess was lost, but that he had seen her daughter and some of her suite on a rock. Captain Beresford was horrified at the idea of a Christian child among the wild Arabs. His station was Minorca, but he had just been at the Bay of Rosas, where poor Comte de Bourke’s anxiety and distress about his wife and children were known, and he had received a request amounting to orders to try to obtain intelligence about them, so that he held it to be within his duty to make at once for Djigheli Bay.

For further conversation was cut short by sounds of articulate speech from poor Tam. Arthur turned hastily, and the captain proceeded to give his orders.

‘Is Maister Hope here?’

‘Here! Yes. Oh, Tam, dear Tam, if I could do anything!’ cried Arthur.

‘I canna see that well,’ said Tam, with a sound of anxiety. ‘Where’s my sash?’

‘This is it, in your own hand,’ said Arthur, thinking he was wandering, but the other hand sought one of the ample folds, which was sewn over, and weighty.

‘Tak’ it; tak’ tent of it; ye’ll need the siller. Four hunder piastres of Tunis, not countin’ zecchins, and other sma’ coin.’

‘Shall I send them to any one at Eyemouth?’

Tam almost laughed. ‘Na, na; keep them and use them yersell, sir. There’s nane at hame that wad own puir Tam. The leddy, your mither, an’ you hae been mair to me than a’ beside that’s above ground, and what wad ye do wi’out the siller?’

‘Oh, Tam! I owe all and everything to you. And now——’

Tam looked up, as Arthur’s utterance was choked, and a great tear fell on his face. ‘Wha wad hae said,’ murmured he, ‘that a son of Burnside wad be greetin’ for Partan Jeanie’s son?’

‘For my best friend. What have you not saved me from! and I can do nothing!’

‘Nay, sir. Say but thae words again.’

‘Oh, for a clergyman! Or if I had a Bible to read you the promises.’

‘You shall have one,’ said the captain, who had returned to his side. The surgeon muttered that the lad seemed as good as a parson; but Arthur heard him not, and was saying what prayers came to his mind in this stress, when, even as the captain returned, the last struggle came on. Once more Tam looked up, saying, ‘Ye’ll be good to puir Fareek;’ and with a word more, ‘Oh, Christ: will He save such as I?’ all was over.

‘Come away, you can do nothing more,’ said the doctor. ‘You want looking to yourself.’

For Arthur tottered as he tried to rise, and needed the captain’s kind hand as he gained his feet. ‘Sir,’ he said, as the tears gushed to his eyes, ‘he *does* deserve all honour—my only friend and deliverer.’

‘I see,’ said Captain Beresford, much moved, ‘whatever he has been, he died a Christian. He shall have Christian burial. And this fellow?’ pointing to poor Fareek, whose grief was taking vent in moans and sobs.

‘Christian—Abyssinian, but dumb,’ Arthur explained, and having his promise that all respect should be paid to poor Tam’s corpse, he let the doctor lead him away, for he had now time to feel how sun-scorched and exhausted he was, with giddy, aching head, and legs cramped and stiff, arms strained and shoulders painful after his three days and nights of the boat. His thirst, too, seemed unquenchable, in spite of drinks almost unconsciously taken, and though hungry, he had little will to eat.

The surgeon made him take a warm bath, and then fed him with soup, after which, after a promise of being called in due time, he consented to deposit himself in a hammock, and presently fell asleep.

When he awoke he found that clothes had been provided for him—naval uniforms; but that could not be helped, and the comfort was great. He was refreshed, but still very stiff. However, he dressed and was just ready, when the surgeon came to see whether he were in condition to be summoned, for it was near sundown, and all hands were piped up to attend poor Tam’s funeral rites. His generous and faithful deed had eclipsed the memory that he was a renegade, and, indeed, it had been in such ignorance that he had had little to deny.

All the sailors stood as respectfully as if he had been one of themselves while the captain read a portion of the Burial Office. Such honours would never have been his in his native land, where at that time even Episcopalians themselves could not have ventured on any out-door rites, and Arthur was thus doubly struck and impressed, when, as the corpse, sewn in sail-cloth, and heavily weighted, was launched into the blue waves, he heard the words committing the body to the deep, till the sea should give up her dead.

He longed to be able to translate them to poor Fareek, who was

weeping and howling so inconsolably as to attest how good a master he had lost.

Perhaps Tam's newly-found or recovered Christianity might have been put to hard shocks as to the virtues he had learnt among the Moslems.

At any rate, Arthur often had reason to declare in after life that the poor renegade might have put many a better-trained Christian to shame.

CHAPTER X.

ON BOARD THE 'CALYPSO.'

'From whence this youth?
His country, name, and birth declare!'

—SCOTT.

'You had forgotten this legacy, Mr. Hope,' said Captain Beresford, taking Arthur into his cabin, 'and, judging by its weight, it is hardly to be neglected. I put it into my locker for security.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Arthur. 'The question is whether I ought to take it. I wished for your advice.'

'I heard what passed,' said the captain. 'I should call your right as complete as if you had a will made by half-a-dozen lawyers. When we get into port, a few crowns to the ship's company to drink your health, and all will be right. Will you count it?'

The folds were undone, and little piles made of the gold, but neither captain nor Arthur were much the wiser. The purser might have computed it, but Captain Beresford did not propose this, thinking perhaps that it was safer that no report of a treasure should get abroad in the ship.

He made a good many inquiries, which he had deferred till Arthur should be in a fitter condition for answering, first about the capture and wreck, and what the young man had been able to gather about the Cabeleyzes. Then, as the replies showed that he had a gentleman before him, Captain Beresford added that he could not help asking, '*Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère ?*'

'Sir,' said Arthur, 'I do not know whether you will think it your duty to make me a prisoner, but I had better tell you the whole truth.'

'Oho!' said the captain; 'but you are too young! You could never have been out with—with—we'll call him the Chevalier.'

'I ran away from school. I was a mere boy, and I never was attainted,' explained Arthur, blushing. 'I have been with my Lord Nithsdale, and my mother thought I could safely come home, and that if I came from Sweden my brother could not think I compromised him.'

'Your brother?'

'Lord Burnside. He is at Court, in favour, they say, with King George. He is my half-brother; my mother is a Maxwell.'

‘There is a Hope in garrison at Port Mahon—a captain,’ said the captain. ‘Perhaps he will advise you what to do if you are sick of Jacobite intrigue and mystery, and ready to serve King George.’

Arthur’s face lighted up. ‘Will it be James Hope of Ryelands, or Dickie Hope of the Lynn, or——’

Captain Beresford held up his hands.

‘Time must show that, my young friend,’ he said, smiling. ‘And now I think the officers expect you to join their mess in the gun-room.’

There Arthur found the little Chevalier strutting about in an adaptation of the smallest midshipman’s uniform, and the centre of an admiring party, who were equally diverted by his consequential airs and by his accounts of his sports among the Moors. Happy fellow, he could adapt himself to any society, and was ready to be the pet and plaything of the ship’s company, believing himself, when he thought of anything beyond the present, to be full on the road to his friends again.

Fareek was a much more difficult charge, for Arthur had hardly a word that he could understand. He found the poor fellow coiled up in a corner, just where he had seen his former master’s remains disappear, still moaning and weeping bitterly. As Arthur called to him he looked up for a moment, then crawled forward, striking his forehead at intervals against the deck. He was about to kiss the feet of his former fellow-slave, the glittering gold, blue, and white of whose borrowed dress no doubt impressed him. Arthur hastily started back, to the amazement of the spectators, and called out a negative—one of the words sure to be first learnt. He tried to take Fareek’s hand and raise him from his abject attitude; but the poor fellow continued kneeling, and not only were no words available to tell him that he was free, but it was extremely doubtful whether freedom was any boon to him. One thing, however, he did evidently understand—he pointed to the St. George’s pennant with the red cross, made the sign, looked an interrogation, and on Arthur’s reply, ‘Christians,’ and reiteration of the word ‘Salem,’ peace, he folded his arms and looked reassured.

‘Aye, aye, my hearty,’ said the big boatswain, ‘ye’ve got under the old flag, and we’ll soon make you see the difference. Cut out your poor tongue, have they, the rascals, and made a dummy of you? I wish my cat was about their ears! Come along with you, and you shall find what British grog is made of.’

And a remarkable friendship arose between the two, the boatswain patronising Fareek on every occasion, and roaring at him as if he were deaf as well as dumb, and Fareek appearing quite confident under his protection, and establishing a system of signs, which were fortunately a universal language. The Abyssinian evidently viewed himself as young Hope’s servant or slave, probably thinking himself part of his late master’s bequest, and there was no common language

between them in which to explain the difference or ascertain the poor fellow's wishes. He was a slightly-made, dexterous man, probably about five-and-twenty years of age, and he caught up very quickly, by imitation, the care he could take of Arthur's clothes, and the habit of waiting on him at meals.

Meantime the *Calypso* held her course to the south-east, till the chart declared the coast to be that of Djigheli Bay, and Arthur recognised the headlands whither the unfortunate *Tartane* had drifted to her destruction. Anchoring outside the bay, Captain Beresford sent the first lieutenant, Mr. Bullock, in the long-boat, with Arthur and a well-armed force, with instructions to offer no violence, but to reconnoitre, and if they found Mademoiselle de Bourke, or any others of the party, to do their best for their release by promises of ransom or representations of the consequences of detaining them. Arthur was prepared to offer his own piastres at once in case of need of immediate payment. He was by this time tolerably versed in the vernacular of the Mediterranean, and a cook's boy, shipped at Gibraltar, was also supposed to be capable of interpreting.

The beautiful bay, almost realising the description of *Æneas'* landing-place, lay before them, the still green waters within reflecting the fantastic rocks and the wreaths of verdure which crowned them, while the white mountain-tops rose like clouds in the far distance against the azure sky. Arthur could only, however, think of all this fair scene as a cruel prison, and those sharp rocks as the jaws of a trap, when he saw the ribs of the *Tartane* still jammed into the rock where she had struck, and where he had saved the two children as they were washed up the hatchway. He saw the rock where the other three had clung, and where he had left the little girl. He remembered the crowd of howling, yelling savages, leaping and gesticulating on the beach, and his heart trembled as he wondered how it had ended.

Where were the Cabeleyzes who had thus greeted them? The bay seemed perfectly lonely. Not a sound was to be heard but the regular dip of the oars, the cry of a startled bird, and the splash of a flock of seals, which had been sunning themselves on the shore, and which floundered into the sea like Proteus' flock of yore before Ulysses. Would that Proteus himself had still been there to be captured and interrogated! For the place was so entirely deserted that, saving for the remains of the wreck, he must have believed himself mistaken in the locality, and the lieutenant began to question him whether it had been daylight when he came ashore.

Could the natives have hidden themselves at sight of an armed vessel? Mr. Bullock resolved on landing, very cautiously, and with a sufficient guard. On the shore some fragments of broken boxes and packing cases appeared; and a sailor pointed out the European lettering painted on one—sse de B. It plainly was part of the address to the Comtesse de Bourke. This encouraged the party in their

search. They ascended the path which poor Hébert and Lanty Callaghan had so often painfully climbed, and found themselves before the square of reed hovels, also deserted, but with black marks where fires had been lighted, and with traces of recent habitation.

Arthur picked up a rag of the Bourke livery, and another of a brocade which he had seen the poor Countess wearing. Was this all the relic that he should ever be able to take to her husband?

He peered about anxiously in hopes of discovering further tokens, and Mr. Bullock was becoming impatient of his lingering, when suddenly his eye was struck by a score on the bark of a chestnut-tree like a cross, cut with a feeble hand. Beneath, close to the trunk, was a stone, beyond the corner of which appeared a bit of paper. He pounced upon it. It was the title-page of Estelle's precious *Télémaque*, and on the back was written in French, 'If any good Christian ever finds this, I pray him to carry it to M. the French Consul at Algiers. We are five poor prisoners, the Abbé de St. Eudoce, Estelle, daughter of the Comte de Bourke, and our servants, Jaques Hébert, Laurent Callaghan, Victorine Renouf. The Cabelyzes are taking us away to their mountains. We are in slavery, in hunger, filth, and deprivation of all things. We pray day and night that the good God will send some one to rescue us, for we are in great misery, and they persecute us to make us deny our faith. Oh! whoever you may be, come and deliver us while we are yet alive.'

Arthur was almost choked with tears as he translated this piteous letter to the lieutenant, and recollected the engaging, enthusiastic little maiden, as he had seen her on the Rhone, but now brought to such a state. He implored Mr. Bullock to pursue the track up the mountain, and was grieved at this being treated as absurdly impossible, but then recollecting himself—

'You could not, sir, but I might follow her and make them understand that she must be saved——'

'Give them another captive,' said Bullock; 'I thought you had had enough of that. You will do more good to this flame of yours——'

No flame, sir. She is a mere child, little older than her brother. But she must not remain among these lawless savages.'

'No! But we don't throw the helve after the hatchet, my lad! All you can do is to take this epistle to the French Consul, who might find it hard to understand without your explanations. At any rate, my orders are to bring you safe on board again.'

Arthur had no choice but to submit, and Captain Beresford, who had a wife and children at home, was greatly touched by the sight of the childish writing of the poor little motherless girl; above all when Arthur explained that the high-sounding title of Abbé de St. Eudoce only meant one who was more likely to be a charge than a help to her.

France was for the nonce allied with England, and the dread of

passing to Sweden through British seas had apparently been quite futile, since, if Captain Beresford recollected the Irish blood of the Count, it was only as an additional cause for taking interest in him. Towards the Moorish pirates the interest of the two nations united them. It was intolerable to think of the condition of the captives ; and the captain, anxious to lose no time, rejoiced that his orders were such as to justify him in sailing at once for Algiers to take effectual measures with the Consul before letting the family know the situation of the poor Demoiselle de Bourke.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. MAYNARD'S first acquaintance in Hornbridge was made through Elys. The furniture was being put into its place in the drawing-room, and Elys had been sent out to play in the garden; the fact of having a garden in which she could run and shout without having to be called to order for making every one stare at her, was simply bliss to the child after the constrained life of the Boston boarding-house. She was thoroughly happy in exploring the kitchen-garden; the flower-garden she thought dull, and felt to be conventional; but the kitchen-garden was absolute bliss. She explored a very dusty tool-house, and out of the recesses picked up the saucer of a flowerpot, with only a little piece chipped out of the brim, and a very aged hoe, of which the handle was broken, so that she felt that by its length it was providentially destined for her. Then she found a few late gooseberries, and two or three bunches of red currants, still hanging on the neglected bushes, and ate them with much joy. Then she walked in among some tall Jerusalem artichokes, and among the delicate feathers of an old asparagus bed, imagining to herself that it was a tropical forest; for Elys had just been reading one of Mayne Reid's books, and had been much impressed by the scenery. Then she began to carry on her imaginary drama till she almost thought she saw a lion glaring at her out of the lilac-bushes which shut off the flower-garden, probably a reminiscence of the picture in 'Agathos'; the tropical jungle lost its charm, and to break the spell, she thought she would climb the wall, and see whether there was as nice a jungle in the next garden; and also be safe from the imaginary lion in this, which had not sufficient substance to be able to climb the wall after her, though it might hurry her steps in passing the lilac-bushes.

There was a heap of rubbish against the wall, which made it quite easy to climb; and Elys climbed it and sat astride on it, with a slim little leg in a navy-blue stocking hanging down on each side. She looked into the next garden, which in some ways corresponded with the garden of the White House; she saw there a neatly kept kitchen-garden, with smooth gravel walks, and laden espalier apple-trees fringing the garden beds. But what interested her more than anything else was that in the distance she saw a little boy in knickerbockers, with his back turned towards her, doing something mysterious to the bark of a great elm-tree at the end of the long path up which she looked.

This drove the lion quite out of Elys's head. The chance of a playfellow of her own age opened up limitless possibilities of delight. She was not quite bold enough to get over the wall into a garden that belonged to some one else, but at the same time she was determined to make the little boy know she was there; so, sitting on the wall, she sang out in a clear shrill childish voice—

‘I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.’

The song was successful. Elys was quite conscious that the little boy turned round instantly, left his occupation, and gradually made his way up towards the wall where she was sitting; but she pretended to see nothing, and went on singing till she suddenly turned round and faced him, and they stared at each other. Then Elys, who having been a considerable traveller for her years, was naturally less shy than the little Hornbridge boy, said quite calmly—

‘Do you ever sit on this wall like me?’

‘No, I never did,’ said the boy.

‘Come and get up here,’ said Elys. ‘It's a very jolly place.’

The little fellow, though small and slight, was very nimble and active, and he swung himself up without much difficulty, though there was no friendly rubbish heap on his side of the wall, and sat astride, facing Elys.

‘What is your name?’ was the next question.

‘Denzil Enderby. What's yours?’

‘Elys Maynard. I say, what do you think happened when they picked the silver nutmeg and the golden pear, and did they let the King of Spain's daughter have it?’

This necessitated a repetition of the song, and the children had varying views on the point. Denzil said he did not believe any good came out of the silver nutmeg and golden pear, and if the King of Spain's daughter picked it, it turned to ashes, like apples of Sodom. Elys had never heard of apples of Sodom, and accepted them, on Denzil's authority, as a fact in natural history; but she was sure there was something lovely in the silver nutmeg and golden pear, and that something very nice came out; perhaps a little crown and sceptre that got bigger till you were able to put them on, or perhaps a fairy that granted you three wishes.

‘Father says,’ said Denzil, ‘that if we had three wishes we shouldn't know what would really make us happy, and that the things that have made him happiest are things that he would most have wished should not happen at all.’

‘He mightn't know,’ said Elys, tossing her head; ‘but I should.’

Then as Denzil seemed rather shocked at the audacity of this remark, she changed the subject by asking what Denzil had been doing with the tree at the end of the garden.

'It's—it's—will you promise truly not to tell anybody if I tell you?'

'Yes, quite truly,' said Elys.

'Well, it's an invention of mine. It's to make a turning-lathe, so that I can turn things for father. But you must never tell anybody—never. Especially the Verneys.'

'Who are the Verneys?'

'The boys that live in the Red House with Miss Hughes.'

'All right. I don't know them; but I won't tell.'

'Well—I don't know that I can explain so well as I can show you. Can you jump off the wall?'

In a moment Elys was down; and in another moment she and Denzil were bending over a miscellaneous collection, comprising a torn towel, a wooden ribbon-roller, a large nail and some tacks, an old blade of a knife without any handle, a ball of string, and a hammer.

'That's my invention,' said Denzil proudly. 'You see, all that has to be done is to fix the blade into the roller, and fasten the string on, and tie the string to the roller, and then fix the roller to the tree on this nail, and wind it round and round. You know turning-lathes cut things by going round very fast, don't you? Well, then somebody will hold the thing that is to be turned against the blade, and I shall take the end of the string and run as hard as ever I can down the path; that will make the roller go round, and the blade will cut what you hold against it. I don't see why it shouldn't be really as good as a real turning-lathe!'

'But what is the towel for?' said Elys.

'Why, I don't want anybody to see it till it's done, you know; so I thought if I nailed up this bit of towel against the tree it would cover it up.'

'We might nail that up now,' said Elys. 'I never hammered anything; do let me! Then it will be ready when you have fixed the blade upon the roller!'

They were proceeding to carry out this provident arrangement, and had actually driven a tack through one end of the towel into the bark, when steps were heard, and Denzil said, 'There's father; let's come and meet him. I don't want him to see my turning-lathe till it's done.' And throwing down his hammer he took Elys's hand and led her up to the flower-garden, where a tall slight man with a long brown beard was slowly pacing towards them.

'Why, Denzil, whom have we got here?' he said.

'Elys Maynard,' he said; and the little girl said with sudden compunction, 'I got over the wall; please, do you mind?'

'Not at all,' he said, laughing; 'but how are you to get back again?'

'Oh, round by the gate,' said Elys calmly.

'And so you are the little American girl. Do you find England very small after America?'

‘No!’ said Elys with decision; ‘America is a poky hole. There was no room to play. This is much bigger.’

This novel conception entertained Dr. Enderby very much; and it was not until some minutes had gone by that he said, ‘By-the-way, little lady, if you got over the wall and no one knows you are here, they will be looking for you. I will take you round home.’

‘Oh, and father,’ said Denzil, ‘do ask them to let her come and play with me again!’

So Dr. Enderby went round to the front door of the White House, where Mrs. Maynard herself happened to be in the passage. Her handsome face and princess-like carriage struck Dr. Enderby much, and so did also the pure tones of her voice and her easy and self-possessed manner. She on her part was also agreeably surprised with his high-bred gentlemanly tone; in fact, Dr. Enderby had perhaps expected something of the typical Yankee, while Bessie had put down her neighbour as a mere country doctor—a class which the county lady regarded as little as her equal as she had done the American matrons of Bakersville. She acceded at once to his request that Elys should come the next day and spend the afternoon with his little boy.

‘Denzil is an only child, and has few playfellows; he is not at all rough,’ said his father, ‘and it will be a great pleasure to him to have a companion. He was very delicate as a little child, and though he is now growing fairly strong, I think he is more fit to play with girls than boys, and enjoys their society more.’

So before the Maynards were well settled in the White House Elys and Denzil were established as daily companions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day after Dr. Enderby’s call two more visitors appeared at the White House. The first was little Mrs. Bruton, the Vicar’s wife, an active little woman, who had once been pretty, but whom cares, many children, and parish work combined, had worn down to age before her time, and who combined cheerfulness and tartness in her countenance. She had not many ideas, poor woman, beyond Sunday-schools and district visiting, and the difficulty of keeping the coal and clothing club accounts straight; though when once at her ease, she had an extremely fluent flow of conversation on the subject of her neighbours. Bessie asked the names and ages of her children, and endeavoured to be polite and amiable, but the result was not very successful.

‘She was civil enough,’ said Mrs. Bruton to her husband; ‘but I feel certain she thinks a great deal of herself. It wasn’t that she said anything exactly that you could take hold of, but I felt as if she was talking *down* to me, and I think it’s nothing but impertinence in an American and a foreigner!’

'Perhaps she has been used to considering herself a great lady,' said Mr. Bruton. 'Among the blind the one-eyed is king, you know.'

'Well, she won't find that kind of behaviour go down here,' said Mrs. Bruton tartly.

The next visitor was ushered in under the following circumstances: It was not yet time for Elys to go to play with Denzil, and she had persuaded Bessie to have a game of play with her in the interval. The comparative freedom of Elys's present life, with the run of the garden, had made her a good deal more troublesome to manage than she had been before. In her infancy she had been a delicate, dependent, clinging little child; now she was growing into a healthy, energetic, turbulent creature, with a strong craving to exercise her growing muscles and her vivid imagination. This very morning, having had a fit of insubordination, she had been shut up as a punishment in the spare bedroom. It struck her before long that she should like her doll to play with; and as she had observed a ledge on the top of the verandah, connecting the nursery window with the room where she was, she opened the window, crawled out upon this ledge, clutching at a friendly creeper on the way, reached the nursery window, which was open, fetched her doll, and was just going to return the same way, when Bessie entered and caught her. Bessie gave her the kind of scolding which relieves the feelings of the scolder after a fright, and refused to see Elys for the rest of the morning, or to let her dine with her as usual. She did not think it desirable after this to let this pickle of a child run wild till four o'clock, and therefore, in spite of Elys's wickedness, Bessie acquiesced at once when the little girl said: 'Mother, *do* let us play at the wolf and the baby game.'

This was one of the numerous dramas which Elys was always ready to act with her doll, her kitten, and Bessie, as a semi-lay-figure, to assist; and thus, when Miss Hughes from the Red House called, and was shown into the drawing-room, while the parlour-maid went upstairs to fetch her mistress, the visitor looked out and saw her hostess on the lawn, with a book on her lap, alternately representing the howling wolf, which was coming to attack the sick baby, and the doctor, whom the mother had gone to fetch. Bessie was within earshot of Miss Hughes, though she was not aware of her presence in the drawing-room; and Miss Hughes presently heard a prolonged and melancholy howl, followed by a shrill child's voice: 'Oh, doctor! do you think that can be a wild beast coming to eat up my baby? What shall I do?'

The rest of the drama was stopped by Miss Hughes being conducted into the middle of it, and wolf, doctor, and anxious mother went out of existence at once at the sight of a clever-looking slightly-deformed lady, about four-foot-six in height, with a certain stateliness in spite of her deformity, to whom it was not possible for Bessie to

condescend, as she had done unintentionally to poor Mrs. Bruton. But Bessie did not feel inclined to condescend. One look into Miss Hughes's face told her that she had before her a cleverer and stronger woman than herself, and with that came the consciousness that she had a secret to guard, and was living a life of imposture; and her manner grew at once reserved and chill.

Alda Hughes was a more vivid observer now than even in the old days of her girlhood; and as the keen intelligence of her eyes fell upon Bessie, and she took in the stateliness of her carriage, the queenly poise of her head, the smooth richness of her complexion, and the brightness of her dark eyes, she felt that the greyness of her hair must be abnormal, and could not represent age, and said to herself: 'She looks more like a girl in a charade, acting a grandmother, than anything else.' But she was in no wise daunted by Bessie's manner, and took the lead lightly and confidently in the conversation which ensued, during which Bessie was slightly absent, as well as cool. The name Hughes had not touched her memory till she saw its owner, and then it suddenly struck her that in the old days at Mallard, Russell Verney had talked to her about his clever deformed cousin, Alda Hughes. They had never met, but none the less a certain sensation of excitement made Bessie's heart beat as she wondered whether this really was the very Alda Hughes she had heard of—whether she still kept up any connection with Russell—whether there could be any clue by which she could be recognised. It gave her quite a start, however, when, in making polite conversation about Elys, Miss Hughes said—

'I suppose I am apt to think all children well-grown after my little cousins; but Indian children are generally puny for some time.'

'Are those the little boys in sailor suits I have seen running about the Green?' said Bessie.

'Yes; they are orphans, poor little fellows,' said Alda. 'I call them my cousins, but they are really no relation; they are cousins of my real cousin, who is their guardian, and whose mother lives with me. That is how they come to be under my charge.'

'Then you are not solitary at the Red House,' said Bessie.

'You mean because of my aunt? Practically I am. She is a bedridden invalid, poor thing, and can hardly bear to see any one except her maid who nurses her. I suppose, however, that if Major Verney came home she would see him.'

'Is he in India?' said Bessie, as indifferently as she could.

'Yes; he is Governor of Parandabad. We are all very proud of having such a distinguished cousin,' said Alda, as she observed signs of interest, in spite of herself, in Bessie's face. 'He was in quite a subordinate position with Sir John Farquhar, and when Sir John fell ill, he managed the whole Province through his illness, and got hold of the hearts of the natives so that they all adored him, and I believe some even wished to pay divine honours to him; and when Sir John

resigned, he told Lord —, who was then Viceroy, that the only chance of keeping Parandabad quiet was to let Major Verney take his place. He has been working there for years; but the last letter I had from him said that he had had a severe attack of jungle-fever, and the doctors said he must go home for six months. So I hope he will come here before long.'

Instinctively Bessie felt that the keen blue eyes that were looking at her would take note of any unwonted emotion, and though perhaps she turned slightly pale, she controlled herself enough to say in an impassive voice—

'Indeed? That will be a great pleasure to you, no doubt.'

She did not remember clearly any of the other topics on which Alda Hughes touched; and when her visitor was gone, and Elys, in a clean pinafore, had been led away by Archer to ring in proper form at Dr. Enderby's front door, instead of getting over the wall again to surprise Denzil, as she wished to do, Bessie sat still and motionless on her garden-chair, with her hands on her lap, and her eyes fixed on vacancy.

What a strange fate it was that here, in this out-of-the-way little Xshire town, she should find herself linked with the past like this; that the possibility should come before her of actually meeting Russell Verney again! Involuntarily her thoughts went back to the past—to that spring at Mallard which had been so sweet at the time and so bitter afterwards; she recollected the picnic, when she and Russell Verney had wandered away on the moor, and the mist had overtaken them, and how tender and protecting he had been; she remembered looks and tones, which she had thought meant real love, and true chivalry, and which had seemed to poison her whole nature when she thought of them afterwards, when he had, as she thought, proved his falseness by leaving her without a word; she remembered the exquisite thrill which passed through her when his hand lingered longer than it need have done on hers. The vision of the past seemed to grow real again as she called it up, and for a moment Bessie almost fancied herself a girl again, happy with a girl's hopes, woven of dew and gossamer, and vanishing as quickly as they. Only for a moment, for then, with a sudden rush, came the consciousness of the present. Russell Verney might come back; he might be in the same room with her, he might even hold her hand, but she had put herself out of the pale of any communication with him. Curiously enough, though Bessie believed that he was married, and therefore thought of him no longer as a possible lover, she felt this scarcely at all as a bar to the renewal of their friendship, while it seemed to her that on her side there was an impassable barrier between them. She called to mind fairy tales—she had read one such to Elys only that day—where the prince or princess was enchanted into some dumb animal's shape, and however near in presence they might be to the person they loved, they were shut away from them by the enchant-

ment they had undergone. Bessie began to feel that she had enchanted herself, and now she could not break the spell. Bessie Mallard was drowned in the *Hibernia*; Bessie Maynard was a woman with a disgraceful secret, which, however mixed the motive that had originally inspired it, did cut her off from other men and women whose lives had nothing in them that demanded concealment. What was the use of thinking whether it would ever be possible to know if Russell had cared for her—if there had been any mistake—if he had sent any message which she had not received? There would always be between them an invisible barrier, hard and impassable as a sheet of glass.

‘No matter,’ said Bessie, rising from her seat and pacing the lawn; ‘at any rate, I have Elys, and I am not going to repent now, when the die is cast. If he comes, I must take Elys to the sea, I suppose, so that he may not recognise me; and I must drop all sentimental memory of the past. After all, it is not likely that he ever cared in the least, or he would have acted otherwise.’

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG the other Hornbridge people who came in due form to call upon Mrs. Maynard were the Miss Priors; and Bessie, who began by enduring them as a necessary infliction, found out before their visit was over that there were advantages in having neighbours who made it the object of their life to tell any new-comer, as they phrased it, ‘who was who’ without any labour on her part. The Miss Priors were kindly gossips, and loved talking for its own sake, and it was a real pleasure to them to find somebody who did not know anything about Hornbridge people to whom their tongues might go on rattling without interruption, and with the sense of conscious virtue in enlightening a fellow-creature.

They asked after Elys, and were told she was gone to play with little Denzil Enderby. Upon which their flow of information began at once.

‘So you have made acquaintance with Dr. Enderby already. We are very proud of having such a distinguished man in our little town, and so sad and romantic his history is, isn’t it, Maria?’

‘Yes,’ said Maria; ‘that is one reason why we all like him so much. You know, Mrs. Maynard, he was quite at the tip-top of his profession—the tree, I think is what it is usually called, and had married a sweet young wife, and everything seemed as if he were likely to be quite the leading physician of the day, and then suddenly his health failed, and he was ordered to leave London at once if he ever hoped to recover; and he went abroad with his wife, and she died when this boy was born.’

‘And then,’ said Miss Emma, taking up the tale as Miss Maria paused for breath, ‘he made up his mind to live in the country, and

to devote himself to his poor little boy. He thought of living in London first, I believe, but he was better then; but he thought the smoke made poor little Denzil asthmatic, and so he came down here, and here he has lived ever since, and we think a great deal of him, I assure you.'

'He practises a great deal among the poor; indeed, I don't know what they would do without him. I often wonder what he will do when Denzil gets older. He teaches him himself, you know, and plays with him, and is as devoted as a mother; but we all say we think he makes the child too clever. He is such an odd, old-fashioned child.'

'I should always be afraid if I had such an old-fashioned child, that he wouldn't live,' said Miss Emma. 'I must say I do like to see children natural, like that youngest little Indian boy who lives with Miss Hughes. Such a little pickle he is! I believe the poor little Brutons say when they see him coming, "Mamma, do let us go the other way, there is Horace Verney, and he always pulls our hair!"'

'Has Miss Hughes lived here a long time?' said Bessie, for the first time getting in a word.

'No; not for more than five or six years. She is not a real Hornbridge person. She is the daughter of Professor Hughes; I don't know what he was Professor of exactly, but I think it was something at the British Museum, or South Kensington perhaps; anyhow Dr. Enderby told me himself he was a very distinguished man. Professor Hughes married the grand-daughter of that old Michael Smith, who built the Red House to spite his brother Jacob, and left it in his will that he wouldn't be buried in the same churchyard with him; and that was how the Red House came down to Miss Hughes.'

'Miss Hughes is very clever too,' said Miss Prior; 'but clever women frighten me much more than clever men.'

'Yes, Maria; and I always say Miss Hughes looks as if she could see everything you were thinking about with those great eyes of hers. I know it's uncharitable to let people's outside alter your likings as it were; but I don't like dwarfs or anything deformed! I know we ought to pity them, poor things; but I never can help believing what old Miss Graves used to say—that she never saw anybody with a twist in their body without knowing they had a twist in their mind too.'

'Sister,' said Maria, 'I am sure Mrs. Maynard will think us dreadfully uncharitable to say such things; and poor Miss Hughes has never done us any harm, I am sure.'

'No, she hasn't; but I'm not sure I wouldn't rather keep it out of her power,' said Emma, who was the more decided of the two. 'But we shall be talking gossip now if we don't take care, Maria, and I am sure we have paid Mrs. Maynard a very long visit.'

The last remark tickled Bessie, and she smiled to herself at it after her visitors had gone, wondering where the line was at which in their opinion gossip began.

As she settled down into her life at Hornbridge, she felt more and more as if she really was what she gave herself out to be—Elizabeth Maynard, the mother of Elys. The American life had always been more or less strange to her, so that she had never got over the feeling of adventure; but here, in this quiet country-town life, where every one accepted her naturally for what she gave herself out, she began to lose the uneasy sense of imposture, and to feel no longer as if there were anything in her life that marked her out from her neighbours. Probably this sensation was increased more than she knew by the absence of Alda Hughes, who had gone to the sea with her little charges; and during the six weeks that she was away, Bessie really began to develop the sense of enjoyment of the small details of life as she had not done since she was a girl. She made her house very pretty, although it was no longer possible to her to carry out her desires regardless of expense, as it had been to Mrs. Mallard of Mallard, yet she had a womanly love of decorating her nest, and a cultivated taste which made the drawing-room at the White House the most charming sitting-room in Hornbridge. The close association between Denzil and Elys brought her into nearer contact with Dr. Enderby than with any one else; and when Denzil was playing with Elys in the garden of the White House, his father not unfrequently dropped in to call for him, and lingered for tea and chat with Bessie.

The two children by this time had come to be great friends, and spent most of their play-time together. Sometimes Bessie played with them, as she might have done twenty years before; but on the whole she thought it was better for them generally to amuse themselves, and when this was the case, the favourite playground was a delightful little copse at the bottom of Dr. Enderby's paddock. There was never any lack of amusement when the two were together, for both were gifted with imagination, and the bushes were wild beasts, men-at-arms, or giants, as required by their dramas. No scene-shifting was required in this theatre. Blondel came along singing while Richard sat in a tree, and improved upon history by a terrific onslaught upon the nettles below, who represented the guards of Leopold of Austria. Alfred let the cakes burn before a heap of sticks supposed to be set on fire, and was soundly rated and thumped by the swineherd's wife. The goose-girl at the well 'titivated' her hair, and uttered the charm which blew Fritz's cap away over hill and dale till she had finished her toilet. Elys was generally the leading spirit, though Denzil supplied the plots; but he remonstrated at always being made to be Richard, who had nothing to do but to sit in a tree while Blondel massacred the guards, and did not see that Elys should *always* be Blondel because she could sing best. However, on the

whole, Denzil was always more disposed to give in to Elys's demands than to quarrel about them or stand upon his rights, unless some question of principle stood in the way, and then, in spite of his having less vitality and less high spirits than Elys, it appeared plainly enough that there was stuff in him too.

Dr. Enderby had found in the copse, and had shown Denzil, a late brood of young chaffinches, and Denzil had shown them to Elys. They were getting out of the callow stage, though as yet unable to fly or feed themselves, and Elys was very anxious that both Denzil and herself should take one and tame it. Denzil, however, who knew more about birds than she did, assured her that the birds would die of hunger if she took them from their parents before they were old enough to feed themselves. Elys, however, did not or would not believe that she could not feed the young birds as well as the old chaffinches, and one day, when Denzil had gone with his father for a drive, she went into the copse to see the birds, and yielded to the temptation of taking them out of the nest and running home with them in her pinafore. In conscious guilt, she asked no advice; she had no cage, so she found an empty flower-pot, inverted it over the birds, and poured in at the hole in the top crumbs of cake, three small lumps of sugar, and a long wriggling worm, to suit their possibly varied appetites. The next morning she ran out into the garden as soon as she was dressed to look at her birds. Alas! the kitten had been there before her, the pot was overturned, and the downy feathers strewn about the ground showed only too clearly what had been the fate of her intended pets. Elys, who was not yet too old for grief to express itself in noise, burst out into a loud roar, and Bessie came out at once to see what had happened. She did not scold Elys much, but she told her she must tell Denzil as soon as she saw him; and as this increased the flow of Elys's tears, Bessie peremptorily bade her stop crying and come to breakfast at once. As usually happens to an emotional child when under the command of a grown person who knows how to be peremptory, Elys's sobs subsided into a ground swell and then ceased; but she was very silent during the meal, thinking what Denzil would say when she told him.

Denzil was on the top of the wall watching for her, and when, with a slower step than usual she came down the garden path, 'Elys,' he said, half-crying, 'some horrid boy has gone and robbed the nest! All the little chaffinches are gone, and the father and mother'll die of grief.'

And as he spoke, he dropped down off the wall to meet her.

'Oh, Denzil, Denzil!' sobbed Elys, 'the horrid boy was me! and I meant to be so kind to them, and Muff got to them and ate them—and they're all dead.'

'You took them?' said Denzil, and the tragic reproach in his voice was beyond what poor Elys could bear. 'You took them, when they weren't yours? What did you think the poor father and mother

would do? Now they'll go hunting everywhere for their poor little children and won't find them, and they'll die of broken hearts! I *never* thought you would have been so cruel.'

And he turned away and sprang over the wall into his own garden.

'Denzil, Denzil, don't go away, I'm so sorry,' sobbed poor Elys.

But Denzil was inexorable, and walked solemnly back into the house, steeling his heart against compassion for Elys by thought of the pathetic image of the parent birds dying of grief. He did not know what agonies of remorse he left Elys in, or how overpoweringly she felt that she had done what could never be undone, however long she tried, however sorry she might be. What Elys felt was not what theologians call a sense of sin, it was a sense of the inexorableness of the past—one of the grim guardians of mankind who meets us so early on our journey, and looks only awful and pitiless until we find that her very awfulness and pitilessness are love in disguise. But poor Elys did not know this yet; she could only throw her pinafore over her head as she sat on the cinder-path under the wall, and cry till she could cry no more.

There Bessie found her, and when the child explained how angry Denzil had been at the loss of his pets, Bessie told her that she would take her round to Dr. Enderby's when he came back from his rounds and ask Denzil to forgive her. Elys was in some degree comforted, but she was white and still and unlike herself all the afternoon. When the promised time came, they went next door, and found Dr. Enderby on the lawn playing chess with Denzil. When he saw the tearful little face peeping out behind Bessie's gown, he called her to him and sat her on his knee.

'Now, little woman, you musn't cry any more. Denzil was a little hard upon you, I know; but he has forgiven you now, and so have I. You won't do it another time, I know.'

'But I can't make them alive again!' said Elys, hiding her face on his shoulder; 'and the old birds will die of a broken heart, and it will be my fault.'

This nursery legend was at once disposed of, much to Elys's satisfaction; but Dr. Enderby still held her on his knee as he said, 'It's quite true, Elys, we can't undo anything we have done; but we can learn to make the time to come better.'

'But if it's people we've hurt, not birds,' said Denzil, 'that won't do them any good.'

'Yes, my boy, it will. Whatever pain we may have given them they will not mind if some day they know we have learnt to be the better for it. That is the only thing that *really* matters.'

Then he put Elys down with a kiss, and turned with some courteous commonplace to Bessie, who soon took her leave and went away, leaving the children to compose their differences by an afternoon's game.

She felt, however, as if Dr. Enderby's manner and words, slight as his moral allusion had been, had touched some unused spring in her mind; she felt that he lived in some higher region than she had ever attained to, and she would have liked to investigate it further and see if there were any gate by which she might enter that region also. But Bessie felt now as always that any aspiration after a higher life were checked for her by the sense of the doubleness of her existence. If she gave up herself to follow a higher ideal, she *felt* rather than thought, sooner or later she would have to give up Elys. 'And that I will never do, come what may!'

(*To be continued.*)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LISTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER IV.

UNWRITTEN LAWS.

KATHARINE, who had never been ill before since she was a child, was very much disgusted with herself for being ill now; but it certainly was the best thing that could have happened to her. The quiet of her own room restored her to her usual self much sooner than if she had been plunged at once into the turmoil of this oddly assorted family, if one may call it a family. Aunt Florence won her heart. Poor little woman, she had such a stock of tenderness that she was actually grateful to any one for wanting some of it. Eleanore, too, was kind, coming often to sit with her niece, bringing her flowers and cheering her up a little. No one else came, and Katharine was often alone; but she was glad of this, and began, as she phrased it, to get herself more in hand. In about a week she was able to get up and dress herself, and finding the old dress she had worn while travelling hanging up behind her door, she put it on. As to her new finery, she had actually forgotten all about it. The new trunk had been pushed into a recess, and was out of sight, and out of mind too. When Eleanore came up to visit her next day, she found her at the open window.

'Oh, Eleanore, I am longing to go down and walk about in the garden! Don't you think I may?'

'Certainly you may. Our dear Theodore is out driving, Marcia being the honoured handmaiden to-day,—she's safe, you see, being engaged,—therefore he won't be injured by the sight of your pale face. Here's your bonnet—my dear niece, you have a parlous bad taste in bonnets!—here's a light shawl. I'll give you my arm. Come along, while the coast is clear.'

They went out, and Katharine felt a little dizzy at first, but soon began to enjoy the sweet June air, for it was June now.

'Eleanore, what did you mean just now by saying that Mr. St. Aubyn would be injured by a sight of my pale face?'

'He would be shocked,' said Eleanore gravely, 'and Clare will tell you how even a slight shock may injure him. He is fearfully delicate—kept alive by her devoted care.'

'What is it? What is the matter with him?'

'Oh, everything! The question is, What is *not* the matter with him? His lungs are delicate; his heart is weak; his liver is inactive—perhaps because he is ditto!—his spine is affected.'

‘Good gracious, Eleanore, it is only a wonder that he is alive!’

‘Just what I said, my love; kept alive by the unceasing devotion of his sister.’

‘She must love him dearly,’ said Katharine, with a sigh. Then looking at Eleanore, she added suddenly: ‘You don’t believe that she does! Eleanore, what do you mean?’

Eleanore looked considerably startled, and glanced round nervously.

‘Hush! For pity’s sake don’t get me into mischief. Florence is always schooling me to be cautious, but—Katharine, if you are not careful, you may seriously injure me, and fairly break poor Florence’s heart.’

‘Careful! I don’t understand you; but I would not make mischief for the world.’

Eleanore took a long steady look into the blue, single-hearted eyes of her companion.

‘Katharine, you have beautiful eyes, and they look sincere. Tell me truly, now, are you a safe person? Can I talk freely to you? No one knows the comfort it would be to me. But if you were indiscreet, you might ruin me.’

‘I am not indiscreet. I believe I am quite a safe person,’ said Katharine, looking puzzled.

‘Then— What’s that? My patience, here they come! Now Katharine, remember!’

Katharine could not make out what she was to remember, and there was no time to ask. Clare and Theodore, arm-in-arm, and Marcia behind them, were close to them.

‘I am glad you are able to be out, Miss Thorold,’ said Clare, looking with apparent anxiety at her brother. ‘You are quite well now, are you not?’

‘Quite, thank you. Since I came out I feel so much stronger. This is such a pretty garden; and I think things are earlier here than at—in the north. I see a few roses showing colour.’

She addressed this remark to Theodore, but he seemed scarcely to hear her, and made no attempt to answer. Marcia made her a sign which she thought meant to leave him alone. They all walked solemnly once round the garden and then Katharine, feeling tired, said good-bye and went in. Eleanore did not go with her, and the stairs seemed long and steep. But the big cool room was reached at last, and throwing off her bonnet, she sat down to think over what had passed between herself and Eleanore.

‘Eleanore does not like Clare, and thinks that she coddles her brother and makes him invalidish and fanciful. That is it. Well, I must use my own senses and take no one’s opinion for granted; yet somehow Eleanore seems—but at all events I must be very careful not to make mischief.’

She longed for another visit from Eleanore, but she did not come near her. Aunt Florence came, looking anxious and worried, her

faded blue eyes seeking Katharine's wistfully ; but she said nothing particular, and did not stay long. Katharine summoned up energy enough to get out her work-box, and occupied her time in needle-work, and in beginning a letter to Maurice.

Next day she felt quite well, and putting on her bonnet, set out in search of Eleanore, in hopes of another walk in the garden. She found several of the ladies sitting together, and Eleanore was one ; but she would not be persuaded to go out. Marcia Craven, however, laid aside her work and offered to go, if Katharine wished.

'Oh do, Marcia. I am longing for a walk, and I don't know my way yet.'

Miss Craven looked deliberately at the speaker's dress and bonnet, and said decidedly—

'I cannot go anywhere but about the place. I am not prepared for a regular walk.'

They strolled about the garden, where Katharine, without thinking, began to gather some flowers. She was about to appropriate a moss-rose bud, when Marcia perceived what she was doing.

'Katharine! stop, I beg of you. It is understood that none of us gather flowers unless we are asked to do so.'

'Not gather flowers! in this great big garden!'

'Clare will be annoyed. Here, I'll make a hole in this soft bed, and we'll bury the innocent proof of your crime.'

'No, thank you. If I have made a mistake I will explain it. But do you really mean to say that you are not to gather a few flowers when you like?'

'I do mean it. There are certain unwritten laws in this household, and this is one of them. Let us sit down and I will endeavour to make you free of the community by telling you a few of these laws : that is, if I can without breaking them. The first law is, every one must always be ready to do whatever Theodore wishes. His wishes are generally conveyed through Clare ; but they both expect prompt compliance. He is an invalid, you know, and the reason we are all here is to provide a little society for him.'

Katharine looked at her for a few moments, and then said—

'Is it that I am not used to your voices, or is there a little touch of sarcasm when you speak of Mr. St. Aubyn? I noticed it in Eleanore, and she promised to explain ; but I have not seen her since.'

Marcia looked annoyed.

'Eleanore was very foolish to speak so to you. She is the most incautious person I ever knew. But I don't think you are ill-natured, and if I explain to you about Eleanore, I am sure you will be careful.'

'Certainly I will.'

'Well, you know Eleanore has not a penny in the world. Our grandfather married again, because he was so anxious to have a son ;

but he only left another daughter, and as all the property of the others have come from their mother, she has nothing.'

'And the Priory was entailed, I suppose?'

'Yes. While the lawyers were deciding who was the rightful heir, Aunt Florence and Eleanore were allowed to live at the Priory, and they were here when Clare and Theodore arrived from Jamaica. That was about ten years ago, I think.'

'Then Mr. St. Aubyn was only a boy?'

'A sickly, dying boy, I remember Aunt Florence said in her letter to Mamma. Clare proposed to Aunt Florence to stay and keep house for her, as her time was so occupied about her brother. We lived in London then; my father was alive. Aunt Florence stayed, and sent Eleanore to us for a time. Mamma took her everywhere, just as she did my elder sisters—oh, she had plenty of chances, and was greatly admired. But she is such an imprudent person, she just threw them all away! and in fact was so very headstrong and romantic that Mamma got quite provoked with her and insisted upon Florence taking her away. At first Clare refused to have her here.'

'Why?'

'My dear Eleanore is very handsome even now, but then she was lovely! and Theodore was just seventeen, and has eyes—though by this time she has taught him not to use them! Aunt Florence declared she would not stay without Eleanore. Mamma often wonders what the dear little dame has done with her money, for she ought to have enough to live on, even with Eleanore thrown upon her; but she was dreadfully unwilling to leave the Priory, and as Clare was dreadfully unwilling to lose her, they came to some kind of agreement; but Clare has never been nice to Eleanore. She was so jealous because Theodore admired her, you know—and then Eleanore has a hot temper. You may remark—you will, at least, when you come more among us—that Eleanore is never chosen as the companion for a drive; in fact, Clare ignores her as much as she can.'

'Why does she stay here?'

'Well, I should say, because she has no choice. Then my father died, and mamma gave up her house in town. I was engaged, and Beatrice too young to come out, and she thought of taking one of the villas for a few years; but we came here on a visit, and have stayed on, as you may see. Clare likes me, and is—is very fond of Beatrice.'

'Fond of Beatrice!' exclaimed Katharine, in a tone of surprise. Marcia laughed heartily.

'Well, you are a most transparent person!' said she. 'Never mind, it is not worth blushing about. Poor little Bee! she is a fool I know; but a fool does very well sometimes. Clare loves to rule; but I am nearly as bad as Eleanore. What I want to make you understand is, that if Eleanore gave serious offence again, she would have to go—and it would be a real injury to her to leave Southerton just now.'

‘I will not injure her,’ said Katharine slowly.

‘And while we are having a private talk, let me tell you another unwritten law. Never talk to Theodore unless he first speaks to you—on other occasions approach him through Clare. Oh, you may laugh, but if you want to be comfortable here you must do as we do. And a little Theodore-worship occasionally—listening admiringly when he holds forth, which is not often, about his painting—and patiently when he reads aloud. I rather like him—he is so handsome, and a good-natured fellow in his lazy way. Don’t forget that you are a visitor—oh, I know you pay, and so do we; but the theory is that we are visitors—and Clare is mistress, and has peculiarities—that about the flowers, for instance.’

‘Eleanore brought me flowers when I was ill.’

‘Well, if she chose to risk it!’ was the reply.

Katharine felt thoroughly uncomfortable. There was a sense of unreality—every one had seemed to her so pleasant, the little party had appeared so united, that now it was as though they were all changing under her very eyes.

‘Who is Lettice Charteris?’ she asked.

‘A cousin of Clare’s and Theodore’s. They brought her home with them. Poor little goose, she earns her livelihood, I think!’

Here they heard voices, drawing nearer and nearer, the speakers being still concealed by a laurel hedge. Marcia jumped up.

‘Visitors! I must leave you; if you go by this path you will find yourself at the Hall door. I suppose you do not wish to be seen?’

‘Why not? I must meet these people some time.’

‘Well,’ said Marcia, laughing, ‘don’t be annoyed, but you really must get a decent dress or two before you present yourself to our friends.’

‘A decent dress!’ said Katharine, starting. ‘Oh, I had forgotten all about it; but I have a whole trunk full of new finery that I got in London.’

‘You have! and yet go about in *that*. You’re a strange girl, Katharine. Well, run away now and keep out of sight. I tell you honestly, Clare and my mother will never forgive you if you appear in that garb, and I will come to your room by-and-by and see what you mean—you certainly do puzzle me.’

‘Not more than you puzzle me,’ thought Katharine, as she hurried towards the house. She got safely—that is, unseen—up to her own room, where she sat down to meditate on all that Marcia had said.

Sitting there alone, with voices and laughter reaching her from the garden, she felt very lonely, and very unlike Katharine Thorold of Kirklands. She was in a new world, and in spite of Marcia’s candour, she did not feel as if she yet understood it. What was it that made all they said and did so strange, so unlike anything she had ever experienced before? After a long reverie, it suddenly dawned upon her that the difference was, that whereas at Kirklands, religion, in

the highest sense of the word, had been the governing motion ; not, in ordinary times, much spoken of, but underlying every action, and governing every word ; here, the motives were evidently different, and much lower. So much lower, that at first it seemed to her almost ridiculous to think that people could be guided by such motives. If she understood Marcia and Eleanore, all these people were busy in flattering and humouring Clare and Theodore, merely because, for various reasons, it suited them to remain at the Priory. She remembered Aunt Florence's worried, worn look—Eleanore's half-concealed bitterness ; she thought how much happier they might be, living quietly together, even in a poor way. And Mrs. Craven, what kept her there ? but here Katharine checked herself. She was judging her neighbours, she told herself, and judging them harshly, too, although she really knew very little about them. She would not allow herself to be prejudiced against Clare and Theodore, nor would she sit in judgment upon any one ; but would act in all respects as if these confidences had never been made to her. She would soon know them all better ; meantime, her task must be to watch herself, that no motive save the Will of God, no lower rule of life than His Word, should govern her words and actions. ' That's what the Vicar would say,' murmured Katharine ; ' and as to being vexed by what Marcia said about my dress, if I had minded Maurice, she would not have had the opportunity. And now I'll unpack my old trunk first, for I want my books.'

She had been working away for an hour or so, when she heard many steps ascending the stairs, and merry voices drawing near. The door presently resounded to more than one knock, and in flocked Marcia, Eleanore, and Beatrice, followed by Aunt Florence carrying a small tray with some very welcome luncheon for Katharine.

' Here she is !' cried Marcia, ' and a dusty figure she has made of herself.'

' Unpacking—and books are such dusty things. However, now that they are on their new shelves, I shall feel more at home. Aunt Florence, that's a welcome sight—I'm very hungry.'

Marcia walked over to the book-shelves and stood reading the names of the books, of which there were about thirty, some of them rather formidable volumes. Katharine washed her hands and sat down to eat her luncheon ; the rest found seats for themselves. Presently Marcia turned and surveyed them with a highly-amused expression.

' Girls,' said she, ' let me read you the names of Miss Katharine Thorold's private library.'

There were by no means as many good books—I mean books of devotional reading—in that day as there are now, but Katharine's library contained a few of the best, both in English and French. And her books were old friends ; it really pained her to hear the familiar names run over in a half-laughing way, ending with ' And a

Bible, of course; also a Prayer-book. My dear cousin, pray, are you a Methodist?’

‘A good churchwoman, at your service,’ said Katharine. ‘Come, Marcia, never mind my books. It was very kind of you all to come and see me.’

‘But won’t it be fun if she is, you know?’ said Marcia—and they all laughed.

‘Yes,’ said Eleanore, ‘it will be amusing to see how our queen brooks a rival.’

Marcia left the bookcase and sat down.

‘Katharine, have you unpacked everything? To tell you the truth, we invaded you in the hopes of seeing some town fashions, brand new.’

‘So you shall. Maurice made me get ever such a lot of things. And, indeed, Aunt Florence, I am afraid I have been going about very shabby; but I quite forgot.’

‘Why, love, you were ill—and it did not matter. But I am glad you have some nice new things.’

‘Nice, that remains to be seen,’ said Marcia. ‘Where did you get them, Katharine?’

‘At a place in —— Street. Madame Berri she called herself; but I suspect Mrs. Berry would be——’

‘My good friends!’ exclaimed Marcia, ‘see the effect of all those excellent books. Fancy having a whole trunk full of things from Madame Berri, and not opening that trunk.’

‘I have a philosopher for a niece,’ said Eleanore, ‘which is a thing I never expected!’

‘But she has been ill,’ said Aunt Florence, as earnestly as if defending Katharine from a grave accusation.

‘Ill! why, if I had been dying I’d have opened that trunk! Come, my niece, produce your keys, and display your finery. It is not often that I have such a treat.’

‘If you really think it a treat,’ said Katharine, as she took her keys out of the lock of the old trunk, ‘perhaps Miss Charteris would like to come in too. Is she in her own room?’

‘I rather think she is,’ said Marcia, in a meaning tone. ‘There is no use in calling her and——’

‘Oh! I think she would like to come,’ Katharine said, leaving the room.

‘Who is there?’ Lettice cried in a frightened voice.

‘Katharine Thorold—may I come in?’

Lettice came to the door, and opened it a very little way, saying, ‘What is it, Miss Thorold?’

‘Why, you are crying!’ said Katharine; ‘what is wrong with you? Do let me in, Miss Charteris, I am sure you are ill.’

‘Oh, no—you are very kind. But do not mind me, please. I am only—silly. Do you want anything?’

'I want you! the others have come to look over some things I bought in London, and I came for you.'

'Did you?'—fresh tears filling the pretty eyes. 'Oh, it was so kind of you, but I must not come,' for they would see that I had been crying. My head aches, too—I would rather stay quiet.'

'Don't shut your door, I shall come back in a moment,' said Katharine, and ran back to her own room.

'Here, Aunt Eleanore,' said she, with a smile, 'here is the key, I leave you in command. Don't let them rob me. I will come back soon, but I want to speak to Miss Charteris.'

'Found Cinderella bewailing herself, I suppose,' said Marcia, as the door again closed. 'Dear me, I wish she would not interfere! Live and let live, is a safe motto.'

'Live and let die is a safer,' said Eleanore drily. 'Come, help me to pull out the trunk. I don't understand Katharine, but I feel she may be trusted, Florence.'

'Do be cautious,' exclaimed Miss Florence and Marcia together. Marcia adding, 'But it would be good fun to see a tussle between our two saints for the possession of Cinderella.'

'I don't know what you're all talking about,' said Beatrice, speaking for the first time. 'If you don't open the trunk I shall go downstairs. It is very dull here.'

In a moment more the box was open, and all four busy with its contents.

Katharine was in the opposite room before its inmate had time to arrange a line of conduct calculated to keep her out, and in her heart, poor little Lettice was not sorry.

'You have a dreadful headache,' said the intruder. 'Lie down on your bed, and let me put a wet handkerchief on your forehead.'

'Please do not mind me. Indeed, it is only because I was crying,' said Lettice faintly. Poor little girl, she had a feeling that to accept sympathy was a kind of treachery to those with whom she had lived so long, and yet her heart craved for it.

'Crying! but first lie down, you will soon get well if that is all. Let me give you a little water. Now I'll bathe your head a little.'

By this time Lettice was lying on her bed without quite knowing how she got there. She swallowed the water obediently, and lay silent while her head was being bathed. But Katharine saw that great tears were welling up again.

'Do you know,' she said, 'what would do you more good than anything else? Just believe that I am heartily sorry for your vexation, and that I won't ask one single question about it. And then—put your arms round me—so. And let me kiss you—so, and have a good, comfortable cry, you poor little woman.'

Lettice gazed up into the blue eyes bent upon her, and felt the strength and the tenderness of them. She obeyed very literally—

with a cry, 'Oh, I am a fool—it was nothing!' she burst into tears and sobbed, with her face hidden on Katharine's shoulder.

'There now! you'll be all the better for that. May I call you Lettice? I think, you know, that you want a friend—and so do I. I am lonely here, and our rooms are so near that I think we ought to be friendly. I must go now and see what they are all about; but when they are gone I will come back—may I?'

'Oh, please do.'

Katharine arranged the pillow comfortably, threw a warm shawl over the little figure, and darkened the room. Then she went quietly out. Few things would have more vexed Lettice than that Katharine should tell the others what had just passed, yet she never asked her not to do so, nor did she feel the least uneasiness about it. She fell fast asleep in a few minutes, with a smile upon her face.

'Well, you *have* unpacked it now,' was Katharine's laughing remark as she entered her own room, and found every available chair occupied by the contents of her trunk.

'Katharine,' said Eleanore, 'you are unworthy of your blessings, to have kept all this locked up so long. The dresses are in very good taste!'

'But you have no evening dresses,' said Marcia.

'That black silk I mean for my best evening dress. I have never worn what you call evening dress, and I would not have any.'

'Why?' said Beatrice, staring at her.

'Oh, I should never get used to it. Mind, if you wish for the pattern of anything I have, you are very welcome to it.'

A dead silence made her look up—they were all gazing at her.

'Well, ought I not to have said that; is it a case of unwritten laws, Marcia?'

'No; but are you in earnest?'

'About the patterns? Of course I am.'

'Well, you are a queer girl,' Marcia said, almost angrily. 'Why, half the pleasure of having new things—and that black dress is quite new—is that no one else has it.'

'I'm not civilised enough for that. You may copy it, and welcome.'

'It was I who was wishing for it,' said Eleanore; 'that dress is so suited to a tall person. But I don't think I could do it. I am not a clever dressmaker.'

'If you will let me help you,' said Katharine, 'I really am; I generally make my own dresses, and though you despise my poor old brown, it was a nice dress in its day. And look at this, I made it after one I saw on a lady at Harrowgate.'

'You made that! Katharine, I respect you. Thank you very much for your offer; I will get some material to-morrow. I really want a dress.'

Beatrice, who had been staring steadily all this time, here broke silence again.

‘Katharine, do you never mean to wear a low dress?’

‘No,’ said Katharine, laughing; ‘I don’t suppose I ever shall.’

‘What a pity your skin is so white,’ said the girl slowly. And when they all laughed, she added, ‘I mean, what a pity mine isn’t—for I like a low dress.’

‘Well, good-natured as Katharine is, she cannot change skins with you,’ said Marcia. ‘Lend me this morning dress, Katharine, I will bring it back to-night. I want our maid to see the trimming.’

‘Oh, yes; don’t hurry with it, for I have another.’

‘And will you dress and come down to dinner to-day?’ said Eleanore.

‘Do, my love,’ said Aunt Florence. ‘Clare will be pleased.’

‘Very well—six o’clock, is it not?’

‘Yes, it is very late, but it suits our dear Theodore,’ said Aunt Florence. Six was a very late dinner hour in those days.

‘Wear that grey thing with the rose-coloured ribbons,’ Eleanore said; ‘and don’t be late, my dear little niece.’

While speaking, she let the others pass out, and then gave Katharine a kiss.

‘I think I’m going to like you,’ said she, and ran after the rest.

Katharine put by her belongings as quickly as she could, and then went to awaken Lettice, who was shocked to find that it was time to dress for dinner. Her headache was quite gone.

‘That’s right!’ said Katharine; ‘and will you wait for me, for I am going down to dinner? I’ll come to you when I am ready, if I may.’

‘Oh, yes. Miss Thorold, you are so kind.’

‘I should like to be; but as yet I have had no opportunity. Now I must go, for my hair is all coming down.’

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXIV.

1648-1649.

THE FIRST FRONDE.

THE apparent indifference of France to the fate of King Charles I. at the very time when his wife and daughter were living in close intercourse with the Court could only be explained by the struggle going on at Paris.

This struggle took the name of La Fronde, from the witticism of Bachaumont, who called the debaters in the Hall of St. Louis Frondeurs, or Slingers, because they boldly launched forth their speeches at one another, and ceased the moment the Duke of Orleans came in, like the little street boys ceasing to sling stones at sight of the Lieutenant of Police.

La Fronde thus became the title of the whole strife which had arisen between the Crown and Parliament of Paris, a feeble imitation of that which had just taken place on the other side of the Channel.

The actual beginning of the affair had been with the Lit de Justice in the January of 1647; but there was no space in our narrative to describe either the parties or the conditions of the conflict, nor to explain how greatly the French and English Parliaments differed in constitution, though they had started from the same original foundations, namely, the feudal council of the Prince, whether King, Duke, or Count, so that there were as many Parliaments in France as there had once been feudal appanages, now absorbed in the Crown; though the Parliament of Paris held the foremost rank among them, and was the final Court of Appeal.

At first it had been the Council of the Count of Paris, afterwards made King of France, and consisted of the immediate vassals of the Crown, and of the county of Paris. Its principal work was as the court of judgment for offences of men of noble birth. St. Louis, when endeavouring to establish law and justice in his dominions, found his barons unwilling to attend, ignorant and untrustworthy. He therefore added to them a permanent court of lawyers, as magistrates, who could always be depended on to be present. This example was followed in each of the provinces, where the Parliament thus became the chief court of justice, bound likewise to register fresh edicts, though with no power of originating them. Whether such edicts could be refused was uncertain. If there were any doubt of the consent of the Parliament, the King came down, and held what was

called a *lit de justice* on a sort of purple velvet ottoman; and all opposition was overpowered.

Each Parliament consisted of an immense number of officials, especially that of Paris, which was the Supreme Court of Appeal. There were Chambers for all manner of different processes of law, criminal, or connected with property and inheritance, with magistrates and lawyers for each variety; each Chamber under its own President with a staff of *greffiers*, or registrars, and other officials, and the whole under a Premier President, who was one of the chief powers in the kingdom. These *Gens de la robe*, as they were called, were the most intelligent, and on the whole the most estimable body of men in France, the only ones who had any public spirit or care for the welfare of the country; but they were much disliked and despised by the *Gens de l'épée*, or nobles. Those nobles whose ancestors had belonged to the original little Kingdom of France had hereditary seats in the Parliament, so had Princes of the blood, and others on whom the Crown had conferred the right of being 'Peers of France,' an institution which they fondly believed to have commenced with the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne. The Premier President, Mathieu Molé, was a man of great integrity and noble character, and most dignified countenance. He was popularly called, 'La grande barbe.'

The taxes caused by the war soon became intolerable, and the burthens connected with them were enormous. Every office in the magistracy was loaded with fees. The reversion to a son was secured in his father's lifetime by a payment levied called *la Paulette*, after the name of the inventor; but there was a sum nevertheless on the inheritor when he came into possession. Offices of all kinds were invented for the mere purpose of bringing in fees to Government; there were customs of all sorts to be paid for articles carried from town to town, and province to province; and the expenses of the Court, and apart from the war, were enormous, since every creature connected with Royalty was attended by countless officials, each of whom enjoyed a pension; and appointments were invented in great numbers to gratify the vanity of the nobles and their ladies, keep them dependant on the Sovereign, and subsidise them so as to preserve tranquillity.

The camel's back had nearly been broken, and it was the weight of these burthens that had led to the resistance which Anne of Austria had endeavoured to punish by arresting Broussel. But the Parliament had its hopes. The hatred felt for Mazarin by so many of the nobility inspired the expectation that an alliance between the sword and the gown might be brought about to overthrow the Italian, and obtain recognition of some check on the growing despotism; but the misfortune was that these nobles had become so demoralised in tone that there was not one among them capable of pure public spirit. The best of them had the devoted loyalty to the Crown of our honest

Cavaliers, but with no room for any other sentiment. Not one of them could be a Falkland, not one had the slightest fellow-feeling for any one beneath their own order. Pious gentlemen and ladies looked on the poor as creatures on whom to exercise alms-giving, but to the average French noble, the bourgeois and peasant were simply machines and sponges to supply the wherewithal of his Court life. Just at this period, however, hatred of the foreign minister Mazarin impelled the discontented to make common cause with the Parliament.

Every phase of the struggle is shown us by the unusually ample memoirs of the time, among whom may be mentioned Omer Talon, a man of the Parliament, Guy Joly, Secretary to Condé, Madame de Motteville, the devoted attendant of Anne of Austria, and likewise Mademoiselle, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, and the Coadjutor de Gondî.

Mademoiselle, whose proper name was Anne Marie de Bourbon Montpensier, was the only child of the Montpensier heiress who had been married to Gaston of Orleans. Her mother died almost at her birth, and she inherited her vast estates. She grew up high-spirited, intelligent, and vivacious, with more heart than most of those around her, but spoilt by her position, and full of an egotistical ambition and vanity, which she displays in her memoirs with the utmost simplicity, unconscious how she is making herself the laughing-stock of posterity. There is no richer scene than her description of her aunt, Queen Henrietta, coming to dress her hair for a ball, with the Prince of Wales holding the mirror. He was dressed in the same colours as herself, white, black, and carnation, which his mother affected to hold as a wonderful coincidence. Henrietta did all the conversation, for at that time he could speak no French. Her desire was to secure for him this great heiress; but Mademoiselle thought ill of his chances of a kingdom, and had set her hopes either on the little King, the German Emperor, or the Prince of Condé, whose dislike to his poor young wife was no secret. Mademoiselle had an establishment of her own, apart from her indolent stepmother, Marguerite of Lorraine, who had two or three little daughters, and at this time a short-lived son.

We also have the memoirs of Paul de Gondî, Coadjutor to his uncle the Archbishop of Paris. He was the younger son of the Duke of Retz, a fairly good man, and St. Vincent de Paul had been his tutor; but for many years the good seed was entirely choked. He had been early made an ecclesiastic, as a provision for a younger son, though entirely unfitted for Holy Orders by character and tastes; and to secure the succession to his aged uncle, he was made his Coadjutor, and Archbishop of Corinth in *partibus infidelium*. He was extremely clever and agreeable, but dissipated and licentious. Yet he really had more idea both of duty and justice than almost any other man of noble birth. He constantly kept open house for the parish clergy of Paris, and gave large sums away to the poor. His devout

old aunt, who knew nothing of his irregularities, went about praising him as a saint with all her heart, and greatly enhanced his popularity; and he had great power among the populace, owing to his readiness of address. One of the most amusing scenes in his memoirs is his description of an adventure, when he, with a party of gentlemen, among whom was the Viscount de Turenne, were returning from an entertainment in the country, just as night was becoming summer morning. The carriage halted, coachman, servants, and all struck with terror at the sight of a whole row of white phantoms slowly proceeding over the fields in the dim twilight. Some of the party threw themselves on their knees, and told their beads. Turenne drew his sword, and went forward with the Coadjutor, upon which the ghosts all knelt in equally abject terror. They proved to be a band of Dominican friars in their white habits, going down to the river to bathe! Turenne declared that he had never been so much frightened in his life.

Another highly popular person was the Duke of Beaufort, son to the Duke of Vendôme, and thus grandson to Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées. He had inherited the beauty, especially the fair hair, of the latter, and the winning charm of manner of the former, and was such a favourite with the market-women of Paris, that he went by the name of 'Le Roi des Halles.' He had, like the Coadjutor, belonged to the party of *les Importans*, who espoused the cause of Anne of Austria before the death of her husband, and were much disappointed and aggrieved at finding themselves cast off for Mazarin when she came into power. Beaufort had even taken part in a plot against the Cardinal's life, and had been thrown into prison. Marie de Hautefort interceded for him, but Anne of Austria would not listen, and treated her old friend with marked coldness. The lady retired into a convent, saying, 'Had I served God as fervently as I have served your Majesty, I should be a great saint.' She soon left her convent to marry the Duke of Schomberg.

One of the most brilliant figures of the day was Anne G  n  vi  ve de Bourbon, sister to Cond  . She was surpassingly lovely, with blue eyes, and a profusion of hair like golden flax, and had an eager, sensitive, excitable nature. She had been very religious as a girl, and was almost driven to her first ball, wearing hair-cloth under her dress. Her greedy parents married her to the dull old middle-aged Duke of Longueville, and she was soon plunged into all the most reckless dissipations of the Court, surrounded by admirers, among whom the most favoured was held to be the Prince de Marsillac, eldest son of the Duke of Rochefoucauld, an able man, who proved himself afterwards to have considerable powers of mind, and who perhaps, even then, was not the mere intriguer he appeared. He had Huguenot blood too; his grandfather had perished in the St. Bartholomew massacre. Many of the Huguenots of high birth had mostly conformed. The Duke of Ch  tillon, grandson to Coligny,

was said to have done so because a saint had predicted the yearly return, on a certain day, to a pond in Normandy, of a flight of wild ducks. The sight of them converted Châtillon, unaware of the punctuality of migratory birds!

Turenne was as yet Protestant, but his brother, the Duke of Bouillon, had recently joined the National Church with all his family. Bouillon was a discontented man, unable to forget the loss of the principality of Sedan, and ready to take part with the Frondeurs.

Each party was full of anxiety to know which side Condé would take. This Prince had the elements of a fine character, but there had been much to spoil him, though his education had been thorough. In person he was small, but active, with an aquiline face, large nose, and blue eyes of a peculiar fire. Impatience with the stately formality of the Court, and love of camp life, had led him to an affectation of rudeness amounting to brutality, in which he was followed by the young officers who were enthusiastic for their victorious general. Swearing, coarse language, rough familiarity, and intoxication prevailed among them whenever no one was present to awe them, and Condé himself owned no such influence except that of the Queen and Duke of Orleans. His pride was excessive, and he had some of those apparent virtues which accompany pride. At this period his dislike was chiefly directed against Mazarin; but that astute person told the Queen not to be uneasy, for there was little doubt that the Prince would soon quarrel with the Parliament, and take her side.

He was right. On the 16th of December the Parliament were deliberating on making complaints of proceedings of the Crown. Condé, who sat there as a Prince, spoke hotly in defence of the royal prerogative. Counsellor Quatresous answered him, on which he lost his temper, began to swear, and made a gesture with his hand as if to threaten him, though he declared, and all his friends backed him, that it was a habitual movement, not meant for a menace.

The magistrate answered that if so, it was an unbecoming habit of which he ought to cure himself. This was held to be great insolence towards a Prince; there was a great clamour, but the dinner-hour prevented a riot. That afternoon Condé went to the Coadjutor, still in a great rage, using violent language and denouncing the insolence of the magistracy, saying that as long as he thought they only attacked Mazarin, he had agreed with them, but that he would not shake the State, and that they were an army of madmen. 'They should see that they were not as powerful as they fancied, and could soon be brought to reason.

'Paris would be a morsel hard of digestion,' observed Gondi.

'It could not be taken like Dunkirk with mines and assaults,' returned the Prince; 'but if the bread made at Gonesse were cut off for a week——'

'That might present some difficulties,' said the Archbishop.

- ‘What difficulties? Would the town sally out to give battle?’
- ‘That would be a small matter, if they had no one but themselves.’
- ‘Who will be with them? Will you—you who are speaking?’
- ‘It would smell of the League,’ answered the Coadjutor.

The plan of reducing Paris by starvation was being whispered through the Court, and now that Condé had given up the Parliament there was no more delay.

On the Twelfth night of 1649, Anne of Austria had made all her preparations for a general evasion of the Court. Mademoiselle has recorded the strange night. Her father, who had consented most unwillingly, was sitting over the fire, fretful with gout, when she heard the first rumour, and going up to him she exclaimed, ‘Monsieur, here is news! We are all to start for St. Germain this very night.’

Monsieur would make no answer, and bade her good-night. She went to bed, but between three and four was roused by M. de Comminges, bringing a note from her father, and telling her that the King and Queen were waiting for her in the courtyard. The order had thus been given suddenly to prevent her from remaining, as she much wished to do; and dressing in the utmost haste, she went downstairs, and was handed into a carriage already filled with the Queen, her two sons, the elder and younger Princesses of Condé, and the Prince of Conti. The greater part of the Court were in their carriages, but not Queen Henrietta nor her little daughter, nor Madame de Longueville, who said her confinement was too near for her to go. The foremost carriages passed before the people were awake; the hindmost were less fortunate, for the mob was angry and alarmed; the pickpockets were on the alert, and tried to rob Mme. de Motteville; but all succeeded in passing, and arrived at St. Germain. There everything was utterly unprepared, most of the windows without frames or glass, and hardly a room furnished. Mademoiselle had a mattress on the floor in a great painted gallery, with draughts from end to end, and shared it with her little half-sister who needed to be sung to, whenever she awoke.

Neither were there any cooks, nor any provisions, except what were collected from the farms. Those of the fugitives who had a change of clothes had no bedding, those who had bedding had left their wardrobes. Nobody had any money, and as to food, there was one great *pot-au-feu* and *bouilli* for royalty as well as the rest, while the spoons, knives, and forks were so few that they had to be washed and handed on from one person to another.

Nevertheless, Anne of Austria was in the highest spirits, treating all the inconveniences in a sort of picnic spirit; and in fact they must have been a refreshing variety in her cramped and formal life.

The Parisians sung ‘The Complaint of the Carnival’—

‘Dans mon extrême affliction
J’ai cette consolation,

Que mon ennemi, le Carême,
 De lui sera traité de même;
 Et qu'on ne l'observera pas
 Non plus que moi dans les repas
 Ainsi se joignant à la France,
 Qui va le poursuivre à l'outrance.
 Le Carême et le Carnaval
 Feront la guerre au Cardinal.'

Meantime the Parliament met, and discussed a letter which the Queen had left behind her, saying that the King had quitted Paris, in order to be no longer exposed to the pernicious designs of some officers of Parliament. Letters from the Duke of Orleans and Prince of Condé declared that they had counselled the removal, and on the following day arrived orders from the Sovereign that all the '*Gens du roi*,' meaning all who held offices directly from the Crown, should retire to Montargis, where, according to the Queen's will, the Parliament was to assemble. The *Gens du roi* on this went as a deputation to St. Germain to remonstrate; but these dignified elderly men were kept for hours in the snow at the gates at night, and only with difficulty was the Queen prevailed on to let them take shelter in the ranger's house, nor were they allowed to see her in the morning.

Their report exasperated their colleagues in Parliament into what was tantamount to a regular declaration of war, and this decree was past: 'Whereas Cardinal Mazarin is notoriously the author of the disorders in the State, the Court of Parliament declares him a disturber of the public peace, an enemy of the King and the State, enjoins on him to leave the Court in one day's time, the kingdom in a week, and after the expiration of this period, calls on all the King's subjects to fall on him (*lui courir sus*), and forbids all to shelter him.' The Parliament of Brittany, Normandy, Bordeaux, and Provence all enacted similar decrees, and the universal hatred of Mazarin found popular voice in epigrams, verses, pasquinades, and all that French wit could invent.

'Un vent de Fronde
 Rompit ce matin.
 Je crois qu'il gronde
 Contre le Mazarin.'

The town guard numbered sixteen regiments, 12,000 men, and more were raised and paid, and Frondeurs began to arrive from the Court. First, on the ninth, came the Duke of Elbœuf, a needy younger son of the House of Lorraine, with a large family, who arrived saying that he could get no dinner at St. Germain, and hoped to find some supper at Paris. The people were delighted, and named him their general, to the secret annoyance of the Coadjutor, who had reason to expect more distinguished helpers. He knew that the Prince of Conti had almost been carried captive to St. Germain by his brother. He was a mere boy, somewhat deformed, and with a spiteful temper; but he was devoted to his sister, and he succeeded in

getting away from the Court, together with the Duke of Bouillon, the Duke of Longueville, Marshal de la Mothe, the Prince of Marsellac, and so many more that the burghers who were guarding the gates were alarmed, and would not let them in till the Coadjutor arrived with torches, and conducted them in triumph. Elbœuf was affronted, but the real command was left to him, Conti being named Generalissimo, but without much actual power; and Beaufort, managing to escape from Vincennes, had far more influence than either. The Duchesses of Longueville and Bouillon were induced by the Coadjutor to offer themselves as hostages for the fidelity of their relations, and were escorted by him to the Hôtel de Ville on foot, each with her hair artistically dishevelled, and carrying a child as lovely as herself. The people were almost wild with enthusiasm, women wept, men shouted, and there was a perfect ecstasy of admiration.

Condé, however, was furious at the part taken by his family. He dressed up a little hunchback in a scarlet coat, in derision of his brother, and brought him to the Queen, saying, 'See here, Madame, the Generalissimo of Paris.'

But Condé himself had small means for what was required of him. The Bastille, where a garrison had been left, had to surrender for want of provisions. To please the people, 'le bon homme Broussel,' as he was called, was nominated Governor, but was allowed to substitute his son. Not above 1,200 men were under Condé's command, and to blockade so large a city as Paris was impossible, so that he could only watch the roads in the most important directions, and fight a few small skirmishes. The shopkeepers of Paris were not very effective troops, and every effort was made to raise more regular ones. The Coadjutor had a troop of horse, which, from his Archbishopric, was called the First of Corinthians; but money was not easy to raise, and Elbœuf helped himself freely to what there was. The rhyme was sung—

'Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbœuf
Qui n'avait aucune ressource,
Et qui ne mangeait pas de bœuf,
Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbœuf
A maintenant un habit neuf
Et quelques justes dans sa bourse—
Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbœuf
Qui n'avait aucune ressource.'

All that could be done was to wait till the one side or the other was tired out, and on the whole, the besiegers, were worse off than the besieged, though they flirted, coquetted, and laughed endlessly. Mademoiselle, who was among them much against her will, had obtained her own properties, and given passports for the Queen's, and it was considered as a great joke that one of the bourgeois, examining a box of new Spanish gloves, had been so much overcome by the perfume as to sneeze violently. One person who did suffer severely was poor

Queen Henrietta, who had just heard the tidings that her husband was to be brought to trial by his enemies, when she was left behind at the Louvre. The Coadjutor found her absolutely famishing, sitting by the bed where she kept her little daughter for want of a fire. He hurried to the Parliament and obtained a grant from them; but she would not avail herself of it till she had asked permission from her sister-in-law the Regent. It was many days before, in her state of isolation, she even knew the result of the trial in England, or the blow that had befallen her.

The Duchess of Longueville gave birth to her second son during the siege, and invited the city of Paris to be his sponsor. She and Madame de Bouillon did their utmost to keep up the enthusiasm, the latter acting for her husband, whose hope was to force the Court to restore Sedan. The gentlemen, who had been skirmishing, used to return in their cuirasses to report themselves to the duchesses and their ladies, and there was a wonderful mixture in their apartments of blue scarfs, ladies, officers, violins and trumpets, lackeys and soldiers. On the 8th of February, the Frondeurs lost Charenton, but in the fight one of the gayest of the lively courtiers of St. Germain was killed—the young Duke of Châtillon. It was a great grief to the Prince, but when all the world went to condole with the widow in her bed, they remarked that her grief was that of a lady who loved herself too well to care much for any one else. In fact Châtillon had neglected her for Mademoiselle de Grouchy, and met his death with a garter of that lady bound round his arm!

The Court knew by this time of the fate of Charles I., but had as yet no communication with the poor Queen. Her son James was still in ignorance of the truth when he penetrated the lines and joined her at the Louvre. She became so anxious as to entreat one of her household to endeavour to reach St. Germain. It was ten days after the axe had fallen that her Confessor, Père Gamache, and her faithful attendant, Lord Jermyn, broke the tidings to her. She fell into a state of stupor, from which no one could rouse her, till the Duchess of Vendôme, her sister-in-law, came, and by her tears seemed to break the first silent agony. After a night of bitter weeping, poor Henrietta retired into a Carmelite convent for a time, and thence sent a message to Anne of Austria that nothing was so important to a sovereign as to hear the truth. Anne's deduction was, however, that if she gave up Mazarin, as Strafford had been yielded, she might meet the fate of Charles.

There was little real distress in Paris. It was impossible to watch all the roads, and the markets were well supplied, the people well maintained by the leaders, who kept them in good humour by subsidies, so that there was a song about 'le bon temps de la famine, while reports were circulated that the favourite food of Condé was the ears of his prisoners.

Patience, however, was wearing out, and a decision seemed to be

approaching. Turenne, who had remained with the main body of the Army, wrote to his brother Bouillon that he hoped to bring all these to the aid of the Frondeurs, and that there were only two colonels still to be brought round.

At the same time the Coadjutor and the Duke of Elbœuf, after the usual fashion of French malcontents, looked to Spain. Gondi sounded the magistrates, but they showed so much honest national spirit that he durst not put himself forward, lest as he said, instead of becoming Archbishop of Paris, he should be only almoner to the Archduke.

However, an agent arrived from Brussels, a Bernardine monk, named Arnolfini, who came armed with papers signed as *cartes blanches*. The Duke and Duchess of Bouillon and the Coadjutor filled up one of these as the credentials of Don José de Illescas, ambassador from the Archduke, dressed him accordingly, and arranged his arrival with a great commotion in the middle of the night at Elbœuf's door. Though Elbœuf had spent ten years among the Spaniards, he was completely taken in, and invited all the *grandees* to dinner to meet the Ambassador to the Parliament. These intrigues had, however, an absolutely contrary effect from what was intended, for the magistrates were by no means inclined to bring in the enemies of their country, and perceived that the great lords were only making tools of them. The *Gens du Roi* had again been on a mission to St. Germain, had been civilly received, and assured of life, liberty, and immunity of personal property for every one; and their account of their interview was given in Parliament just before the Prince of Conti announced that an envoy from the Archduke Leopold of Austria was at the door, and asked a hearing for him.

'Is it possible, sir,' said President de Mesme, 'that a Prince of the Blood of France should propose to seat on the Fleur de lys the deadliest enemy of the Fleur de lys?'

The elder men supported de Mesme, but the Coadjutor's tactics prevailed.

'The readiest way of getting anything carried,' he said, 'is to pit the young against the old.'

The false Don José was introduced, and declared that the Archduke was not satisfied at concluding a peace with the Regent; but viewing the Parliament as the natural guardian of the minor king, wished to treat therewith, and offered an army to raise the blockade of Paris.

This the magistrates were resolved not to accept, but they made good use of the offer, sending a deputation to the Queen to inform her of it, and though she was ungracious, a truce was arranged; wheat was allowed to pass into Paris, and Molé went forth again and had another conference. He saw by this time that the Queen would not give up the Cardinal, and that the Frondeur nobles were utterly devoid of public spirit; the Coadjutor wanted vengeance on the Court, others only hated Condé; Madame de Longueville was

offended with the Queen, and her admirers were led by her; Bouillon wanted Sedan—not one of them cared for the rights of the people, or the welfare of the kingdom.

So Molé and de Mesme, with the other ‘grandes barbes,’ were resolved to make the best terms they could, and the Queen being tired of her position at St. Germain, and alarmed by Turenne’s defection, was ready to promise anything but the overthrow of her Cardinal. Interviews were held at Ruel with Mazarin himself, an amnesty was declared, the nobles retired and made terms privately, and on the 15th of March, peace was signed at Ruel. But the mob of Paris were furious at this hollow agreement, and received the magistrates with hootings and violence.

‘No peace! no Mazarin! Let us go to St. Germain for our good King. All Mazarinists into the river.’

A man aimed a pistol at Molé.

‘When you have killed me,’ he said, ‘I shall only need six feet of ground.’

He was advised to go home by a back entrance.

‘The Court never hides,’ he said. ‘If I was sure of perishing, I would not be so cowardly. It would only embolden the seditious.’

Another man said that it was hard to be forsaken just as a treaty with the Spaniards was being concluded by their friends.

‘Give their names,’ he said. ‘We will bring them to trial for high treason.’

Mathieu Molé was a man of far higher mould than those about him, and he and his colleagues, de Mesme, Broussel, Blancmesnil, and others, evidently had an amount of conscience, loyalty, and public spirit not to be found elsewhere in France, and which might have saved that country much guilt and misery. But the Fronde was a failure. The magistracy had taken the frivolous discontents and jealousies of the nobility for a wholesome patriotic spirit. They found that victory could only be gained by admitting the foreign foe, and from this they recoiled. Perhaps, too, the condition of England acted as a warning to their loyal souls, that by allowing the turbulent to proceed further, they might bring about the overthrow of King and Church.

Thus they were content to cease their resistance on having obtained from the Queen recognition of such rights as they still possessed, though in fact these were only at the mercy of the Crown.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXIX.

THE BAPTISM.

Susan. Now comes the second division of the service beginning with the address of the sponsors.

Aunt Anne. Which, like all the Prayer-book exhortations, was added in 1549 to instruct the ignorant people, and prevent such utter ignorance from growing up again.

S. Then come the vows, which the grown person makes for himself.

A. As no doubt you have often pointed out to the children, there is full Scripture authority for the two requirements of the Baptismal covenant.

S. Repentance and Faith, 'Repent, and be baptized' (Acts ii. 38). 'If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest' (Acts viii. 37). And we see both repentance and faith in St. Paul, and faith in the Philippian jailor.

A. St. Paul, moreover, says St. Timothy has professed a good profession (1 Tim. vi. 12). The renunciation was, we know, as old as the Church. St. Cyril of Jerusalem says that the person was placed so as to face the west as the region of darkness, and stretching out his hand, personally renounced Satan. The interrogations that we use came from the Sacramentary of Gelasius and Gregory. We even have them as St. Boniface used them in old Saxon when converting the Germans, when he made them say, 'I forsake Thor and Odin.' The only changes at the Reformation was that till 1552 this first question was compressed into one, instead of having separate vows against the devil, the world, and the flesh; and in 1661 Bishop Cosin changed the old English forsake into renounce.

S. Why?

A. Perhaps because *abrenuncio* was the old Latin word, and conveys more of the meaning of abjuring one service to enter into another. He also introduced 'in the name of this child' to satisfy the Puritans, who objected to the queries being put as if to the infant.

S. Was there any change as to the vow of faith?

A. Nothing essential. I believe it is as the Baptismal confession that the Apostles' Creed is first traceable. The East uses the Nicene, and all say it together instead of using it in an interrogative manner of the West. Also till 1552, the three divisions were made into separate questions. Then in the older office, and in our first English Prayer-book, came, 'What dost thou desire?' and the answer, 'Baptism.' 'Wilt thou be baptised?' 'I will.'

S. I prefer the 'Wilt thou be baptised in *this faith* ?'

A. So do I. The third vow of obedience seems to have been suggested by the Catechism, for it was an addition made at the Restoration.

S. The sponsors reply for the baby, 'I will.' The adult says, 'I will endeavour to do so, God being my helper.' He knows somewhat of the difficulty, and is reminded of the help.

A. The Eastern churches had no question and answer; but the catechumen said, 'I give myself up to the government of Christ.'

S. How is it that I do not see those five beautiful little collects in King Edward's first Prayer-book?

A. Look at the end of the book,* and you will see them. They formed a special office in themselves, which was said whenever the water was changed in the font, which you see was to be done at least once a month. Martin Bucer thought this superstitious, and the Benediction service was abolished, these prayers somewhat, but not greatly, altered, being transferred to the time of Baptism.

S. Was that Holy Water?

A. Oh, no. Holy Water was blessed for the purpose of people washing their hands, or going through the form of doing so, when they came into church. It was held to expel demons, and to be in some manner a protection; but it had nothing to do with the water of Baptism. These collects are from the ancient Gallican ritual.

S. The one that is thought to have been from St. John's Ephesian liturgy?

A. Yes; they are not Roman, but specially our own. The differences are that one and two are omitted, and in our present first one, instead of praying for the individual child, the intercession was for 'all those who shall be baptized in this fountain.'

S. 'The old Adam—the old sinful nature under sentence of death. 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive' (1 Cor. xv. 22).

A. And again: 'Buried with Him by Baptism into His death (Rom. vi. 4, and now Eph. iv. 23, and Col. iii. 11).

S. Yes; in almost the same words, St. Paul speaks of putting off the old man, and putting on the new man—casting aside the evil propensities of Adam's nature, and living more and more into the nature and character of Christ. That little prayer is built on four texts. Then comes the second—carnal affections, that is fleshly lusts.

A. In modern language, sensual desires. This intercession is founded on Gal. v., from verse 16 onwards, where the contrast between the human nature and the Spiritual nature is so vividly set forth.

S. Then comes the prayer for victory.

A. 'Thanks be to God, that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ' (1 Cor. xv. 57).

S. 'Grant that whoever is *here* dedicated unto thee.' Of course

* Rivington's Edition.

that includes all by, I suppose, in an especial way ; it would ask for the flock successively baptized at the individual font.

A. Dedicated, like Samuel, to our own Royal Priesthood.

S. 'By our office and ministry'—that is, of the clergy—'may be endued with heavenly virtues.' 'Endued,' I remember your showing me, meant clothed.

A. 'If so be that being clothed, we shall not be found naked' (2 Cor. v. 3). 'White raiment, that thou mayest be clothed' (Rev. iii. 18).

S. Then follows the benediction of the water. All this is left out in the office for Private Baptism. Of course it is not in the admission to the Church. Even at the actual Baptism at home it is not prescribed.

A. Cannot you see why?

S. Because of need of haste?

A. Not only that, but the repetition of our Blessed Lord's words is an absolute necessity to impart the inward grace in the other Sacrament, whereas here the consecration of the water is merely a pious and wholesome practice, not even universal.

S. It pleads the two great acts of our Blessed Lord in sanctifying water ; His Baptism and the Water and Blood at the piercing of His side, and then His command to baptize.

A. You remember how remarkably St. John sets his seal, as it were, to that incident at the crucifixion?

S. 'He that saw it bare record, and his record is true.'

A. Physically, anatomists tell us that this, together with the final loud cry, proved that the Blessed One actually died of a broken heart. As you know, death came much sooner than in ordinary crucifixions, and we realise, 'Behold, is any sorrow like unto My sorrow?' While mystically St. John, in the Epistle which is believed to have been meant as an introduction to his Gospel, points out that 'This is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ ; not with water only, but by water and blood. . . . And there are three that bear record in earth, the Spirit, the water, and the blood' (1 John v. 6 and 8).

S. 'The Baptism waters have not ceased
 To spread His Name, since first
 From the Redeemer's wounded side
 The holy fountain burst.'

But I am not sure of the connection.

A. As far as I dare to understand it, the need is that we sinners should be washed in the atoning Blood of Christ the Sacrifice, the Fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness (Zech. xiii. 1). And when the Water and Blood flowed forth, the Holy Spirit gave to water, used in the Threefold Name, the power to be the means of conveying that washing once to each individual. We must, as the prayer does, take this in conjunction with the Baptism in the Jordan and the words of institution.

S. I do not think I know the exact meaning of mystical.

A. It is from the Greek *mystes*, and means secret, inward. In fact, it answers to the expression inward and spiritual of the Catechism.

S. The prayer is, I see, not an essential to the fact of Baptism, but when earnestly prayed it brings help and perseverance to the child.

A. Observe, it assumes that the child by Baptism becomes one of the elect, and what is asked is that he may so continue.

S. Then comes the Baptism. The rubric is decidedly for immersion.

A. And that must carry out the parallel much more, being really a distressful likeness of death and burial for the moment. The Greek Church still insists on immersion even in the Russian climate, but the rite generally takes place at home, and the priests are instructed how to perform it, closing the child's eyes, nose, and mouth so as to prevent any danger to it. The Western Church always, however, permitted Baptism by affusion, as pouring is termed, but it did not become the usual habit till the 14th or 15th century. And in the Church of Milan, the infant's head is still dipped three times under water.

S. ‘Once in His Name Who made thee,
 Once in His Name Who died for thee,
 Once in His Name Who lives to aid thee,
 We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea.’

So there is a threefold pouring, if not an immersion.

A. To answer to the sprinkling of earth at a burial. But though expediency in public Baptisms in this climate leads to this usual practice, where it is wished that the rubric should be carried out, it may well be done. Baptists on joining the Church often do wish it, and a font large enough for a grown-up person has lately been given to a church at Southampton.

S. The French missionaries used to baptize in the American Lake Horicon, now called George.

‘Oh, Abana and Pharpar old
 Must yield to Jordan's flow,
 But never this clear Horicon,
 ‘The Prophet said not so.
 For sins more dire than leprosy
 These waves have washed away;
 And so they named clear Horicon
 St. Sacrament for aye.’

A. And in like manner Dr. Breck, the admirable American mission priest, baptized many a white, and many an Indian in the lake adjoining his tiny church in Minnesota. He had steps going down into it made for the purpose.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

RUBY, topaz, emerald, sparkle
 In Britannia's diadem;
 Whilst in crystal ocean setting
 Shines far off each priceless gem.
 Shall we dim the three-fold lustre
 Of Britannia's matchless cluster?
 Pause! before the word is spoken,
 Pause! before the spell is broken.

Rosy red the morning quickened
 As fair England rose to fame;
 Rosy bright the sun descendeth
 On far lands that love her name.
 Shall we dim the roseate lustre
 Of Britannia's matchless cluster?
 Pause! before the word is spoken,
 Pause! before the spell is broken.

Golden deeds of faith and daring,
 Strength and aid to the distressed;
 Shine! like Thine own mountain cairngorm,
 Scotia! in each steadfast breast.
 Shall we dim the golden lustre
 Of Britannia's matchless cluster?
 Pause! before the word is spoken,
 Pause! before the spell is broken.

But our Emerald Island! tender,
 Frank and chivalrous and bright,
 Must its proud Imperial glory
 Fade in dim self-centred light?
 Dare we lose the emerald lustre
 From Britannia's matchless cluster?
 Pause! before the word is spoken,
 Pause! before the spell is broken.

Comes the answer from all nations
Where Britannia's flag waves free,
Comes the answer from the thousand
Islands of the opal sea ;
Nay, we dare not dim the lustre
Of Britannia's matchless cluster.
Never shall the word be spoken,
Nor the three-fold spell be broken.

M. E. B.

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION ;

OR,

VOLCANIC FROLICS.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

‘When they say “Peace and Safety,” then sudden destruction cometh upon them.’

As the progress of the nineteenth century has been marked by more startling revelations of science than had been accorded to any previous age, and by marvellous ingenuity in adapting the same to human use, so for the same favoured era has also been reserved the discovery of some of the most wonderful features of the world’s scenery, and the most remarkable display of natural phenomena.

Foremost amongst these must rank the two great Thermal Spring Districts in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres—twin Wonderlands, which, with the one exception of the Icelandic geysers, as far transcend all kindred displays in other regions, as the electric blaze outshines the glimmering rush-light.

Elsewhere, small groups of mineral springs of varied temperature have, from all ages, been noted as healing waters—the Bethesdas of the fortunate land in which they were found. But such scattered groups of mineral springs as those hitherto familiar to the civilised nations of Europe now appear insignificant indeed, compared with those recently discovered, both in our own Antipodean Isles, and also amid the exhaustless store of marvels of every description which, year by year, have rewarded the bold explorers of those most inhospitable ranges—the Western Rocky Mountains.

From these two points almost simultaneously came tidings of the existence of marvellous volcanic regions—vast laboratories, where for untold ages Nature has carried on her experiments in every conceivable phase of chemical combination, and continues daily to provide new surprises for such inquisitive mortals as have ventured to intrude into her stupendous steam-factories.

Till very recently these Wonder-worlds have been known only to a few wild tribes of savage warriors—the much-tattooed Maories of New Zealand, and the feather-crowned Bannock and Crow Indians of the Yellowstone—who alike jealously guarded from the intrusion of the pale faces, these well-nigh sacred volcanic regions, where all around seemed suggestive of the supernatural, both in the beneficent healing magic of the exquisite natural baths, and in the awe-inspiring horror of the roaring steam, and awful pools of boiling mud.

In the Wonderland of Wyoming, which has so well been named

the Yellowstone, by reason of the predominance of sulphur banks, although the general aspect of the whole is rather that of a ghastly skeleton of stupendous bare rock ridges, there are places where the hills are literally rainbow-tinted by the extraordinary deposit of mineral waters from ten thousand geysers which spout ceaselessly or intermittingly, as the case may be, while columns of white steam burst with a deafening roar, or shrill whistle, from fissures and crevices of the cyclopean cliffs, through whose tremendous chasms flow rivers which are rarely touched by one gleam of sunlight, for those terrible cañons which form such intricate labyrinths, are in some cases upwards of six thousand feet in depth. Only imagine! granite crags of six thousand feet, hewn by the ceaseless action of water—dark, awful gorges, through whose gloomy depths rush raging waters, for ever deepening their own channels, while on the other hand boiling springs, bubbling up from unknown depths, bring with them strange substances of all manner of brilliant colours, and there-with build up terraces, towers, and domes, as in some enchanted city.

This fairyland was practically unknown to white men till about fifteen years ago, since which time each year has added something to the chapter of marvels discovered by successive explorers.

But of deeper interest to us at the present moment, is the Geyser, or Hot Lake District in the North Isle of New Zealand, extending over a range of country of about a hundred and fifty miles in length, by about thirty in width—if, indeed, I may use the word ‘country,’ inasmuch as thirty miles of this length lies under the sea, the distance being reckoned from Whakari, the White or Sulphur Isle, which rises almost perpendicularly from the sea twenty-eight miles to the north of the Bay of Plenty. Thence the zone extends inland to Tongariro, an active volcano, which till quite recently was the southermost point where any symptom of volcanic action was evident.

Into the space between these points are crowded distinct groups of varied wonders—geysers, solfataras, boiling mud-pools, steaming mountains, natural mineral baths, mountain sides terraced with exquisite shell-like basins of dazzling whiteness, all built up by the overflow of the loveliest crystal water pouring from geysers which burst from the hillside—perhaps 200 feet above the water-level; these are so charged with silica as to be literally fluid flint. This hardens into forms like coral, or dainty frost-work on a larger scale, and so perfectly solid that the heaviest footstep does not crush it. And so, from the geyser down to the lake, is formed a gleaming stair-way, of which each step is the brink of a most luxurious marble bath, some very deep, some quite shallow, but each filled to the brim with water, whose dazzling blue is indescribable in its loveliness, and varying in temperature from boiling-point in the upper pools, to comparative coolness in those near the lake. An additional charm is that the deposit of silica is so rapid, that by the time you have lingered in these delicious baths for perhaps an hour, captivated by

the dream-like loveliness of the scene, you find that you yourself have received a thin layer of that same silica (which so rapidly encrusts dead birds or leaves, or any objects which fall into the pools), and your skin has acquired the most delightful silky smoothness.

But, alas! that I must change from the present tense to the past, and that of all these fascinating scenes we must now cry Ichabod! Ichabod! 'The glory is departed.' For of all the terraces none were to compare in perfection with those specially distinguished as 'The Pink' and 'The White Terraces,' on the steep wooded banks of the little Roto Mahana, which was the Hot Lake *par excellence*, and by far the most wonderful of all volcanic displays, inasmuch as round its shores were grouped such infinitely varied phenomena of beauty and of horror, that every few steps revealed some new sight—repulsive or fascinating. And now it is this energetic little lake which has suddenly 'let the steam off' in such passionate fury that it has blown itself and all its surroundings clean out of existence, and in the place where it was, seventy-times-seven fire-spirits have appeared to hold their carnival of riot.*

In order to explain 'the lie of the land,' I may briefly note that travellers arriving at Auckland have their choice of several routes, of which the newest was to go by rail to Oxford, which is about thirty miles from Lake Rotorua, or else the steamer takes them to Tauranga, whence the distance by coach-road to Rotorua is about forty miles. There, on the somewhat dreary shores of a beautiful lake, are the old native settlements of Ohinemutu, and the infant Sanatorium of Rotorua, of which more anon.

Ten miles further lay Wairoa, the village whose sudden destruction we have now to record. The road thither lay along the shores of several very pretty lakes with steep wooded banks. One of these, Lake Tikitapu, generally known as 'the Blue Lake,' though its name really means 'The Sacred Landmark,' was peculiarly fascinating, and had the charm of being embosomed in a pretty tract of primeval forest—and alas! in New Zealand, as elsewhere, the settler's axe and the rash use of fire have left few such beauties unmolested. Here, however, was a fascinating bit of 'Bush,' with an undergrowth of tall silvery tree-ferns growing in rank luxuriance; some carried their exquisite crown of lace-like foliage on a stem fully forty feet in height, forming a fairy-like canopy for a whole fern-kingdom of humbler growths, and fairy-like, indeed, was the scene, when at night innumerable glow-worms lighted their tiny lanterns, showing a thousand glittering rays of pale-green light.

But beneath these blue waters (so the Maories say) dwells the Great Dragon Taniwha, who was overcome after a fierce battle by Tu-Wharatoa, the St. George of New Zealand. The Conqueror spared

* I have given a very detailed account of all this district in 'At Home in Fiji,' as it formed the scene of a delightful Christmas till Easter expedition, to escape the mid-summer heat in Fiji.

the life of the Dragon, but condemned it thenceforth to live idly at the bottom of Lake Tikitapu, so whenever the storm-swept lake was white with crested waves, the Maories said that Taniwha was turning over restlessly, weary of forced inaction. Now it seems as if Taniwha must have persuaded the Dragon of Tarawera to espouse his cause, for these blue waters are transformed into a horrible sulphureous pool, and the lovely bush is a hideous scene of devastation. Trees of 150 feet in height were uprooted by the hurricane of the awful night, others were set ablaze by the fall of fiery cinders, while such as still remain standing are poor battered corpses, stripped of leaves and branches by the pitiless storm, and all thickly coated with the adhesive grey mud which lies over the whole country, like a deep snow-drift.

The condition of that fallen forest gives very remarkable proof of that change in the direction of the wind, to which, undoubtedly, both Ohinemutu and Rotorua are so largely indebted for their preservation. All the fallen trees lie towards the west, the very bark being torn off the east side of such as still stand, while every tree is thickly coated with mud on the south side only.

Such attractive scenes as that pretty bit of bush were rare in this district, where the red volcanic hills are for the most part clothed only with low jungle, composed chiefly of *ti*-tree or *manukau*, a stunted tree resembling juniper, and only rendered interesting by the bewildering multitude of steam clouds rising from multitudinous hidden fissures and boiling pools, many of which are closely fringed with all manner of exquisite ferns, which are apparently deluded, by the hot damp atmosphere, into a belief that they are in the tropics—a belief which is counteracted by the chill air and keen frosts of June and July, when thin ice forms on many pools.

The village of Wairoa was pleasantly situated on rising ground, about 200 feet above Lake Tarawera. Being the headquarters of one of the Maori tribes, it was selected by the Rev. S. M. Spencer as a suitable spot for a Mission Station. He had begun work in 1848 further up the lake at Kariri, a strongly fortified settlement; but in 1850 he removed to Wairoa, where, with the aid of an old carpenter, he built a comfortable home for his family, obtaining abundant timber from the trees scathed by Maori cultivation fires. Under his supervision, his flock built a neat church, which, overgrown with ivy, soon became quite picturesque; he also taught them to build a school, a mill, and to lay out the land in fenced half-acre lots, planting foreign trees to embellish their homes. Altogether, until 1864, Wairoa was quite a model settlement, and its people became apparently devout Christians.

But old superstitions die hard, and on the outbreak of the terribly unjust English war of aggression, following breaches of faith utterly abhorrent to the Maori tenets of honour, they contemptuously repudiated the white men's creed which, they assumed, could justify such deeds, and having hanged one of their pastors—Mr. Volkner—most others deemed it expedient to seek safety in flight. Mr. Spencer

had to send his family away, but he himself remained at his post. The Maories, however, abandoned the settlement, and retired to the more easily defended *pah* at Kariri, whence they did not return to Wairoa till 1873.

After awhile, a married daughter of the old Mission House—Mrs. Way—returned with her husband, to live in the house where she had been born and bred, loving both place and people; but marking with bitter pain the change that has crept over them, since bad foreign influences have worked as a poisonous leaven to overthrow all the good that Christian teachers had so patiently striven to instil, with such apparently satisfactory results. To this sweet, quiet home I was kindly welcomed on my visit to New Zealand, and amid many pleasant memories, few impressed me more than this pretty spot with its bowery acacia-trees, cabbage-palms, oaks, and cherry orchard, which, in due season, yielded so abundant a crop. Gracefully trailing hops covered the porch and crept up to the gables, while close by stood the ivy-covered church—then, alas, only a memorial of evanescent Christianity so warmly embraced when first preached, and so soon rejected.

Very calm and peaceful was the view thence looking down the green slopes, dotted with the homes of the settlers, to the pasture-land watered by the Wairoa river, which here enters Lake Tarawera, a beautiful still lake, whereon lay mirrored the massive form of the sleeping giant, Mount Tarawera, whose sudden awakening has caused such dire disaster. In general outline I might compare it to Vesuvius, *without the upper half*. It looks just as if it had been a conical mountain cut in two, for its summit is a vast triple table-land, divided into three parts by two deep ravines, which once in forgotten ages were craters, but so long ago that the Maories, whose ancestors have lived here for five hundred years, have no tradition of any eruption.

So far from this, it has for at least sixteen generations been set apart as the last resting-place of the Arowa tribe, who, ever since their ancestors first landed in New Zealand, have toiled up those dark craggy ravines bearing the bones of their dead, to be laid beside their kinsmen on the sacred mount, where a fiery Dragon guards a legion of such bleaching remains. Little did they dream of the coming night when these solemn Towers of Silence would suddenly be transformed into a mighty crematory, and that seven active craters would be in full blast on that riven summit hitherto so still. And yet, there were times when in the glow of the setting sun those ‘burnt cliffs,’* ruddy with red oxide of iron, certainly suggested their volcanic origin, although fancy rather inclined to see only a vast tumulus in memory of many a brave Maori warrior. The three table-lands were distinguished by the names of Tarawera, Rawahia, and Te Wahanga. I am not sure

* Tara wera—‘Burnt Cliffs.’

whether all three were thus consecrated to the dead; indeed, according to one account, these carefully scraped bones were not laid on the actual summit, but stored in a cave. The custom has its exact parallel in the Society Isles, where the chief men and women are buried with great solemnity; but, after sufficient time has elapsed for the decomposition of the flesh, an appointed person digs up the bones, and having carefully scraped and made a neat parcel of them, he removes them with the utmost secrecy to some lonely cave known to very few of the people. The bones of the good old Christian Queen Pomare were thus dealt with, during my stay on Taheiti.

This mighty summit of bare frowning rock rose from a base of rich vegetation, the shores of the lake being fringed with noble old trees. The usual way to Rotomana is to row up Lake Tarawera, skirting its shores for about six miles, as far as Te Arika, where there was a comfortable Maori settlement, with gardens and orchard, cultivated land, nets hanging up to dry, and all symptoms of peaceful life. Then on for three miles more, to a pretty creek—which in the Colonies means a river—a rapid stream with precipitous cliffs; this carried off the overflow from Lake Rotomahana. About a mile and a half of easy paddling of our large Maori canoe brought us to that wonderful lake, where our first care was to find one of the very few spots where it was possible to pitch a small tent in safety. Of the days spent in exploring that extraordinary scene I can only say that they remain indelibly fixed on my memory as a dream of mingled ecstasy and dread. To convey any impression of such scenes, brush and pencil are certainly better mediums than words, and all the sketches which I had such difficulty in saving from the destructive hands of the rapacious Maories (who insisted on my paying them a royalty of £5 for permission to sketch!) are now exhibited in the New Zealand Court of the Colonial Exhibition.

In strange contrast with the fairy-like white silica baths, are the evening hot mud baths, which by daylight do look unattractive, but which in the moonlight proved a truly delightful remedy for very weary folk, exhausted with overmuch excitement. The Maories long ago discovered the wonderful curative properties both of these and other mineral waters, and have for many generations brought their sick—chiefly those suffering from aggravated forms of rheumatism or from skin diseases—to be cured at Nature's own dispensary. We saw one poor lad who literally lived in a mud pool, just like an African mudfish. He was suffering from an agonising hip disease, when his friends brought him thither to try this far-famed remedy. For hours he lay in the mud, and felt his pain greatly relieved, but on being lifted out he very naturally fainted, whereupon they decided to leave him there permanently lying in the mud, and merely built a shed over him—a very novel form of water-bed!

Rumours of the efficacy of these waters and mud baths reached the white men, but till quite recently only a few Europeans had

the courage to face the very rough journey from the sea-coast, and the discomfort of having to lodge in some wretched native hut, or else in a tent. Nevertheless, sundry helpless cripples were carried up, and after a course of baths, taken *al fresco* in the most primitive style, wonderful cures occurred, and many, whose sufferings had for years defied all medical skill, were by this simple process restored to a measure of health which they had deemed altogether beyond hope.

At length the Maories—albeit, exceedingly jealous of allowing the white man to encroach in this direction—consented to allow two small hotels for foreigners to be built on the shores of Lake Rotorua, in the native village of Ohinemutu—one of the strangest sites ever chosen for human habitation. Here the little brown-thatched huts are seen appearing and disappearing through an ever-shifting veil of white vapour, steaming up from innumerable hot springs. It is a miracle that children can be reared in such surroundings of ever-present danger, and small wonder, indeed, that from time to time some mother has to mourn a little one whose foot has slipped on the brink of some horrid cauldron of boiling sulphur, mud, or water. But such accidents are comparatively rare, and life here has the charm of greater ease and indolence than elsewhere, for who need trouble to collect and carry fuel, or to kindle fires, when Nature's steaming and boiling apparatus is always at work, ready not only to do all cooking, but also all laundry work, for sulphates of soda and chlorides of sodium and of potassium are among the ingredients of these varied pools.

So the natives, free from so many domestic cares, resign themselves to a deliciously idle life, lying in happy groups, basking on large flat stones laid above some hot steam crack, and thus delightfully heated, and spending half their time swimming and floating about in the lovely lake, warmed by innumerable boiling springs. I need scarcely say that they are well-nigh amphibious, and their swimming powers emulate those of their beautiful ancestress Hinemoa, who, on a dark moonless night, swam four miles to the Isle Mokoia, which lies in the middle of the lake, there to keep tryst with her true love Tutenekai—a legend very dear to her descendants.

This island, which is now a cause of so much anxiety, was formerly strongly fortified, and was the scene of bloody fights between the Arawa and Ngapuhi tribes. Here, for greater security, the Arawas kept the symbol of their worship, which was merely a lock of human hair, twined round a rope of paper mulberry bark. It was treated with deepest reverence, and kept in a house of most sacred wood, thatched with a lovely climbing fern, similar to that which the Fijians call 'the fern of God,' with which they used to adorn the ridge-pole of their temples.

But the presence of the sacred lock of hair proved of small avail, when in A.D. 1818 this *pah* was captured by the enemy. When the Ngapuhi warriors, commanded by their great chief Hongi, marched

to the shores of Lake Rotorua, the foolish Mokoians deemed themselves so secure in their water-girt fort, from any attack by a foe who had no canoes within reach, that they rowed up and down the lake in their elaborately carved war-canoes, taunting the foe. These, however, made them pay dear for their jest, for they actually hauled their own canoes overland from Maketu, and rowing across to the isle, they soon captured the *pah*, and to accentuate their vengeance, they killed and ate many of the inhabitants, and ignominiously tomahawked the poor god, whose protection had proved so futile.

Latterly this pretty isle, which is about three miles in circumference, has been a favourite picnic-ground for the European visitors, whose numbers have largely increased, since in 1881 the New Zealand Government succeeded in inducing the Maories to resign their rights of lordship in this wonderful region, and to allow the establishment of National Sanatoriums on the shores of Lake Rotorua, and wherever else it may be deemed desirable. This is a most necessary provision, as scientific analysis has already proved that within a radius of a very few miles, springs exist, which correspond exactly with all the most famous mineral waters of Europe, to say nothing of many hitherto unknown. There are sulphurous waters like those which have given fame to Aix-la-Chapelle; muriated lithia waters like those of Baden-Baden; muriated alkalines like those of Ems; alkaline saline as at Coblenz; alkaline-acidulous as at Vichy; iodo-bromated springs as at Krenznach; chalybeates such as find favour at Kissingen, and scores of others, besides many hundreds which have not been analysed, and which represent all the contents of the most perfectly supplied chemist's shop. So it was hoped that by degrees bathing sheds might be erected at the most distinctive springs, and clusters of lodgings and cottages might be built to receive the patients and their friends.

But the first care was to start a city of health at Rotorua, for which purpose a block of 3,200 acres was set apart near Sulphur Point, as the site of the town, and Government plans showed 600 acres all laid out in rectangular streets, happily endowed with good old Maori names, such as Hinemoa Street, Hinemaru Street, Whakano, Tutenekai, Amohia, and so forth, commemorating the bravest heroes and loveliest maids of Maori legends. Already some of these have been planted as street avenues, with a view to their becoming shady boulevards. All selling, leasing and building, and management of all hotels, lodging-houses, bath-rooms, pump-rooms, and public buildings are under official control, and a medical officer appointed by Government is practically governor of the town.

In March, 1882, the most eligible building sites were sold by auction, suitable situations being reserved for churches, public offices, and schools. A large pavilion, fitted up with baths and dressing-rooms, has been erected in the midst of the most powerful springs, and different kinds of mineral water have been laid on, and are in

charge of competent attendants. Provision is duly made for the poor, sent at the expense of hospitals and charitable institutions, from other parts of the Colony—in short, nothing has been neglected which may tend to develop and utilise the wonderful resources of Nature's marvellous hydrophatic establishment, and already many sick folk and crowds of pleasure-seekers have found delightful Christmas quarters at the new city.

So the inhabitants of Rotorua and Ohinemutu, being so full-fed with the daily wonders of their surroundings, that a few little eccentricities more or less scarcely excited comment, dwelt in careless ease till, on a cold clear starlight night in mid-winter (10th June, 1886), they were awakened soon after midnight by a horrible uproar and tumultuous earthquakes, which told of the forces which were rending the mountain some twenty miles off.

Snatching up their children, and not daring to wait to dress, they rushed out in wild alarm, and beheld tongues of flickering flame above Tarawera. These quickly developed into a majestic pillar of fiery light towering into the heavens, and gradually extending along the mountain summit, till it appeared to start from a base about half a mile in diameter. Presently a dense black cloud suddenly obscured the fiery pillar, its appearing being followed by a deafening continuous explosive roar, and now the darkness was relieved only by sheets and flashes of the most appallingly vivid lightning—not of the ordinary steel-blue colour, but apparently blood-red, a tint resulting from the intervening dust-clouds. A terrific thunderstorm now gradually extended in every direction, and the ceaseless thunder-roar mingled with the blast of a rushing mighty wind. Every moment the blackness was lighted up by the glare of the red lightning, and the atmosphere was poisoned by a suffocating sulphurous stench, accompanied by dense showers of ashes which threatened to smother the settlements, when a Providential shift in the direction of the wind blew these in a contrary direction, and so the shores of Lake Rotorua actually fared better in this respect than Tauranga, which lies forty miles further, on the seaboard.

All through this terrible night the earth never ceased to tremble. Twenty-eight distinct shocks was counted at Rotorua, while at Opotiki, on the seaboard, no less than seventy-three were noted.

Vainly did those anxious watchers crave for morning light. Only a pale-blue light along the northern horizon was visible beneath the canopy of black clouds, but it sufficed to reveal that the whole face of the country was covered with grey ashes, and that new boiling springs, throwing up blue mud or water, had burst up in a hundred places, many even in the roads, so that to travel in the dim light was a serious danger. Nevertheless, not knowing what might be in store, many of the inhabitants fled, either to the railway at Oxford, or to the seaport of Tauranga, and even there, at a direct distance of fifty-five miles from the scene of the eruption, they found the people

terror-stricken by the earthquakes, the awful roaring, the dense darkness which continued till noon, and the fall of volcanic dust, which had covered the whole country to a depth of several inches.

On the shores of Lake Taupo, fifty miles to the south of the explosion, the people were awakened by a continuous rumbling, followed by an appalling roar and crash, and they saw as it were a great ball of fire ejected to an immense height, and then it burst high in heaven, like a bouquet of fireworks, the sparks losing themselves in a dense smoke. Then up rose a dark mushroom-shaped cloud, resting on a pillar of red fire, and throwing off flashing meteors and a weird blue light. The night was piercingly cold and dead calm, the star-light clear, and not a cloud save this above Tarawera. At 5 A.M. a sharp southerly breeze sprang up, but died away in an hour, and then a heavy drift of floating ashes obscured everything. In the course of the night about a dozen shocks of earthquake were felt. Mount Tongariro was perfectly still. (Three days later, however, on the 13th, a loud explosion was heard in its direction, and the waters of Lake Taupo rose tumultuously, dashing on the beach in violent surf, and pouring down the Waikato river with deafening roar, while neighbouring geysers threw up violent steam-jets.)

From all parts of the country come tidings of their experiences of that terrible night. Even in the Southern Isle the earthquake shocks were felt, and far out at sea, vessels were covered with ashes. But now we must approach the scene of the terrible tragedy which that night was enacted at Wairoa and its neighbourhood.

Monday, 7th June, 1886, has become memorable as the very last day on which the beauties of Lake Rotomahana and its fairy-like terraces gladdened foreign eyes. On that day two boatloads of tourists made the regular excursion from Wairoa up Lake Tarawera, and spent long delightful hours exploring the marvels of the Hot Lake shores, returning to sleep at McRae's hotel. On the following day all returned to Rotorua, with the exception of Mr. Bainbridge, a young Northumbrian, who decided to remain at Wairoa for a day's pheasant shooting. This proved so attractive that he had arranged on the following day to resume the same sport in the forest beyond Lake Okareka.

On Wednesday evening a calm sunset was succeeded by a clear, cloudless, star-light evening, and not a sound or symptom of impending danger disturbed the great calm of lake and mountain, as the solemn, silent night enfolded the last sleep of the pretty village.

Suddenly, soon after midnight, a violent earthquake aroused the sleepers, who, rushing from their houses, observed a small cloud resting on the summit of Mount Tarawera, and emitting wonderful flashes of dazzling blue light. Mr. McRae suggested that they should go to Te Mu, the old Mission Station, a few minutes' walk further up the hill, whence they would obtain a clear view of the whole scene.

Thence they watched the rapid progress of a magnificent eruption. From three distinct points along the flat summit, there rose stupendous pillars of flame, shooting up to a height of fully a thousand feet, and throwing off meteors which burst and scattered in corruscation, like firework serpents. Very quickly this scene of beauty and of dazzling light became one of awful dread, for showers of red-hot stones and cinders, resembling balls of fire, were ejected with such violence as to cross the lake, and fall in a deadly hail all over Wairoa, a distance of eight miles. This was quickly followed by the uprising of a dense black cloud, which veiled the fiery light, changing the blue lightning to an ominous blood-red. Rapidly it overspread the whole landscape, and the village was enwrapt in a sulphurous, suffocating dust-cloud—a darkness that was literally felt.

The Mission House being closed, in the absence of the family, the spectators thought it well to return to the shelter of the hotel. Their steps were quickened by seeing a Maori woman suddenly disappear, where the ground had given way beneath her feet, and swallowed her up quick. Happily, being mid-winter, the stream of visitors was at the very lowest ebb, and many of the inhabitants, including Mrs. McRae and her family, and Captain and Mrs. Way, were also absent. About midsummer, i.e. Christmas time, all the hotels and boarding-houses at Rotorua are crowded with summer residents, seeking health or pleasure, and entailing the presence of a large number of servants, besides drawing together a greatly increased Maori population, hoping to profit by the tourists' golden rain.

So the united households of both hotels only made up a party of about a dozen Europeans, and a few natives, all of whom returned together, seeming to cling to Mr. McRae as their natural leader. By this time a heavy shower of hot mud, mingled with cinders and red-hot stones, varying from the size of a pea to that of a man's head, was falling on the roof and the verandah, and constant care was needed to avert a conflagration. Of the size and weight of the stones, one woman received painful proof, having had her arm broken by a falling stone. These, however, seem to have been ejected only at the early stage of the eruption, for all that now lies on the surface, covering more than a hundred square miles, is pumice-dust or cinders, and heavy blue-grey mud.

A terrific hurricane was now raging, blending with the roar of the volcano, and the reverberations of the ceaseless thunder, all combining to produce such an appalling din, that the crash of the falling roof and collapse of the upper storey of the hotel were hardly noticed. Presently the back of the house and the balcony fell with a still more deafening crash.

Then the young Northumbrian asked all present if they would not unite in what would probably be their last prayer; and all gladly gathered round him as he read a few verses of Scripture, selecting the story of the dying thief on the cross. Then he spoke a few

strong, earnest words, on the probability that they all were about to receive their final summons, and reminded them all, that if any had not already come to the Saviour, even at that moment they might still do so. For himself, he said, he believed that he would be in the presence of his Maker within an hour. He said that it was in God's power to deliver them all, and that perhaps some would escape, in which case he earnestly prayed that this night might prove a turning-point, from which all their lives should be entirely devoted to His service. Then he pleaded for forgiveness for them all, and committed all, body and soul, to His loving care.

As they rose from their knees, they agreed to abandon the falling house, and make for some thatched cottage (these being invariably more secure in time of earthquake, than the more ambitious foreign houses). Holding mats or blankets above their heads as some protection against the driving storm of mud and red-hot cinders, they started, agreeing all to keep close together. But in the dense darkness they could not see one another at all, and the uproar was such, that at a distance of five yards they could not hear the loudest shout, and so it was only when Mr. McRae had escorted three of the party in safety, to a Maori *wharé*, that he realised that all the others were missing, and returned in search of them. One by one he found them, and escorted them to places of comparative safety, and all through that long awful night, though again and again he was knocked down by the violence of the stone showers, he bravely continued his labour of love, so long as there remained any one in the village to whom he could carry help.

But for the young Northumbrian he sought in vain. He had certainly left the hotel with the others; but bewildered by the storm he must very quickly have missed them, and only contrived to grope his way back to the spot whence he started, arriving just before the whole verandah fell in, crushing him in its fall. Those who found him say that death must have been instantaneous, for though the young calm face was bruised, it bore no trace of pain. He seems almost from the beginning to have had a conviction that this night was to be his last on earth, for he had spoken to one of his companions of the grief which his death would cause at home, a brother and two sisters having already been called away very suddenly. In the midst of that awful scene he had snatched a moment in which to write a few lines for the consolation of his family, to tell them of his thankfulness that in that dread hour he was able to feel that the strength of God was all-sufficient for him.

Does not this touching story of a young Christian's calm faith, recognising the close enfolding presence of his Loving Lord, all the more vividly because of the dread surroundings of darkness and tempest and fire, throw a new and beautiful light on such familiar words as these? 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him, a fire goeth before Him, His lightnings enlightened the world.' 'The

Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet. The mountains quake at Him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned up at His presence, and the rocks are thrown down by Him. The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.*

To us, whose minds have from infancy been imbued with the Christian revelation of our Heavenly Father as the source of all Light and Love, it almost needs such a scene as these terror-stricken fugitives had witnessed, to enable us to understand with what awful dread the Israelites must have received the revelations of the Almighty, under the Old Dispensation. Just read the account of the giving of the Law, as described in Exodus xix. 16, 18, and Exodus xx. 21. And observe how often in the Old Testament the conception of the Divine Presence is founded on that ideal, as for instance, Psalm xviii. 7 to 13; and the twice-recorded quotation, as of God's Own Word, 'The Lord said that He would dwell in the thick darkness.'†

Happily on this night of terror, there were in that village many who were ready to welcome the summons of their Lord in whatever way He might see fit to send it. Amongst these was the deeply lamented schoolmaster Mr. Hazard, who, with his wife and grown-up daughter, took the keenest interest in the welfare of the people, tending them in sickness, and endeavouring in every way to influence them for good. By their exertions sixty children were induced to attend the school, where every effort was used so to train them, that they might be enabled to resist the terrible example of their seniors, encouraged as they have been, in hard drinking and vice, by the ever increasing stream of foreigners, whose gold they so eagerly covet. Mr. Hazard was himself a staunch member of the 'blue ribbon' army, and did his utmost to awaken the Maories to a sense of shame at their degrading habits of drunkenness. It is satisfactory to know that his words were by no means without effect, and that some at least have tried to amend; while all entertained the most profound respect for one who was always calm, and so just and patient, that his neighbours referred to him as the arbitrator in all their quarrels and difficulties.

For eight years he and his family had lived at Wairoa, in a peaceful little home, with a pleasant garden, where tall New Zealand flax and waving plumes of silvery pampas grass mingled with luxuriant roses and other foreign flowers. Just beyond it stood the school, and the old Mission House, and the pretty ivy-covered church. On the last night—that calm starlit evening—the family had celebrated the mother's birthday, and had retired to rest in peace and love, when they too were awakened by the terrible earthquake shocks. The elder daughters hastened to their parent's room

* Psalm xcvi. 2-5; Nahum i. 3, 5, 6.

† 1 Kings viii. 13, and 2 Chron. vi. 1.

where their father soothed and strove to calm their fears; but as the shocks increased, all assembled in the sitting-room, whence they watched the awful light from Tarawera, and the rapidly succeeding darkness. Then, amid the raging tumult of crashing thunder, subterranean rumblings, and the terrible hailstorm of fiery cinders, Miss Hazard opened the harmonium and played familiar hymn tunes, and, for the last time, the voices of the united family blended in worship, as they sang together well-known words of faith and trust.

As the wild raging of the elements grew more and more alarming, and the lumps of heavy mud kept falling and accumulating on the roof, they crowded together in the centre of the room, thinking that the ridge of the roof would longest resist the crushing weight; but soon it fell in with a frightful crash, and all were separated. The two elder sisters, Clara and Ina, escaped separately—one with an old Maori woman, the other with two gentlemen. The former was at first held prisoner in such a way that she must inevitably have been smothered, but for the efforts of the Maori woman, who incessantly scooped away the falling mud to enable her to breathe. The latter took shelter beneath a doorway, until a shower of red-hot cinders, falling on their ruined home, set fire to one end of it. Apparently, however, the wet mud, which lay to a depth of eight feet on the roof, preventing the fire from spreading, though it continued to smoulder for several days.

Beneath that roof the parents were separately imprisoned, in horrible darkness. The father seems to have been killed instantaneously, and so, probably, was a little five-year-old nephew. But the mother, with her three youngest children, was pinned to her chair by a falling beam, which prevented her from moving, though little Mona, who was in her arms, wept bitterly, because, as she thought, her mother was crushing her against it. Close on either side stood Adolphus, aged ten, and Winifred, aged six, and the scalding mud dripped ceaselessly on them all, through the rafters. The brave boy tried to comfort his mother in that black night. 'I will die with you,' he said; but her work on earth was not yet finished. Through the long awful hours she sat clasping the dead body of her youngest darling, conscious that the other two had also been taken from her, for their voices had long been silenced, and still the scalding, suffocating mud dripped down. Of the fate of her husband and elder daughters she was of course utterly ignorant. It was not till towards noon that a rescue party succeeded in excavating her from her terrible captivity—alive, but terribly injured; and they carried her to Ohinemutu, where her daughters and all the other fugitives were being cared for.

What a lifelong memory of anguish is suggested by that terrible flight from the desolated village—the homes lightning-struck, or set ablaze by fiery cinders, and all smothered in the noisome mud, entombing friends or kinsmen whom there was little hope of meeting

again on earth. Behind them lay the awful mountain, revealed only by the lurid glare which could not lighten the dense darkness in which they struggled on, mile after mile, through the deep adhesive mud, pursued by pelting mud showers, mingled with red-hot cinders, and finding their way by instinct, all trace of the road being utterly obliterated. And then fresh dangers awaited them in the burning forest, where the tall trees were crashing to earth, and great boughs, torn off by the hurricane, were whirled about like straws.

Along that difficult road, a day or two later, were carried the bodies of all the recovered dead—the Maories, Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. Hazard, and the four children, to be laid beneath the green turf which is so ceaselessly bedewed by the silent, ever-rising white steam-clouds.

Many a touching scene must that night have witnessed in many a Maori home; but except from Wairoa, few survivors escaped to tell us what befell. Very pathetic is the story of the death of Mary, the young wife of Mohi. They were, with their two little sons, in a large weather-board house; but when it began to give way they fled to their own thatched *wharé*, each carrying a child. Arriving there, they knelt together, committing themselves and their little ones to the care of the Christian's God. Then, wrapping a shawl round the elder boy, and laying him down on the floor, Mohi knelt over him, himself resting on his hands and knees, so that his body might protect the child from the mud which was now falling in masses through the broken roof. Close by his side, but invisible in the dense darkness, his wife strove to protect the younger boy. After awhile, the weight of mud and pebbles became too great for the endurance of even the strong man, so, making a desperate effort, he rose, calling to his wife to do likewise, that they might seek safety elsewhere. But no voice answered him, for the mother and her child were both dead. Afterwards their bodies were recovered—Mary sitting with her arms extended, in the vain effort to shield her little one.

Some curious suggestions of native superstition with regard to witchcraft have been revealed, in the singular aversion of the Maories to any of their own people who have survived entombment and starvation, for what they deem a miraculous period. One of these is a woman who escaped from a falling house in the now buried village of Waitangi,* on the north side of the lake. Her husband was killed, but she, poor soul, attempted to make her way through storm and darkness to Wairoa, staggering onward till she became delirious. A whole week elapsed ere she was found, and during all that time she had had neither food nor water. The Maories therefore declare that she must be a witch, so they are exceedingly unwilling to touch her, and have left her entirely to the care of foreigners at the Rotorua Hospital, where also is an old man, Tuhuoto, who is upwards of a hundred years of age. He had been entombed for 104 hours ere he

* Wai-tangi, 'The Weeping Waters,' so called from a picturesque waterfall on the margin of Lake Tarawera.

was dug out, when he received a sorry welcome from his tribe, who even before this event had deemed him a dangerous wizard. So he, too, was made over to the white men, who by carefully feeding him with small quantities of milk, have quite brought the old man round. Fortunately he was wrapped up in a thick blanket, so he lay quite still and warm all the time, ceaselessly praying for deliverance. He was asked if his prayers had been addressed to the *Atua* of the Maories, to whose worship most of the early converts relapsed; but he said no—he had prayed to the *Atua* of the *Pakehas*, meaning the God of the foreigners.

This old man was a *Tohunga* or priest (a title which is probably a survival of purely heathen times—the creeds now in favour being curious compounds of Christian truth and Maori legends—one large sect which assembles for worship every Saturday, while rendering all reverence to the Name of the Saviour, occasionally selecting its lessons from the Book of Maori legends according to Sir George Grey!)

In this priestly capacity, Tuhuoto was brought to Lake Rotorua about eighteen months ago, in order to take the tapu (i.e. the sacred prohibition) off a piece of land, in order that a Christian Church might thereon be built for the use of the native village, and the foreign township. This Church of St. Faith, as it is called, is a solid building with a square tower, and stands on a promontory jutting into the lake. It was dedicated on the 15th March, 1885, by Bishop Stuart (of this diocese of Waiapu), the past and present generation of missionaries being represented by the Rev. S. M. Spencer (who for over forty years has worked in this district, but being no longer able to endure the exhausting work of active itinerating, has now retired) and the Rev. W. Goodyear, his successor; also by an aged Maori clergyman, the Rev. Thaia Te Aihu, an early convert of the Arawi tribe. He has been in deacon's orders since 1861, and is the oldest Native pastor in the Waiapu Diocese.

He is now a feeble old man, a martyr to chronic asthma—an affliction especially greivous for a public speaker. Yet such is the scarcity of men fit for the native ministry, that I believe he is the only Maori clergyman for the whole of this district of Tauranga and the Hot Lakes. His was the first house erected in the new township of Rotorua. The Northern and Eastern districts of the diocese are better off, having nine native clergy in each, but here, where the very unsatisfactory influence of the invading hosts of tourists is most sorely felt, and vigorous work most necessary, the ecclesiastical service of the district is chiefly in the hands of lay-readers, with only occasional services, when one of the missionary clergy can visit each settlement.

Four years ago, in January, 1882, a very interesting letter was published in the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer,' giving a detailed account of a riding tour through this district by Bishop Stuart, whose headquarters are at Napier. The journey was chiefly solitary, and

made difficult by the number of tidal creeks to be crossed. Its object was to visit the various Maori settlements where the early Mission Stations had been established, before the war. At one of these, an old Maori who came forward to welcome the Bishop, said that, glad as they were to see him, such occasional missionary visits could do little good, and that what they needed was a resident Maori minister. Hence it seems as if the time was ripening for energetic renewed effort.

The Bishop was warmly received at Opotiki, which is the settlement where Mr. Völkner was murdered. He was buried near the east end of the church which he himself had built, and his grave bears this simple inscription, avoiding all allusion to the manner of his death.

THE REV. CARL VÖLKNER, C.M.S.,

WHO ENTERED INTO REST, MARCH 2ND, 1865,

AGED 45 YEARS.

'And they loved not their lives unto the death.'

On hearing of the Bishop's arrival a number of Maories assembled from the neighbouring villages, for service in the old church, thirty of these being communicants.

An interesting feature of the service of the dedication of the new church at Rotorua was the baptism of a native chief, one of the very few who were not baptised in the early days. He was dressed in the old style, being arrayed in a handsome mat, beautifully worked with feathers.

Although in the story of the present catastrophe, Rotorua and Ohinimutu thus figure as havens of refuge, it must be admitted that they themselves have certainly received very serious reminders of the possible dangers to which they are subject. Their normal surroundings might seem sufficient to keep up this recollection; but comparative trifles revealing themselves in connection with the great eruption acquire very especial meaning. The chief point has been the bursting forth of many new boiling springs. One broke out at the gorge at the head of the water-works (and in all these springs there is no knowing what extraordinary chemicals each may contain—for all are different). Another suddenly burst up through the floor of the new church on Sunday forenoon, during service, a sort of Undine craving admission to sacred rites! If such she was, she was at least undisturbed, for the intrusion of the troubled water-spirit was treated quite as a matter of course!

With equal equanimity did the people see the ground behind the church give way, engulfing a horse. That also is a matter of tolerably frequent occurrence, and calls forth small comment.

Much more serious anxiety has been caused by a distinct rise on one side of the lake, and a violent eruption of steam on the Island of

Mokoia, which is in the middle of Lake Rotorua; indeed, the whole island appears to be softening, and the Maori inhabitants have very wisely abandoned their homes there.

Another point which proves a dangerous sympathy with the eruptive forces at Rotomahana, is the increased activity of the hideous mud and sulphur pools at Tikitere, on the shores of Roto Iti, which is only separated from Lake Roto Rua by an isthmus, half a mile wide. It is a dreary barren plain, honeycombed with pits in which mud or sulphur seethes, spouting intermittently. Latterly some of these horrid holes have taken to throwing up large quantities of scalding mud, and the Maories of a neighbouring village have deemed it expedient to leave the place for the present.

Doubtless, however, both they and the Europeans will soon settle down again to the old feeling of security, and so continue till the next frolic of the volcanic giants. Indeed, so certain is it that the stream of tourists will henceforth be largely increased, that the question of rebuilding the hotels at Wairoa is already under consideration, and the self-same maid-servants have volunteered to return thither! So, at least, it is said.

On the other hand a scientific inspection of the ground, a few days after the disaster, led to its being officially declared to be a death-trap, inasmuch as the first heavy rain would cause the earth to give way in every direction, causing calamitous landslips and vast avalanches of mud, which, falling from the hills, would fill the upper lakes, and these would inevitably overflow, and sweep down the gorge into Lake Tarawera in an awful torrent of sludge, carrying before it everything in the valley of Wairoa. As regards the old Mission Station, it seemed probably that it may slip bodily down to the valley.

I have already mentioned that Captain and Mrs. Way were fortunately absent on the night of the eruption. Since that time they have undergone dangers well-nigh as terrible, for in the hope of saving some of their property from the utterly-wrecked house, they resolved, notwithstanding the warning aforesaid, to return thither so soon as the hardening of the mud rendered it possible to do so. They accordingly started, accompanied by four Europeans, five Maories, and nine horses, but had the utmost difficulty in making their way along the steep shores of Lake Tikitapu where a landslip had smothered the road in deep mud. This danger, however, was safely passed, and the journey to Wairoa accomplished, but only then did the party realise that so far from being able to save property, they had imperilled their own lives by this rash attempt.

The dreaded rain did now commence in terrible earnest, accompanied by tempestuous wind. The ruins of Te Mu, the old Mission House, lay so deeply imbedded that it was hopeless to attempt excavation in order to obtain shelter there, so the whole party had to crowd together into a small Maori hut, where they spent a wretched night, sleep being rendered impossible by repeated earthquake shocks, and

by the thundering noise of mud avalanches, loosened from all the surrounding hills by the heavy rain.

Being now fully convinced that all hope of salvage was futile, their only care on the morrow was to escape with their lives, and this proved far more difficult than they even then realised, for the mud seemed everywhere to be in movement, and nothing else was to be seen in every direction, but mud—mud—mud! over hill and level. With great difficulty they made their way back to Lake Tikitapu, 'The Sacred Landmark,' there to find that the steep hillside along which they had travelled with such difficulty had now become a moving mass of liquid mud, three or four feet in depth, and to pass it was quite hopeless. One of the party, Mr. Warbrick, who is described as 'a splendid athlete,' and who saw that the whole party were in imminent danger, resolved at all hazards to push on, and summon a relief-party from Rotorua. By almost superhuman exertions, again and again narrowly escaping being swept down into the lake, he at last got past this terrible mile, and went on his way to the settlement.

Meanwhile his companions had no option but to return to Rotorua, there to pass another dreadful night of watching in the little Maori hut. Their provisions were exhausted, as was also their store of water, and there was not a drop fit to drink within miles, all having to be brought from Rotorua. Fortunately, however, after digging for some time among the ruins of the hotel, they found some lemonade and potted meat. Also some spirits, and it needed all Mrs. Way's great influence with the Maories to persuade them to refrain from touching these (which would inevitably have resulted in a scene of horrid intoxication, to add to their other miseries).

The ground on which the village stood, and the flat near the lake, had now become an impassable bog; but by some means the party contrived to reach the lake side, and, finding an old canoe, they succeeded in landing at a safer place on the shores of Lake Tarawera, whence they were eventually removed by the rescue-party from Rotorua—though how these contrived to make their way better than the others is a non-explained mystery. Knowing how terribly strong men had suffered from having to go barefoot through the ice-cold mud, we can realise something of what Mrs. Way had to endure, when we learn that for upwards of thirty hours she had been walking or standing barefoot in the chill mud or water! She had, however, the poor satisfaction of having been convinced by her own eyes that the dear home of her happy childhood was a memory of the past, now wholly incapable of restoration; nor was this knowledge sweetened by the recollection that only a few weeks previously her husband had refused several thousand pounds, offered for this pretty house by a rash speculator in volcanic lands.

In truth, these poor sufferers have had much to learn concerning the risks of holding house property in a district subject to volcanic

frolics. Thus Mr. McRae, whose hotel was insured for a good round sum, finds that he is unable to claim compensation for his ruined home, because its destruction was not directly due to fire, but only to the mud ejected by the force of steam generated by subterranean fire and water! And yet, in the course of that awful night he had again and again (even during the few minutes devoted to prayers) to carry water-buckets to extinguish the incipient fires caused by red-hot cinders falling on the woodwork of the house. To add to his losses, it was discovered a few days after Wairoa had been temporarily abandoned, that, contrary to all customs of Maori honour, some men of another tribe had visited the village and had contrived to loot his hotel of everything that could possibly be removed, including £100 worth of house linen.

The total destruction of the water supply has caused fearful suffering to all animals, the water-creeks being filled up with ash, and the lakes all muddy and sulphurous. Carcasses of horses lie in the creeks where they vainly sought to quench their thirst, and some, in their further search, have fallen over precipices, and have been seen standing quite beyond reach of help on rock ledges, whence they could neither ascend nor descend. Wild pigs are running about, having had the hair torn off their backs by the pelting showers of cinders and mud.

Now that the crisis is over, it is evident that premonitory symptoms of danger were not lacking. Five years ago, in 1881, Lake Tarawera underwent some singular phase, in consequence of which its waters became offensive and unfit for use, in which condition they remained for more than a year, after which they recovered their wonted purity.

A week before the present disaster, a tidal wave, two feet in height, swept up the lake, and various new spouting pools and steam jets appeared near the White Terraces. The Maories were also much disturbed by the reported appearance of a phantom war-canoe paddled by men, standing upright, after the manner of their ancestors. As they glided silently down the lake, a Maori woman hailed them from the shore, whereupon the vision instantly vanished, and they knew that it was certainly an apparition portending evil to their tribe. So you see that it is not only in Scotland that men believe in second-sight!

Many minor symptoms of brooding ill might be adduced, such as the fact that about three years ago the waters of Roto Kakohi, the 'Lake of Shells,' which have always been clear and cold, rose suddenly almost to boiling point, and for awhile became foul and with a disgusting smell.

But the really serious symptoms were displayed at the two extreme points of what is recognised as the volcanic zone, which, as we have seen, extends from the White Sulphur Isle to Tongariro and Mount Ruapehu in the heart of the North Isle.

Whakari is a conical isle, about three miles in circumference, and is simply the summit of an ancient volcano, whose crater has now been transformed into a water-funnel, through which an intermittent geyser feeds a lake of intensely acid mineral water, which is found to contain sulphates of iron, soda, potash, and a dozen other chemical substances. The cone rises from the ocean at so steep an angle that the water close to the shore is upwards of two hundred fathoms deep. It only rises 863 feet above the water-level, but it sends forth volumes of steam, which in calm weather float upwards in a silvery column to about 2,000 feet, so that this cloud canopy is seen from afar, and hence the Isle derives its name, otherwise it might more justly be called the Yellow Isle, being chiefly composed of pure sulphur. Certainly it has one geyser of liquid black mud, but most of the geysers and little lakes which surround the great crater are sulphurous, and banks of purest crystallised sulphur assume a green so exquisite as to resemble verdant meadows. These meadows, however, are traversed by boiling streams, and the whole soil is always very hot.

For some time past, this White Island has been in a state of such violent eruption that the vessels, and workmen employed in obtaining sulphur there, have not ventured to approach it, as it has taken to projecting stones a thousand feet into the air, and also clouds of red dust, and, in short, has been behaving in such a very startling manner that even the gannets and other sea birds which usually live there, appearing to enjoy the sulphur, have now abandoned the Isle.

On the other hand, from the southernmost point of the chain, columns of steam 200 feet in height have been observed rising from the snowy crown of Ruapehu, a mountain 9,850 feet in height, which has gained the name of the Ice Mountain, because of its dazzling purity, as contrasted with the dark cinder-cone which (rising from a base of perpetual snow to a height of 7,800 feet) crowns its neighbour, the sacred Mount Tongariro. The latter is an active volcano, frequently giving signs of life, throwing up showers of black dust, and which, so late as 1871, was in moderate eruption to the extent of showing flames; generally, however, its action is rather that of a solfatara, throwing up hot mud; hot springs also gush up around its crater. Of Ruapehu, however, there is no tradition of its having ever thus sullied its beautiful snow robes, and yet there can be no doubt of its having been at one time the principal centre of volcanic action in the Isle.

Naturally, this re-awakening of giants so long deemed dead, has suggested some thoughts of possible danger to places in the North Isle lying beyond the boundaries which are supposed to form the limits of the still actively volcanic district. Auckland, the northern capital, with its population of 138,000, and only about 120 miles in a direct line from Rotorua, is itself situated at the very base of a recent volcano, re-christened Mount Eden; pleasant homes cluster on its

verdant slopes, and the great summit crater forms one of the attractions of a neighbourhood which possesses no less than sixty-three volcanic cones, all supposed to have been formed at about the same date, in comparatively recent times. One of these, a grand mountain which happily retains its Maori name, Rangitoto, i.e. 'Bloody Sky,' is the centre of as impressive a scene of volcanic desolation as can well be conceived. Altogether, the surroundings of this now peaceful city are such as to suggest that its people might well add to their Litany a clause against volcanic disturbances.

Hitherto it has been assumed by scientific men that a region in which the eruption of molten rock in the form of lava has ceased (as in New Zealand), and is replaced by geysers, boiling pools, mud and sulphur volcanoes, and all such phenomena as we here find, is one in which volcanic action is dying out. But in point of fact, the wisest of men really know very little about the causes which control all these effects, or by what subterranean channels fresh dynamitic fuel may arrive to rekindle the smouldering fires at any point.

Glancing at a map of the Pacific, we see how, halfway between New Zealand and the great volcanoes of Oregon and Washington, those of Hawaii have been thrown up in mid-ocean. Till now one of these has continued to act as a safety-valve for the group. Within the last year, however, its fires have subsided, but a new volcanic isle is said to have appeared on the line towards New Zealand, whence it would seem that the lava flood is working its way southward. If so, it may be that the internal throes which have shaken the North Isle, and re-awakened two dormant mountains, may herald the development of more serious eruptions in the future.

This theory suggests that a vein of truth probably underlay the legend by which the Maories account for the origin of this fiery region. They tell how the ancestral pair from whom they all descend came from those very Hawaiian volcanoes, bringing with them a kindling of the sacred fire. This they deposited on the summit of Whakari, the White Isle, where the wife remained to tend it, while her husband Ngatoroirangi, 'the great Runner from the Other World,' went inland, escorted only by a devoted follower called Ngauruhoe, i.e. 'One who paddles in foaming waters.' They ascended Tongariro, thence to survey the land, but the Hawaiian follower was stricken by the cold, and so fell ill. Thereupon 'the Great Runner' shouted to his wife, and bade her hasten to bring the fire—a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. The faithful spouse heard her lord's voice, and started in such hot haste that she let many sparks fall by the way, and wherever they fell, dropping through fissures into the earth, there burst forth subterranean fires, geysers, fumaroles, or other forms of volcanic action. But, with all her haste, she reached the summit of Tongariro too late to save the life of the sufferer, so she laid the fire on the mountain, which became a volcano like those of Hawaii, and the principal crater still bears the name of Ngauruhoe,

the strong rower who had paddled the primeval canoe all the way from Hawaii.

Hence, we see that the fire, as well as the Maories, came to New Zealand from the north; and it is highly probable that history has repeated itself, and that the original story has been again enacted.

The desolation of black lava-beds in the neighbourhood of Auckland shows plainly how awful must have been the eruptions of molten rock when those volcanoes were in full action. In the present catastrophe lava holds no place. The volcanic play was in two distinct acts—first, the eruption of red-hot pumice cinders and ash, and then the far more horrible eruption of boiling mud; the latter seems to have been an accidental result of the first, for it is supposed that in the convulsive throes which rent the earth while seeking an outlet for her superfluous cinders, the channels of the mighty water-pipes which fed the geysers all around and within Lake Rotomahana, were riven, and the waters thus liberated rushed down and flooded the internal fires, causing the generation of a tremendous body of steam, which, in its expansion, resulted in the terrific mud eruption which was shot forth with a force so overwhelming, probably from the depths of the lake. It is probable that this mighty rush of steam actually created the hurricane which uprooted the forest and levelled the buildings.

This theory seems perfectly in accordance with the events of that night. First the magnificent column of fiery dust and red-hot cinders ejected from the mountain summit, and then the uprising of a separate cloud of dense darkness, and the commencement of the horrible mud shower. All over a vast tract of country the dust from the mountain summit lies thickly spread, but chiefly on the district beyond Lake Okaro and to the back of Tarawera, where now nothing is to be seen but range beyond range of smooth hills of finely-powdered pumice-dust; whereas in the opposite direction, towards Wairoa and Rotorua, a tract of about twenty miles in length by twelve in breadth, though by no means free of the dust (which fell everywhere), is all more or less smothered beneath the thick adhesive grey mud, supposed to have been discharged from the bed of Lake Rotomahana.

Just a quarter of a century has elapsed since Dr. Hockstetter, the eminent geologist, when encamped at the base of the Paeroa range, gave it as his opinion 'that the whole portion of the mountain up to the Te Kopiha fountain, being thoroughly decomposed by hot vapours, would some day cause a sudden catastrophe by falling in and covering the Rotoreka Plain with a flood of hot mud.' It was a very natural prophecy, inasmuch as the whole range, and, indeed, all the neighbouring region, is saturated with steam—honeycombed with water craters, each the mouth of a separate steam-pipe, and suggestive of the amazing intricacy of the subterranean water-system.

In point of fact, the only two serious disasters that have occurred

in this region in the last five hundred years (beyond which we have no record) have been due to this cause. One occurred 120 years ago, when the waters of Lake Rotorua rose to boiling point, and part of the village of Ohinemutu was suddenly submerged, scalding and causing the death of thirty Maories. The ruined posts, and part of the carved wood of the old pah called Uruika, still remain to mark the scene of that dread day, no one daring to remove these relics from what is deemed a sacred spot, which is now the village burial-ground. There the dead are laid beneath turf which owes its fresh verdure to the never-failing veil of white steam, rising from innumerable boiling springs.

Those ruins may well remind the inhabitants how liable they are to a recurrence of similar frolics on the part of the water spirits, who do not fail to give occasional proofs of their being subject to no fixed routine, as, for example, when, not long ago, a fine Court-house was built, and adorned with much fine woodwork; straightway there uprose in its midst a boiling fountain, and asserted its claim to the building as a bath-house.

Strange to say the promontory which was thus partially submerged, has been selected as the site for the new Christian Church!* No wonder that the water-spirits remonstrate in the manner I have described!

The other volcanic disaster to which I referred occurred in 1846, when from the steaming flanks of Mount Kakaramea, which overlooks the Waikato, or 'Hot Water River,' there fell an awful avalanche of mud, overwhelming Te Rapa, a Maori village, at the base of the mountain, and burying seventy persons, including the chief Te Heu Heu, who was a famous warrior. It is said that when the body of the chief was recovered, it occurred to his tribe that they would carry him to the summit of Tongariro, the active volcano which they deem sacred, and thus commemorate the manner of his death; but as soon as they commenced the ascent of the mountain, it gave such unmistakable symptoms of displeasure that they deposited their burden near the base and fled. The mountain whence that mud avalanche fell is so thoroughly steamed that it is literally only a mass of half-boiled steaming mud, with jets of scalding water rising from every fissure. Indeed, the Waikato flows for many miles through country where geysers are so numerous that you can, at a glance, count from sixty to eighty columns of steam rising from the dark scrub on either bank. No less than five hundred pools of boiling mud or water have been counted around the point where the river flows into the lake.†

* The position of this Church is well shown in an illustration in the 'Church Missionary Gleaner' for March, 1886.

† Among the many thrilling narratives of hair-breadth escapes from volcanic eruptions, which were recorded to me by my friends in the Sandwich Isles, there was one (and only one) connected with a mud avalanche, which the horror-stricken narrators had seen swallow up a whole village and all its inhabitants, also large flocks and herds. One man told me he had lost 1,000 head of cattle. As

In the present eruption the total loss of life is supposed to amount to about ten Europeans and one hundred and seven Maories; namely, forty members of the Ngatirangitiki tribe, who perished at Mourea, and upwards of sixty of the Tuhourangi tribe, of whom about thirty-five perished at Te Arika, fourteen at Matakana, and fifteen at Wairoa, which was the headquarters of the tribe, and the home of about two hundred and fifty of their number. Isolated families are also known to have perished, as for instance, that of a highly-respected Maori who had assumed the very European name of Thompson!

Except from Wairoa, not one living creature escaped to tell the fate of his fellows, so it was not till rescue parties from Rotorua contrived to explore the scene of the disaster that any certain information was obtained. The difficulties which these explorers had to face were great indeed. In the first place, the boats and canoes on Lake Tarawera having of course been destroyed, they had to transport a boat all the way from Rotorua, and had also to secure a good supply of drinking water, every stream and lake within ten miles of Wairoa being now sulphurous dust!

The ordinary coach road to Wairoa was rendered impassable, not only by the general mud fall, which in some places came up to the saddle-flap, but by a landslip falling from a steep hillside across the road into the Blue Lake. So there was no alternative but to drag the boat across the now trackless country—a country at all times dangerous, but now rendered doubly so by the complete effacement of old landmarks, and the uncertainty as to whether each successive bank of newly-drifted ash might prove to be five or fifty feet deep.

Each step was a toil, but at length they reached the usual landing-place, and finding it buried beneath twenty feet of silt, they climbed along the summit of the cliffs, which rise 200 feet perpendicularly from the lake, and then with the utmost difficulty they lowered the boat by ropes into the water, not without some anxiety as to their own chances of re-ascending, for in lowering the provisions and other equipments, some fell and lodged on a ledge halfway down the crag; and men, aided by ropes, had to climb down to recover these, and the mere fact of their doing so caused fresh fissures to open above, showing how friable was even the apparently solid crag. They, therefore, lowered themselves with all speed, and rowed successively to the various sites, where they still hoped to find some survivors of the Maori settlers; but not even a trace of their homes remained.

Where the village of Mourea had stood among its pleasant fruit-trees on the brink of the peaceful lake, there remained only a mud slide, down which liquid mud continued to run, showing that the village must have slidden bodily into the depths of the lake while

space forbids my quoting it here, I would refer any one interested in the subject to 'Five Fountains of Hawaii,' vol. i. page 237.—C. F. Gordon Cumming (Blackwood).

all its people were wrapt in slumber. Te Ariki, on the other hand, lies buried beneath thirty feet of dust and ashes, over which is spread a layer of thick clay, several inches deep. The explorers dug to a considerable depth through ashes, which, after the lapse of three days, were still hot; but they did not even reach a chimney-top. At this point the lake has encroached on the land about four hundred feet.

Just when the explorers were sadly realising that their labour of love had been all in vain, they espied with their telescopes some objects moving on the ash-ridges 600 feet above them, and presently, being satisfied that they were human beings, they fired Mr. Bainbridge's fowling-piece, which they had brought with them, whereupon the dark specks came rapidly sliding down the steep slope, of ash, and proved to be nine brave Maories who, with lion-hearts, had set themselves to try and rescue their kindred. For six miles they had struggled on waist-deep through ashes without food or water, and were well-nigh exhausted, when the timely arrival of the boat proved their salvation, as in their enfeebled state they would probably have been overpowered by the dust drift. Parched with the thirst, intensified by the sulphurous dust they had inhaled, they blessed the bringers of cool water; but bitter was their wailing when they learnt the certainty of the fate of the friends for whom they had risked so much.

Of the complete transformation of the whole scene in and around Lake Rotomahana, it seems impossible to convey the idea to any one not previously acquainted with the scene. That peaceful mere bordered by reeds and sedges, where all manner of wild-fowl dwelt securely, is now replaced by a chaotic wilderness of cones and craters all in hideous activity, ejecting clouds of pestilential black smoke and showers of stones. Eleven such craters were counted in one small group; but the dense clouds of steam rendered it impossible to be sure whether any portion of the lake still remained; of course, if it exists, it can only be a boiling cauldron.

Of the exquisite Pink and White Terraces not one vestige remains. They are replaced by ghastly craters throwing up masses of dust and steam. From a roaring fissure which had always been distinguished as the Devil's Cauldron, a geyser now ejects a column of mud 600 feet in height, while the steam rises to a height of thousands of feet. Everywhere there is a deafening noise, sulphurous stench, and indescribable horror.

Just conceive that a license had actually been granted for the erection of an hotel at the Pink Terrace. The ground had been prepared and everything made ready for commencing the building. Had the eruption been delayed a few months, this hotel would have been full of tourists! At the corresponding terraces of the Yellow Stone in North America, a great hotel is actually built on a similar site, the huge water crater of a quiescent geyser being actually the receptacle for all drainage!

The form of Mount Tarawera has been completely changed—the collapse of its south side having been familiarly compared to the effect produced on a felt hat by giving it a great blow on one side. Besides this, it is rent from top to bottom in two places, one of these forming a chasm about 900 feet wide. Of its stupendous discharge of steam and dust, a good idea is obtained from an observation taken by theodolite from New Plymouth on the sea-board, a distance of 200 miles. The height of the mountain is less than 2,000 feet, but the majestic cloud pillar was computed to be 24,000 feet above the sea-level, thus reaching vertically to about four miles above the mountain!

One detail in the difficulties which beset the explorers certainly strikes one as remarkable in connection with all this boiling and steaming—namely, their sufferings from extreme cold. It was only by going barefoot and barelegged that they could possibly make way over the deep mud which now, owing to hard frost every night, was ice-cold, and through which they had to plunge up to the knees. Notwithstanding this desperate exertion, they suffered so much from want of circulation, that when they came to some warm baths and plunged therein, the pain was positively acute.

Among the many objects of beauty which have been for ever destroyed must be reckoned all the good timber in the district, beginning with the devastation of the beautiful shores of Lake Tarawera. The acacias, whose light feathery foliage made such a pleasant grove at Karari, were seen floating on the lake a mile from the shore—the noble old Pohutakawa trees, whose wealth of scarlet blossom, appearing at Christmas, takes the place of our northern holly, all are smashed, and their remains smothered in mud. The picturesque rocks are battered down—the wishing stone, whereon we laid our offerings to the water-spirits, has disappeared. The Tarawera river, called by the Maories Awao te Atua, ‘the River of God,’ which carries off the overflow of the lake, is blocked with sand, and running at random over the flats at the base of Mount Edgecombe.

Strange to say, one mountain, Maunga-Kokaramaea, has so singularly escaped the ash shower, that its covering of green fern still remains in lovely contrast with the desolate waste around. Moreover, the track of forest at the back of Okareka lake seems to have escaped, so the pheasants have probably found it a secure covert, in the midst of the surrounding dangers, though it is probable that they have been choked by the sulphur fumes. Everywhere else, however, within a wide radius, all trees are utterly destroyed (as in the case of the lovely bush at Lake Tikitapu), and the whole region has been compared to a vast bush clearing after the fire has swept over it, except that, instead of being a blackened expanse, the whole is now thickly coated either with slate-coloured mud, or dull-grey ash—the latter, indeed, occasionally gleaming in the sunlight so as to suggest a very heavy fall of snow—dirty snow.

As a matter of course so heavy a ‘top-dressing’ has effectually

smothered all the pastures in the district, and it remains to be proved whether this volcanic ash, washing into the light soil, will eventually prove a blessing in disguise, by enriching the poor light soil, or whether it may be years ere the land recovers. At present, right down to the sea-coast, along the shores of the Bay of Plenty, all the grass and fern are totally buried, and probably scorched. At least it is inferred that all eatable things have been destroyed, since the very rats were starved, and their corpses, together with those of many birds, lay scattered on the thirsty dust heaps. But those of the birds showed broken bones, proving that they had in many cases been felled by mud and stones. For several days the poor bewildered cattle roamed about the dreary wilderness mad with hunger and thirst, gnawing any bit of wood they could find—their eyes blood-shot, and nostrils choked with the greasy slate-coloured mud which lay an inch thick all over their coats. Of course they were removed as soon as possible, but not till many cattle, sheep, and horses had perished, and for some time their corpses lay unburied and pestilential.

One poor horse, which had been securely tethered, was found dead. It had evidently struggled in agony—mad with terror. Another sad, lonely creature, grievously cut and battered by the stone shower, was found at Wairoa, where every other sign of life had vanished, hobbling painfully along, vainly seeking a few blades of grass, where but a few days before all pasture had been so abundant. Mr. McRae's three dogs were happily rescued in the excavation of the hotel—parched with thirst, but all alive. Another very pathetic rescue was that of two little kittens, which were found at a deserted village near the Blue Lake, mewling piteously, and not a living creature near to answer their cries. Happily a gentleman, who had ridden up to see the desolate scenery, heard their sad cry and saved them, at the expense of both his shoes, which successively stuck so fast in the mud that no power could extract them. No wonder that horses' legs often stick so fast, owing to the suction, that the rider is compelled to dismount and dig out a leg at a time!

Space forbids my adding further details. Doubtless within a very short period these will be remembered only as a dream; crowds of visitors will assemble to see the site of a nine days' wonder, and new marvels will take the place of the old—but assuredly not in the lifetime of any one now on earth can Nature re-create such gems of loveliness, as were blown out of existence on the night of sudden destruction.

C. F. G. C.

LIBERTY HALL.

How delightful it is to many girls to feel that the restraints of school-life are over, that at last the worrying algebra and no less tiresome delectus can be put away among the disused books at the top of the house, for is not their owner a young lady at large come home 'for good!' Ah, how often, in view of the many wasted and listless lives which follow such a home-coming, does one feel inclined to turn the careless words into a prayer—'God grant that it may indeed be for good.'

But the girl herself has no such forebodings. She is for the time one of the happiest of God's glad creatures, unfettered by rules, able to enjoy the exuberant young life that makes motion a delight and mere existence blissful. Before her stretches a vista of hitherto untasted enjoyments. If her parents are what is technically denominated 'in society,' balls, at-homes, garden-parties, and picnics float before her dazzled eyes in almost bewildering succession; and to quieter homes, in some way or other, social life enters with attractions from which the school-girl has hitherto naturally been debarred, but which she now means to taste to the full. Then what can be more delightful than the dear father's fond petting. 'My darling, I hope we shall not spoil you; but this is Liberty Hall, and I like to have my girl at home with me.' Ah, well! Liberty is a grand thing for all of us, if we have only been trained for it, and know how to learn by it. Perhaps after several years of school-life body and mind need a little absolute rest and thorough change of life; any way, it is a capital thing for a girl to have a time in her life set apart for learning a lesson in God's special way, by having put into her hands that which she most desires, and getting tired of it.

For many a girl does, after the lapse of a few months, get tired of the want of regularity and discipline, the *laissez-faire* of Liberty Hall. There are hours in which, to tell the truth, she is somewhat distressed by the want of an occupation; besides, there is a general feeling of unsatisfactoriness about each day's doings, and she is a little ashamed of her life as a whole. So if she has been well-trained at school and is a strong-willed girl, she probably says to herself, 'I will have some plan of life; I will make a time-table.' So she does, and she is conscious of a great deal of quiet enjoyment and sense of power in the mapping out of her own life. But what a formidable document that first time-table is! She probably starts with the firm determination to keep up all her school studies, and henceforth to waste no minute of

the day. But to accommodate these ideas to the social life of the house involves getting up at an abnormally early hour, and reducing the meal times and other arrangements of the family to a science. (Unfortunately, this scientific planning of family affairs is conspicuous by its absence elsewhere than on the time-table.) Then the day beginning about half-past six is mapped out into hours, a certain time being allowed for walking, helping to receive visitors, and sitting in the drawing-room in the evening, while the rest is principally devoted to study.

But into what dire and unforeseen dilemmas that apparently reasonable time-table does plunge its young author! To begin with, breakfast is half-an-hour late, and our young friend, who has made a virtuous resolve always to be in time for meals, wastes half-an-hour awaiting the rest of the family. Then a tiresome visitor, who, according to the time-table, ought to have taken her departure at five (three to five being the hours for 'seeing friends'), stays on and on till the clock strikes six, and the would-be worker is almost in despair. Then her brother Ted has somehow found out about the time-table, and at dinner says in the most provoking way before everybody, 'I say, Effie, how much time is there? Can I have any more pudding?' Then she is often interrupted in the midst of her work, and is in consequence oppressed with the necessity of having, so to speak, to catch up her time-table. Besides, she can give so little time to any one of her studies that she has not the satisfaction of feeling that she is making real progress in any direction. These vexations tend to make her irritable, and the old quiet times for thought and reading, as distinct from mere intellectual culture, are unrepresented on the time-table, so there is nothing to set her right again. Altogether that time-table, planned with such an earnest desire to make the best of her life, is fast transforming a sweet and an amiable girl into a nuisance to herself and to her entire household.

But do not doubt that she is the better for that honest, earnest attempt at self-education. It is as profoundly true of the common-sense aspect of life as of its higher spiritual side that we 'learn obedience by the things which we suffer.' 'We cannot dream ourselves into a character, we must hammer and forge ourselves one,' and it is only by experience that we learn how to wield the hammer so as to make the best use of our strength without exhausting it. By repeated failures and fresh beginnings, the time-table at length gets moulded into a fairly reasonable shape, and the self-discipline which following a rule of life involves, raises and strengthens and energizes the whole character.

But though each girl in the making of a time-table must learn a great deal by her own experience, yet something may be done in the way of pointing out pitfalls dangerous to the young beginner. First, then, I would say, do not let your religious life be unrepresented on your time-table. Rather let your times for reading, meditation, and

prayer be the times which you most carefully plan and most jealously guard when planned. If you think that your devotions can be squeezed into odds and ends of time, you are sure to go wrong. The work that is left for any time is the work that finds no time. Have a *written plan* of your spiritual life. It is dishonouring to God to make careful provision for physical and intellectual development, and to leave the spiritual side of your nature to chance for its culture.

Then remember that in making a time-table you must be guided by circumstances. If you are living in a household where time is considered no object, and where you are subject to many interruptions, you must plan less work than if you were living with busy methodical people. In time, you will find out that much can be done in odd minutes, but only put down on your time-table such an amount of work as you think can reasonably be accomplished without fret or worry. If you can read for one of the groups in the Oxford or Cambridge Higher Local Examination, so much the better. This will systematize your work; but, whatever you do, do be thorough, and do not attempt too much. School education in introducing us to many subjects, puts, as it were, many tools into our hands; it is for those who have left the school-room to choose which of those tools they will use for doing the day's work of their life. To try to work a little with them all is not much more than play, and not good play either.

Again, in planning your work, always leave wide margins of time where you come into contact with other people. Do not arrange so that you are driven to the verge of desperation if dinner should be a quarter of an hour late, or the afternoon drive unduly prolonged.

Then remember that if you are very much worried and fretted by interruptions, something is probably wrong either in the planning of your time-table, or in your way of looking at the time-table. Your plan of life should be strictly kept as far as you are concerned; but before you were the author of a time-table God made you the member of a family, and where the reasonable claims of others clash with your plans that time-table must not be as the 'law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not.' A girl should be in her home as a ray of God's own sunshine. And though the careful planning out of your time and the earnest effort to live by rule is an offering and a sacrifice which God will accept and consecrate, yet be sure of this, that the bright unselfish smile which comes with such effort under an interruption, and the willingness to oblige the troublesome person who is thoughtlessly upsetting the time-table and spoiling your train of thought, has in itself something so Christ-like that it is better than whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices.

After all, the keeping of the time-table is not an end in itself, but rather it is a means for the ennobling of your character and the increasing of your powers of work for this world and the next. If

you do your best, God will not let you suffer through hindrances which, however trying, are possibly just the spiritual discipline that you need. Only, do not get tired of keeping your own rules or change them too often. They will probably not ever be perfect, and at first will abound in faults. But do not change them too often. A bad government is better than none, and most governments are more tolerable than a series of revolutions. It is only after having kept a rule for some time that you can see where wisely to make changes in it.

There is a glorious opportunity now for women's work in all directions. The country, the nation, the Church of God, call upon the young women who are leaving the school-room to make themselves ready, by self-culture and self-discipline, to take their part among the labourers in the fields which are 'white already to harvest.' There is work of a kind that can only be done by women who have thought the cultivation of a holy character worth a great deal of prayer and effort. In a great house there are many vessels, vessels of gold and vessels of silver, and there are *vessels 'meet for the Master's use.'*

E. A. L. K.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

A CRITICAL SPIRIT.

CHELSEA CHINA had written an essay herself, which she admired extremely. A critical spirit, however, showed her that most of her remarks were better made by her correspondents, in papers so good that she only wishes they could have appeared at length.

Some have identified criticism with fault-finding, and Chelsea China thinks that by many the critical spirit has been confused with its expression. It is surely not necessary, if you possess this spirit, to turn the tap on and let it overflow constantly in the family circle. Any teacher, or still more adviser, of drawing, reading, or such societies, must know what it is to keep silence often, when the mind is actively criticising. And is it not part of true criticism or judgment to take into account what can fairly be expected of the performer under the circumstances, and also with regard to opinions to take into account the weight of the authority as compared with our own opportunities of judgment?

Chelsea China does not know how far direct criticism is expected of her, but as one correspondent 'wishes to be told her faults that she may go and improve upon them,' C. C. ventures to suggest that she should by no means give up in despair; but attend carefully to the construction of her sentences next time she sends in an interesting essay.

Pellegrina and another correspondent offer kind advice and help to any girl who may be in the position described by 'Inquirer.'

PROS.

Justitia Phayre defines criticism as 'judging. It is a mistake to suppose it consists in looking out for the flaws and weak points.' 'The character which aims at perfection is a better and nobler one because more divine, than that one on which no such "*feu sacré*" has fallen. To be high and noble is a better thing for the human race, and for our own eternal future, than to be happy.'

Ancient and Modern thinks that the true critical spirit involves the 'self-culture' recently discussed. She distinguishes the critical from the satirical spirit, and shows how knowledge is necessary to criticism in an interesting paper.

Four-leaved Clover, that if people include themselves in their

criticisms, a critical spirit gives a high standard, and brings more enjoyment than the reverse.

Desdichado says, 'One more advantage the critical spirit has is the intense enjoyment found in the truly beautiful and thoroughly correct, it admires with a zest the uncritical can never enter into.' And, 'I try on a new dress. My uncritical sister says it looks very nice; but my critical sister points out that "it does not fit here," and "hangs badly there." I feel much obliged to her, the dress can be altered into "a joy for ever" to all beholders, instead of an eyesore.' (*Desdichado* has, indeed, a pure love of truth, not to say a perfect temper!)

Lisle gives it in favour of criticism, and remarks that uncritical people are quite as likely to find fault as critical ones, from simple misunderstanding of others.

Rosebud says that the critical spirit is often confounded with the cynical. If it becomes cynical it loses its safeguard—the knowledge of itself.

Excelsior gives very well the help and encouragement of good criticism. She remarks that all *teaching* is a kind of running criticism, and says that the necessity of criticising teaches people to speak the truth charitably, and without giving offence.

Cowslip thinks that it is well for people to be criticised early in an artistic career, as otherwise the blow is apt to be too crushing.

Dorothea considers a critical spirit on the whole an advantage; but dwells much on the need of exercising it judiciously.

A Sufferer gives both sides very clearly, and is, on the whole, in favour of a critical spirit, in spite of its dangers.

Pellegrina is in favour of a critical spirit if 'knowledge and the power of admiration keep pace with it, and also a certain *generosity of judgment*, which can see the high aim in the defective attempt.' Among the dangers she suggests is, 'that persons of high talent, often the severest critics, become too fastidious to produce work, being unable to tolerate any imperfection.' Still she thinks that 'amid crowds of fanatic admirers of fallible heroes, multitudes swayed by rhetoric without argument, and numberless confident producers of artistic and literary rubbish, there is room even for the hyper-critic.'

Blackbird, in a first-rate paper, too long to print whole, says, besides many other good remarks, that 'criticism shows us beauties as well as defects that are hidden from untrained eyes.' If we outgrow one poet or painter we learn to care far more for another. If our spirits cannot be stirred by the divine message on all lips we find it 'in sources that were once sealed from us,' and more perfectly.

Dora L., in a very amusing letter, describes how she was first made miserable by a critical cousin, then missed her criticisms, and on joining her found that she had learnt to show not only the fault but the remedy, so that her 'constructive criticism' was most valuable.

Undine. Enthusiastic and uncritical maiden standing before a picture of Prince Charlie parting with Flora Macdonald.

'Oh, how lovely! *Dear Prince Charlie!* I wish *I* had been Flora,' etc. etc. (followed by rapturous silence).

Critical friend: 'It's like a tea-board. Look how stiff his neck is. Call *that art!*'

Enthusiastic maiden, nearly in tears: 'As long as I live I will *never* be critical, it spoils everything. I hate criticism!'

Same maiden 'after long years': '*Do* go with me to see Irving, we shall enjoy it so much more if we can criticise it together, and notice *how he does everything.*'

Coming away after the process: 'That *was* enjoyment. I shall dream of it all night.'

In all *art* there is a double consciousness, combining the keenest criticism, and the most intense susceptibility to the emotion produced—really sympathy in two forms. May it not be the same in morals? Criticism going deep is the only way in which some natures can attain to sympathy.

Spermologus thinks a critical spirit an excellent working implement, especially when qualified by playfulness, but requiring for the possessor's *own* sake to be kept in check by charity.

Wandering Jew says: 'It seems to me that the advantages of a critical spirit outweigh the disadvantages exactly to that extent that a higher organisation is more to be desired than a lower, for the existence of such a spirit implies cultivation of the intellectual powers, a refined taste, and a capacity of discernment, and these are all traits of an advanced type of mind. The word criticism must of course be taken in its correct sense as the faculty for discriminating between good and evil, not as it is often used to denote that morbid pessimism which fastens upon the weak points of every performance, while incapable of seeing its beauties. Unless we have this clear perception of what is and what is not, good and beautiful and true, how can we appreciate the finer traits of character in those about us, or understand the work of real artists? Criticism, according to its dictionary meaning, as borne out by its Greek original, is 'the act of judging of work.' The spirit of criticism, then, is the spirit of judgment, and what a valuable and greatly needed quality that is! Without it how are we to mould our own characters and those of any whom we have to educate, or hope to influence? If guided only by unreasoning impulse in our admiration, or the reverse, how can we hope to avoid extremes of conduct and opinion, likely to injure ourselves and disgrace our cause, when our enthusiasm is aroused?'

Woad. 'If we remember to criticise only what we understand, and to do it in honest humility and charity, the advantages of the critical spirit preponderate, as in helping to cultivate our minds, guiding our choice in matters not intellectual alone, and helping

others, when we are in a position to do so, by pointing out what is right and what wrong—for a good critic notes both equally. But if we forget the what, the when, and the how, the disadvantages appear very plainly, such as the inclination to stand apart from our fellows as a self-constituted judge, thus losing the power of sympathy missing small pleasures and small good things by too close analysis; and above all, the particularly easy descent into the peculiar dangers of this spirit of becoming censorious and cynical, in a word hyper-critical, which word, I am reminded, shows it is the *excess* of criticism which should be guarded against.'

CONS.

Know thyself thinks 'that the green fields and stretches of down which are so dear to the stay-at-home rustic, lose half their charm when compared to the Alpine peaks and snowy ranges of another land.' Exhibitions, theatres, etc., give no pleasure to the critic, whose mind is never at rest. Nevertheless, if he includes himself, his critical spirit may lead to improvement.

Country Vicar. 'What, art thou critical?' quoth he;—

'Eschew that heart's disease
That seeketh for displeasure
Where the intent hath been to please.'

Brough Bells (R. Southey).

A. E. L. thinks that 'the gift of perception, without which no one can criticise, does not imply superior ability or even information. It is simply the power of seeing things in due proportion, and of seeing where improvement is required. The critic may not even be able to point out the remedy, though a really good one should have some idea of that. It would require reasoning power, which is not necessarily the gift of a critic.

Winifred finds a critical spirit a very troublesome possession. She thinks it makes her discontented and disagreeable to her friends, and 'banishes all pleasant intercourse.' She does not know what to do with it, and does not see her way to getting rid of it.

Titania gives it very decidedly against a critical spirit, which she considers leads to little but fault-finding, and prevents making the best of things.

Received after August 1st, *Sweet Pea*, *Bluebottle*, *Stangerl*. Also a paper on Self-Culture from *Beryl*.

ON THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF A CRITICAL SPIRIT.

'Now the essence of the scientific spirit is criticism,' said our greatest living Scientist, Professor Huxley, in a lecture on the 'Origin

of Species' (1880). What is this scientific spirit? See what René Descartes says in his 'Discourse on the Method of Searching for Scientific Truth.' To give unqualified assent to no proposition but those of which the truth is so clear and distinct they cannot be doubted. 'Try all things, hold fast that which is good,' are the well-known words of Paul of Tarsus. These two rules are daily followed by a true student of science. A statement is offered to a girl student, possibly on good authority, and she is required to accept it with unquestioning belief. Instead of this, she takes it in both hands (so to speak), and looks at it on all sides without prejudice, turning it over and over, and taking in every view of it; criticising and weighing its merits and demerits, and finally accepting or rejecting it as the evidence appears to her stronger, for or against its truth. It will be said that this method is full of fallacies, in that her reason may have failed to comprehend some point, or have drawn wrong inductions from some fact. Granted; but show the real student her error, let her fully grasp the evidences of her mistake, and whatever conclusion she may previously have arrived at, she will throw it down as soon as it appears untenable, and hold to any other which appears to her nearer the truth. Thus criticism, or, in other words, the scientific spirit, leads straight, either to firm facts capable of demonstration and verification by experiment, or else touches the boundary land of the great Unknowable. The usual result of this criticising spirit in matters requiring faith, is to cause its owner to be labelled as a presumptuous atheist, or as a blind agnostic, and in either case as unladylike. Those who have once felt a breath of the longing for truth, of the search after knowledge, and of the intense desire to get at something which cannot be doubted, look with wondering envy on those worthy people who can comfortably accept such secondhand knowledge as is doled out to them on authority, rest satisfied therewith; but let these restless spirits once come in contact with real, downright, uncontestable facts of science, sought out and tried, and not for all that peace of mind and blessed rest, so much lauded by those antagonistic to their method, would they give up that critical spirit which requires 'justification, not by faith, but by verification.'—*Per aspera et ardua veritati.*

The advantages prevail, if it is accompanied, *as it may be*, by humility and patience. To accept no statement or theory without inquiring into it is the surest way of learning the truth concerning it; and every piece of truth we learn, whether regarding the facts of the natural kingdom or abstract thought, is a fresh revelation to us individually of the thing that is—that God has caused to be. Much at least of the ignorance and prejudice and consequent disputes in the world are the outcome of the lack of a truly critical spirit. For there are two important possibilities concerning every fact or idea put before us.

The one—it may not be true, or but partially so. The other—too often overlooked—we may have failed to grasp it in its entirety. Thus those who accept uncriticisingly the dictum of a great man are often, when they think themselves propagating it, merely spreading and giving an undue preponderance to that part which they have superficially grasped. Those, on the other hand, who honestly refuse to accept them in spite of the authority, may, when they think themselves fighting a mischievous and untrue statement, be merely struggling against their own false conception of the original statement. The more important a truth, the greater benefit from testing it, we should thus learn more and more about it. As regards the smaller affairs and trifles of life, a critical spirit is also an advantage.

N.B. Critical and captious are not synonymous, much more nearly are they irreconcilable, nor does cultivating a critical spirit mean criticising everything mentally, much less verbally. Great reticence will be necessary if we would not irritate others and throw stumbling-blocks in their way; and they perhaps will think us foolish for not seeing the truth at once, and so we are, may be, but the wiser for trying to see it! Still we need not blazon the fact of our folly in their faces.

Again, as regards art, language, science, and philosophy, many subtile beauties will escape us, many imperfections escape and mislead us, especially in any production of our own, for lack of a critical spirit.

There are dangers to such a spirit. Without humility we may think—ludicrous or sad idea—that because *we* cannot see a truth it does not exist, or is as likely as not to be otherwise. Without patience we shall think, because we cannot at once grasp it, we shall never be able, and give up trying. Nor is it easy to wait, perhaps a lifetime, for capacity to understand a question, acting in the meantime implicitly on the *probability* that those who have larger minds and greater knowledge are right. Yet this we are unquestionably bound to do, even logically alone.

There are disadvantages to a critical spirit. It will often prevent our enjoying what we otherwise should enjoy, will often suggest faults when we would rather only see virtues, doubts where we would fain have certainties, disappointments where we would fain have hopes. It makes patience harder at first, if easier afterwards; makes charity more difficult, though infinitely more valuable when attained; takes away restful certainly, but gives us instead rest in uncertainty—but not at first.

The advantages surely preponderate, though there are sweet heaven-sent natures who cannot criticise because they only see the good in everything. They help on Truth by bearing constant witness to it; but there are needs they can never supply, woes they can never heal, dangers they can never warn against, for they *cannot* see them.

A LFARNER.

Chelsea China thanks her correspondents for their interesting subjects. She selects for the first :

‘ Can enough be gained by reading books, instructive but containing opinions which we have reason to consider unsound, to counterbalance the risk ? ’—*Winifred*.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher of ‘ The Monthly Packet,’ before October 1st.

Corinth and Coreyra, the Revolt of Potidœa, and the Surprise of Plataea; and then proceeds to describe these events, not with excessive minuteness, but with as much detail as is consistent with the limits fixed for the work of this competition. (This account of an answer which gained full marks is given for the sake of some of our junior members, who seem not quite to understand what sort of answers are expected of them.)

Kittiwake, Mignonette, and others, omit the Revolt of Potidœa; Jackanapes, Marion, Latter Larimus, and others omit the Surprise of Plataea; Bluebell, Pot, σκέπτομαι, and others omit both.

Vorwärts is mistaken in saying that the Thebans 'were promptly assisted by the Spartans' at Plataea. The Spartans were never prompt in assisting anybody, as witness their desertion of Melos in 416 B.C.

Lisle and Toby exclude Eubœa from the list of islands subject to Athens, forgetting that it had been re-conquered by Pericles, and did not revolt again till 411 B.C.

22. It is the long blockade of Potidœa (as Moonraker rightly explains) to which Socrates refers in the 'Apologia,' not the battle of Potidœa, in which Callias fell, 431 B.C. Plato relates, in the 'Symposium,' how Socrates saved the life of the youthful Alcibiades, who was wounded in one of the skirmishes, and gives a graphic description (appropriately quoted by σκέπτομαι) of the sage at Delium, 'stalking along as if he were at Athens,' and casting intrepid glances around on friend and foe.

23. The brilliant naval victory in the Bay of Pylus should have been mentioned, as well as the subsequent land-fight, in an account of 'the Athenian successes at Sphacteria.' Emu: the Messenian Pylus was not a 'city,' but a rocky headland. It was the *island* that Cleon promised to reduce within twenty days. Apathy: the Spartan prisoners were not 'cruelly massacred,' but restored to their homes three years afterwards at the Peace of Nicias.

24. Among the exploits of Brasidas, Speranza, Gimmidge, Dame Wood, Mabel, and others omit the gallant relief of Methoné, in the first year of the war; and Countess, Deryn, and Philomela omit both Methoné and the defence of Megara, 424 B.C.

Erratum.—27, *First Class (March List)*, should have been 37.

Spider Subjects.

Ovis, Moonraker, and Araignée are here combined. Λαμβδα, Nettle, Water-wagtail, and Winifred also answer. Nettle has Marshal, but not the derivation, *Marschalk*, mare, or horse-servant, just as *Maréchal-ferrant* is still a blacksmith in France. Ovis is on the whole the best. Subscriptions from Nettle and Scrap.

Subject for next time—Description of the poetical and other associations of the tribe Campanulaceæ.

DERIVATIONS OF THE TITLES OF HONOUR AND NOBILITY FROM EMPEROR TO ESQUIRE.

Emperor.—This word may be traced to the Sanscrit *par*, *piparmi*, to lead or further; from whence comes the Latin verb *paro*, to prepare or order. The particle *in* was then added, and produced the verb *impero*, to command or govern, and the noun *imperator*. This was used first as a military term, to signify a commander-in-chief; it then became a title of honour, conferred on a general after an important victory, in which sense it is used by Cæsar. In this sense it was the title of the first Roman emperors, as representing the acme of glory; and it was applied in the same way to Jupiter. Gradually it lost all other significations and became an absolute term for the Roman Emperor. After the time of Charlemagne it was applied equally to the heads of the Eastern and of the Western Empire; and in course of time it arrived at its present signification, as a general term for a monarch above the title and dignity of King.

King.—German *König* from A.-Saxon *cyning* = *cyn*, tribe, kin, and *ing* expressing *derivation from*, therefore *cyning* = 'the son of the tribe,' or he who belongs to, or is elected by the tribe. Carlyle beautifully says that the true king is he who is 'most akin to, the most sympathetic with, all his people,' and a well-known preacher has carried the idea further, till he finds the 'King of men' in the Person of Him 'who hath Himself borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.'

This is the Saxon word *König*, or *cyning*, which is derived either from *can*, a root expressing power, or from *ken*, knowledge, both expressed by the same word in the original Sanskrit, showing a practical recognition of the truth that 'Knowledge is Power.' The 'Powerful Man' soon came to mean the acknowledged head of the tribe or community, and then became a general title.

Queen.—A.-S. *cwen* is allied to the Greek *γυνή*, and means woman or wife. The Northern nations still use the word in its old sense. See Icelandic *kvan*, Dan. *qvinde*; Swed. *qvinna*; and there is Lowland Scotch word *quean*, meaning woman, and to be found in the Waverley Novels.

Prince.—Is the Latin *princeps* (*primus-capio*), a word originally to denote the *princeps senatus* of the Roman State, and the guardian of the city. In time the word came to be applied to chiefs or rulers—such as the old Princes of Wales—who exercised the same power as kings. On the Continent now it is used to denote persons of eminent rank; in England it is restricted to persons of the blood-royal.

Duke.—From the Latin *dux*, a leader. The first Roman *duces* were the *ductores exercituum*, leaders of armies. Under later Emperors the governors of provinces in time of war were called *duces*; afterwards this title was also given to governors in time of peace. Now it has become a mere title of dignity given to a person and his heirs-male without any of the domain or territory over the place of which he is Duke.

Marquis, or Marquess.—So called because the office of Marquis originally was to guard the frontiers of the kingdom which were called *marches*. Hence they were called *lords marchers* or *marquesses*. Their authority was abolished in the reign of Henry VIII., and the title became merely one of honour.

Viscount.—From the Latin *Vice Comes*, anciently an officer under an Earl, to whom, during the attendance of the latter at Court, he acted as deputy to look after the affairs of the county. Afterwards the name was used as an arbitrary title of honour.

Archbishop (see *Bishop*).—*Arch* is here the Greek prefix *ἀρχαι*, expressing priority or seniority.

Earl.—The *Earl*, in something the same manner as his Queen, has appropriated to himself the Saxon *Erl* (Icel. *jarl*), a man. His wife has no English title, but is spoken of as if she were the wife of a foreign *Count*. *Earl* and *Ceorl*, or *Churl*, meant at first noble and non-noble. *Thegn* was the official or servant. The Saxon *ealdorman*, or elder man, was the chief magistrate of a shire, or cluster of shires. He also had the command of the military force of his district. The Latin *comes*, literally a *companion*, afterwards a *courtier*, or *State official*, was accepted both in Saxon and Norman times as equivalent to the above title. Under Norman rule the earldoms became fiefs instead of magistracies; the party profusion of Stephen and the Empress made the title more common, and it gradually lost all connection with territorial jurisdiction.

Viscount.—This is the Latin *Vice Comes*, the deputy whose business it was to look after the affairs of the county during the absence of the Count in the field, or at Court or Council. It was a hereditary office and dignity in France, and was accepted loosely by English Latin writers as equivalent to the Saxon shire reeve, or sheriff. It was not recognised as a degree of English nobility till the reign of Henry VI., who bestowed the title on John, Viscount Beaumont, probably in recognition of his descent from the ancient Viscounts of Beaumont in Maine.

Bishop.—This is the Greek *ἐπί-σκοπος*, an *overseer*, adopted by the Hellenic Christians and afterwards by the whole Church, through the LXX usage of it. It was at first interchangeable with the Latin *Presbyter*, as the title of the ministers of the several churches under the Apostles; but from the earliest years of the second century has been universally adopted in its present sense. Latin *episcopus*, the *p*, changing into *b*, while the Saxon form *biscop* shows the later half in a state of transition. The French *évêque* is also from *episcopus*.

The word was first reduced to *episc* by dropping the short vowel *o* and the second *p*, then the first *p* became *r*, and the word was written *evesque* and finally the *s* was suppressed, and represented by the circumflex.

Arch, in Archbishop, is from the Greek *ἀρχεῖν*, to be first, to rule; A.-S. from *arce*.

Baron.—This word is probably derived from the Latin *vir*, a man, through the Langue d'Oc *bar*, a man (*baro*, a woman). As a title it was introduced into England at the Conquest to designate the tenants-in-chief of the Crown, of whom there were many grades. The first baron created by *patent*, apart from all feudal considerations, was John Beauchamp de Holt, created Baron Kidderminster by Richard II.

Knight Banneret.—This title was granted by the King in feudal times as a reward for signal service. It owed its name to the privilege it conferred of using a square banner, similar to that of a baron.

Baronet.—This Order was instituted by James I. to promote the colonisation of the province of Ulster with English settlers, and was open to all who chose to expend a certain sum of money for that purpose. The baronetcy of Scotland was afterwards founded for the benefit of the colony of Nova-Scotia in North America.

Knight.—From the Saxon *cniht*, a young man. It is difficult to trace the origin of this title. The Roman Knight was *eques*, a horseman, and the Germans and French repeat the meaning in *Reiter*, and *Chevalier*. The kings of the Franks used to give arms, with much solemnity, to youths of rank who had shown themselves worthy of recognition, and the custom was continued throughout the Middle Ages. In the reign of Henry III. a proclamation was issued to the effect that every freeholder who had £15 in land should come forward and be made a knight, or pay a fine; but such knighthood was considered very inferior to that which was a reward for personal distinction.

* *Esquire*.—From *scutifer*, a shield-bearer. It was the custom among both the Romans and the Teutons for a warrior to take under his care youths of good family, who carried his armour, and did him other services, in exchange for patronage and instruction in the art of war. In the days of chivalry noble youths went to the wars, or to Court, in the train of a superior in something the same capacity. The term afterwards came to be applied as a matter of course to the sons of men of rank, and also to the smaller landowners, who often followed a neighbouring noble in the same way as the young nobles, only with less prospect of rising.

The *Lord*.—A.-S. *Llaford* = *hlafward*, or loafweard, was the bread-keeper, and his *Lady* the bread-kneader; A.-S. *hlaf*, a loaf, *dæge*, a kneader; the Lady Bountiful of many a country parish.

Sir.—Short for sire, from old French *seure*, itself a corruption of Latin *senior*, older.

Master, *Mistress*, and *Miss*.—From Latin *magister*, a master.

Of civic titles, *Mayor* is the Latin *maior*, greater; *Alderman*, A.-S. *ealdorman*, or elder; and *Sheriff*, the officer, or A.-S. *geréfa*, of the shire or county.

Notices to Correspondents.

Can any of your correspondents tell me where to find the following lines—

‘In all your music, our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;
And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss.’

CHIARA.

The quotation wanted by *H. M. K. L.* is from a book called ‘*Politics for the People*,’ published in 1848. I only have it in MS., but I enclose a copy of all I have. I do not know the author.

M. J. BEALEY.

‘Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed;
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain:
For all our acts to many issues lead;
And out of earnest purpose pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion in His own good time
(Be this the labourer’s proudly humble creed)
Such ends as, to His Wisdom, fittest chime
With His vast Love’s eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise:
What though thy seed should fall by the wayside,
And the birds snatch it;—Yet the birds are fed;
Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead.’

Politics for the People, 1848.

The Flying Dutchman, a spectral ship, seen in stormy weather off the Cape of Good Hope, and considered ominous of ill-luck. Sir Walter Scott says she was originally a vessel laden with precious metal; but a horrible murder having been committed on board, the plague broke out among the crew, and no port would allow the vessel to enter. The ill-fated ship still wanders about like a ghost, doomed to be sea-tossed, but never to enjoy rest.

DIDO.

C. S. will find the story of *The Flying Dutchman* in Washington Irving’s ‘*Sketch-Book*.’

A. S.

Can any one tell *M. S. L.* where she can find a poem suggested by Holman Hunt’s picture, ‘*The Shadow of the Cross*,’ one verse of which is

‘Light and shadow! Shadow and light!
Twins that were born at the birth of the sun;
One the secret of all things bright,
The secret of all things sombre one.’

She thinks it appeared in some English periodical several years since.

Also can the Editor, or any reader of the ‘*Monthly Packet*,’ recall any inscriptions on a sun-dial—short ones—either in Latin or English?

MRS. EDWARD LIVERMORE.

'A friend? Give me my cloak, and tho' the night is raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw'

is from Cowper's 'An Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq.' The quotation is incorrect, and should read—

'A friend! Horatio cried, and seemed to start—
Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.
And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.'

JANE H. FFOULKES.

Also Touchstone, F. E. F.

Will any one kindly recommend *Λαμβδα* a really good German-English and English-German dictionary for an advanced student? Price not more than £1 1s.

Greib's 'Dictionary of the English and German Languages.' London: Allan. 2 vols. Price not known, but very probably it may be had secondhand.

G. M. wishes to know the names of the authors of the following verses, and where the rest of the verses may be found--

'To fear is harder than to weep,
To watch than to endure;
The hardest of all griefs to bear
Is a grief that is not sure.'

Also—

'I fear no foe,
Although the Evil One assail;
For I am Thine.
And when he tempts
I closer grasp Thy Cross, and make
Its holy sign.'

Also—

'Life is all thou hast to work in,
And thy life full short may be;
As thou usest it, the harvest
Joy or woe will bring to thee.'

Ethel F. Cope wishes to know if any one can tell her the continuation of a song for children, beginning—

'Before all lands in east or west,
I love my native land the best.'

She also wishes to know when and by whom the Table of Kindred and Affinity was placed in the Book of Common Prayer. It was drawn up by Archbishop Parker in 1563, and adopted by a canon in 1603. It was a relaxation from the original rule, which prohibited marriage within the 4th degree.

A few years ago a request was made in the 'Monthly Packet' for the words of a hymn beginning—

'O glorious, O mighty Lord God of Salvation.'

I could not then recall them all to memory, and I never saw that they were supplied by any one. I have just now found the four stanzas in manuscript, and will send them to any one who will send me a stamped and directed envelope.

MISS HUNT,
Fryerne, Caterham.

The Monthly Packet.

OCTOBER, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PIRATE CITY.

‘With dazed vision unawares
From the long alley’s latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.’

—TENNYSON.

CIVILISED and innocuous existence has no doubt been a blessing to Algiers as well as to the entire Mediterranean, but it has not improved the picturesqueness of its aspect any more than the wild and splendid ‘tiger, tiger burning bright,’ would be more ornamental with his claws pared, the fiery gleam of his yellow eyes quenched, and his spirit tamed, so as to render him only an exaggerated domestic cat. The steamer, whether of peace or war, is a melancholy substitute for the splendid though sinister galley, with her ranks of oars and towers of canvas, or for the dainty lateen-sailed vessels, skimming the waters like flying fish, and the Frank garb is no improvement on the graceful Arab dress. The Paris-like block of houses ill replaces the graceful Moorish architecture, undisturbed when the *Calypso* sailed into the harbour, and the amphitheatre-like city rose before her, in successive terraces of dazzling white, interspersed with palms and other trees here and there, with mosques and minarets rising above them, and with a crown of strong fortifications. The harbour itself was protected by a strongly-fortified mole, and some parley passed with the governor of the strong and grim-looking castle adjacent—a huge

round tower erected by the Spaniards, and showing three ranks of brazen teeth in the shape of guns.

Finally, the Algerines having been recently brought to their bearings, as Captain Beresford said, entrance was permitted, and the *Calypso* enjoyed the shelter of the mole; while he, in full dress uniform, took boat and went ashore, and with him the two escaped prisoners. Fareek remained on board till the English Consul could be consulted on his fate.

England and France were on curious terms with Algiers. The French had bombarded the city in 1686, and had obtained a treaty by which a Consul constantly resided in the city, and the persons and property of French subjects were secured from piracy, or if captured were always released. The English had made use of the possession of Gibraltar and Minorca to enforce a like treaty. There was a little colony of European merchants—English, French, and Dutch—in the lower town, near the harbour, above which the Arab town rose, as it still rises, in a steep stair. Ships of all these nations traded at the port, and quite recently the English Consul, Thomas Thompson by name, had vindicated the honour of his flag by citing before the Dey a man who had insulted him on the narrow causeway of the mole. The Moor was sentenced to receive 2,200 strokes of bastinado on the feet, 1,000 the first day, 1,200 on the second, and he died in consequence, so that Englishmen safely walked the narrow streets. The Dey who had inflicted this punishment was, however, lately dead. Mehemed had been elected and installed by the chief Janissaries, and it remained to be proved whether he would show himself equally anxious to be on good terms with the Christian Powers.

Arthur's heart had learnt to beat at sight of the British ensign with emotions very unlike those with which he had seen it wave at Sheriffmuir; but it looked strange above the low walls of a Moorish house, plain outside, though with a richly-cusped and painted horse-shoe arch at the entrance to a lovely cloistered court, with a sparkling fountain surrounded by orange-trees with fruit of all shades from green to gold. Servants in white garments and scarlet fezzes black, brown, or white (by courtesy), seemed to swarm in all directions; and one of them called a youth in European garb, but equally dark-faced with the rest, and not too good an English scholar. However, he conducted them through a still more beautiful court, lined with brilliant mosaics in the spandrels of the exquisite arches supported on slender shining marble columns.

Mr. Thompson's English coat and hearty English face looked incongruous, as at sight of the blue and white uniform he came forward with all the hospitable courtesy due to a post-captain. There was shaking of hands, and doffing of cocked hats, and calling for wine, and pipes, and coffee, in the Alhambra-like hall, where a table covered with papers tied with red tape, in front of a homely leathern chair, looked more homelike than suitable. Other chairs there were

for Frank guests, who preferred them to the divan, and piles of cushions on which the Moors transacted business.

‘What can I do for you, sir?’ he asked of the captain, ‘or for this little master,’ he added, looking at Ulysse, who was standing by Arthur. ‘He is serving the King early.’

‘I don’t belong to your King George,’ broke out the young gentleman. ‘He is *un usurpateur*. I have only this uniform on till I can get my proper clothes. I am the son of the Comte de Bourke, Ambassador to Spain and Sweden. I serve no one but King Louis!’

‘That is plain to be seen!’ said Mr. Thompson. ‘The Gallic cock crows early. But is he indeed the son of Count Bourke, about whom the French Consul has been in such trouble?’

‘Even so, sir,’ replied the captain. ‘I am come to ask you to present him, with this gentleman, Mr. Hope, to your French colleague. Mr. Hope, to whom the child’s life and liberty are alike owing, has information to give which may lead to the rescue of the boy’s sister with their uncle and servants.’

Mr. Thompson had heard of a Moorish galley coming in with an account of having lost a Genoese prize, with ladies on board, in the late storm. He was sure that the tidings Mr. Hope brought would be most welcome, but he knew that the French Consul was gone up with a distinguished visitor, M. Dussault, for an audience of the Dey; and, in the meantime, his guests must dine with him. And Arthur narrated his adventures.

The Consul shook his head when he heard of Djigheli Bay.

‘Those fellows, the Cabeleyzes, hate the French, and make little enough of the Dey, though they do send home Moors who fall into their hands. Did you see a ruined fort on a promontory? That was the Bastion de France. The old King Louis put it up and garrisoned it, but these rogues contrived a surprise, and made four hundred prisoners, and ever since they have been neither to have nor to hold. Well for you, young gentleman, that you did not fall into their hands, but those of the country Moors—very decent folk—descended, they say, from the Spanish Moors. A renegade got you off, did he? Yes, they will sometimes do that, though at an awful risk. If they are caught, they are hung up alive on hooks to the walls. You had an escape, I can tell you, and so had he, poor fellow, of being taken alive.’

‘He knew the risk!’ said Arthur, in a low voice; ‘but my mother had once been good to him, and he dared everything for me.’

The Consul readily estimated Arthur’s legacy as amounting to little less than £200, and was also ready to give him bills of exchange for it. The next question was as to Fareek. To return him to his own country was impossible, and though the Consul offered to buy him of Arthur, not only did the young Scot revolt at the idea of making traffic of the faithful fellow, but Mr. Thompson owned that there might be some risk in Algiers of his being recognised as a runaway,

and though this was very slight, it was better not to give any cause of offence. Captain Beresford thought the poor man might be disposed of at Port Mahon, and Arthur kept to himself that Tam's bequest was sacred to him. His next wish was for clothes to which he might have a better right than to the uniform of the senior midshipman of H.M.S. *Calypso*—a garb in which he did not like to appear before the French Consul. Mr. Thompson consulted his Greek clerk; and a chest belonging to a captured merchantman, which had been claimed as British property, but had not found an owner, was opened, and proved to contain a wardrobe sufficient to equip Arthur like other gentlemen of the day, in a dark crimson coat, with a little gold lace about it, and the rest of the dress white, a wide beaver hat, looped up with a rosette, and everything, indeed, except shoes, and he was obliged to retain those of the senior midshipman. With his dark hair tied back, and a suspicion of powder, he found himself more like the youth whom Lady Nithsdale had introduced in Madame de Varennes' salon than he had felt for the last month; and, moreover, his shyness and awkwardness had in great measure disappeared during his vicissitudes, and he had made many steps towards manhood.

Ulysse had in the meantime been consigned to a kind, motherly, portly Mrs. Thompson, who, accustomed as she was to hearing of strange adventures, was aghast at what the child had undergone, and was enchanted with the little French gentleman who spoke English so well, and to whom his Grand Seigneur airs returned by instinct in contact with a European lady; but his eye instantly sought Arthur; nor would he be content without a seat next to his protector at the dinner, early as were all dinners then, and a compound of eastern and western dishes, the latter very welcome to the travellers, and affording the Consul's wife themes of discourse on her difficulties in compounding them.

Pipes, siesta, and coffee followed, Mr. Thompson assuring them that his French colleague would not be ready to receive them till after the like repose had been undergone, and that he had already sent a billet to announce their coming.

The French Consulate was not distant. The *fleur-de-lis* waved over a house similar to Mr. Thompson's, but they were admitted with greater ceremony, when Mr. Thompson at length conducted them. Servants and slaves, brown and black, clad in white with blue sashes, and white officials in blue liveries, were drawn up in the first court in two lines to receive them, and the Chevalier, taking it all to himself, paraded in front with the utmost grandeur, until, at the next archway, two gentlemen, resplendent in gold lace, came forward with low bows. At sight of the little fellow there were cries of joy. M. Dussault spread out his arms, clasped the child to his breast, and shed tears over him, so that the less emotional Englishmen thought at first that they must be kinsmen. However, Arthur came in for a like embrace as the boy's preserver; and if Captain Beresford had

not stepped back and looked uncomprehending and rigid he might have come in for the same.

Seated in the verandah, Arthur told his tale and presented the letter, over which there were more tears, as, indeed, well there might be over the condition of the little girl, and her simple mode of describing it. It was nearly a month since the corsair had arrived, and the story of the Genoese *Tartane* being captured and lost with French ladies on board had leaked out. The French Consul, who had himself seen and interrogated the Dutch renegade captain, had become convinced of the identity of the unfortunate passengers, and had given up all hopes of them, so that he greeted the boy as one risen from the dead.

To know that the boy's sister and uncle were still in the hands of the Cabeleyzes was almost worse news than the death of his mother, for this wild Arab tribe had a terrible reputation even among the Moors and Turks.

The only thing that could be devised after consultation between the two Consuls, the French envoy, and the English captain, was that an audience should be demanded of the Dey, and Estelle's letter presented the next morning. Meanwhile Arthur and Ulysse were to remain as guests at the English Consulate. The French one would have made them welcome, but there was no lady in his house; and Mrs. Thompson had given Arthur a hint that his little charge would be the better for womanly care.

There was further consultation whether young Hope, as a runaway slave—who had, however, carried off a relapsed renegade with him—would be safe on shore beyond the precincts of the Consulate; but as no one had any claim on him, and it might be desirable to have his evidence at hand, it was thought safe that he should remain, and Captain Beresford promised to come ashore in the morning to join the petitioners to the Dey.

Perhaps he was not sorry, any more than was Arthur, for the opportunity of beholding the wonderful city and palace, which were like a dream of beauty. He came ashore early, with two or three officers, all in full uniform; and the audience having been granted, the whole party—Consuls, M. Dussault, and their attendants—mounted the steep, narrow, stone steps leading up the hill between the walls of houses with fantastically carved doorways or lattices; while bare-legged Arabs niched themselves into every coign of vantage with baskets of fruit or eggs, or else embroidering pillows and slippers with exquisite taste.

The beauty of the buildings was unspeakable, and they projected enough to make a cool shade—only a narrow fragment of deep blue sky being visible above them. The party did not, however, ascend the whole 497 steps, as the abode of the Dey was then not the citadel, but the palace of Djenina in the heart of the city. Turning aside, they made their way thither over terraces partly in the rock, partly on the roofs of houses.

Fierce-looking Janissaries, splendidly equipped, guarded the entrance, with an air so proud and consequential as to remind Arthur of poor Yusuf's assurances of the magnificence that might await little Ulysse as an Aga of that corps. Even as they admitted the infidels they looked defiance at them from under the manifold snowy folds of their mighty turbans.

If the beauty of the Consuls' houses had struck and startled Arthur, far more did the region into which he was now admitted seem like a dream of fairyland as he passed through ranks of orange-trees round sparkling fountains—worthy of Versailles itself—courts surrounded with cloisters, sparkling with priceless mosaics, in those brilliant colours which Eastern taste alone can combine so as to avoid gaudiness, arches and columns of ineffable grace and richness, halls with domes emulating the sky, or else ceiled with white marble lacework, whose tracery seemed delicate and varied as the richest Venice point! But the wonderful beauty seemed to him to have in it something terrible and weird, like that fairyland of his native country, whose glory and charm is overshadowed by the knowledge of the teinds to be paid to hell. It was an unnatural, incomprehensible world; and from longing to admire and examine, he only wished to be out of it, felt it a relief to fix his eyes upon the uniforms of the captain and the Consuls, and did not wonder that Ulysse, instead of proudly heading the procession, shrank up to him and clasped his hand as his protector.

The human figures were as strange as the architecture; the glittering of Janissaries in the outer court, which seemed a sort of guard-room, the lines of those on duty in the next, and in the third court the black slaves in white garments, enhancing the blackness of their limbs, each with a formidable curved scimitar. At the golden cusped archway beyond, all had to remove their shoes as though entering a mosque. The Consuls bade the new-comers submit to this, adding that it was only since the recent victory that it had not been needful to lay aside the sword on entering the Dey's august presence. The chamber seemed to the eyes of the strangers one web of magic splendour—gold-crusted lacework above, arches on one side open to a beauteous garden, and opposite semicircles of richly-robed Janissary officers, all culminating in a dazzling throne, where sat a white-turbaned figure, before whom the visitors all had to bow lower than European independence could well brook.

His features were not very distinctly seen at the distance where etiquette required them to stand; but Arthur thought him hardly worthy to be master of such fine-looking beings as Abou Ben Zegri and many others of the Moors, being in fact a little sturdy Turk, with Tartar features, not nearly so graceful as the Moors and Arabs, nor so handsome and imposing as the Janissaries of Circassian blood.

Turkish was the court language; and even if he understood any other, an interpreter was a necessary part of the etiquette. M. Dussault instructed the interpreter, who understood with a readiness that betrayed that he was one of the many renegades in the Algerine service.

The Dey was too dignified to betray much emotion ; but he spoke a few words, and these were understood to profess his willingness to assist in the matter. A richly-clad official, who was, Mr. Thompson whispered, a Secretary of State, came to attend the party in a smaller but equally beautiful room, where pipes and coffee were served, and a consultation took place with the two Consuls, which was, of course, incomprehensible to the anxious listeners. M. Dussault's interest was deeply concerned in the matter, since he was a connection of the Varennes family, to which poor Madame de Bourke belonged.

Commands from the Dey, it was presently explained, would be utterly disregarded by these wild mountaineers ; nay, would probably lead to the murder of the captives in defiance. But it was known that if these wild beings paid deference to any one, it was to the Grand Marabout at Bugia ; and the secretary promised to send a letter in the Dey's name, which, with a considerable present, might induce him to undertake the negotiation. Therewith the audience terminated, after M. Dussault had laid a splendid diamond snuff-box at the feet of the secretary.

The Consuls were somewhat disgusted at the notion of having recourse to the Marabouts, whom the French Consul called *vilains charlatan*, and the English one filthy scoundrels and impostors. Like the Indian Fakirs, opined Captain Beresford ; like the begging friars, said M. Dussault, and to this the Consuls assented. Just, however, as the Dominicans, besides the low class of barefooted friars, had a learned and cultivated set of brethren in high repute at the Universities, and a general at Rome, so it appeared that the Marabouts, besides their wild crew of masterful beggars, living at free quarters, partly through pretended sanctity, partly through the awe inspired by cabalistic arts, had a higher class who dwelt in cities, and were highly esteemed, for the sake of either ten years' abstinence from food or the attainment of fifty sciences, by one or other of which means an angelic nature was held to be attained.

Fifty sciences ! This greatly astonished the strangers, but they were told by the residents that all the knowledge of the highly cultivated Arabs of Bagdad and the Moors of Spain had been handed on to the select few of their African descendants, and that really beautiful poetry was still produced by the Marabouts. Certainly no one present could doubt of the architectural skill and taste of the Algerines, and Mr. Thompson declared that not a tithe of the wonders of their mechanical art had been seen, describing the wonderful silver tree of Tlemcen, covered with birds, who, by the action of wind, were made to produce the songs of each different species which they represented, till a falcon on the topmost branch uttered a harsh cry, and all became silent. General education had, however, fallen to a low ebb among the population, and the wisdom of the ancients was chiefly concentrated among the higher class of Marabouts, whose headquarters were at Bugia, and their present chief,

Hadji Eseb Ben Hassan, had the reputation of a saint, which the Consuls believed to be well founded.

The Cabeleyzes, though most irregular Moslems, were extremely superstitious as regarded the supernatural arts supposed to be possessed by the Marabouts, and if these could be induced to take up the cause of the prisoners, there would be at least some chance of their success.

And not long after the party had arrived at the French Consulate, where they were to dine, a messenger arrived with a parcel rolled up in silk, embroidered with gold, and containing a strip of paper beautifully emblazoned, and in Turkish characters. The Consul read it, and found it to be a really strong recommendation to the Marabout to do his utmost for the servants of the Dey's brother, the King of France, now in the hands of the children of Shaitan.

'Well purchased,' said M. Dussault; 'though that snuff-box came from the hands of the Elector of Bavaria!'

As soon as the meal was over, the French Consul, instead of taking his siesta as usual, began to take measures for chartering a French tartane to go to Bugia immediately. He found there was great interest excited, not only among the Christian merchants, but among Turks, Moors, and Jews, so horrible was the idea of captivity among the Cabeleyzes. The Dey set the example of sending down five purses of sequins towards the young lady's ransom, and many more contributions came in unasked. It was true that the bearers expected no small consideration in return, but this was willingly given, and the feeling manifested was a perfect astonishment to all the friends at the Consulate.

The French national interpreter, Ibrahim Aga, was charged with the negotiations with the Marabout. Arthur entreated to go with him, and with some hesitation this was agreed to, since the sight of an old friend might be needed to reassure any survivors of the poor captives—for it was hardly thought possible that all could still survive the hardships of the mountains in the depth of winter, even if they were spared by the ferocity of their captors.

Ulysse, the little son and heir, was not to be exposed to the perils of the seas till his sister's fate was decided, and accordingly he was to remain under the care of Mrs. Thompson, while Captain Beresford meant to cruise about in the neighbourhood, having a great desire to know the result of the enterprise, and hoping also that if Mademoiselle de Bourke still lived he might be permitted to restore her to her relations. Letters, clothes, and comforts were provided, and placed under the charge of the interpreter and of Arthur, together with a considerable gratuity for the Marabout, and authority for any ransom that Cabeleyze rapacity might require, still, however, with great doubt whether all might not be too late.

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL FALCONER.

KATHARINE returned to her own room, and proceeded to dress herself, and short work she made of it, too. Her beautiful golden-brown hair was vigorously brushed, and then twisted round a comb at the back of her head—the effect would have been severely plain but for the dear little wilful curls that ruffled up in a moment all round her forehead and ears. The grey dress, a pretty, shiny, shimmering material, light and summery, was put on, and a glance in the glass taken to see that all was right.

'There! now I hope they'll be satisfied,' was her only comment, and as the bell had not rung she sat down, took up a book and began to read.

Before we go any further let me make it plain that I am describing Katharine Thorold as she was, not as she ought to have been; and although she was a fine creature in many ways, she was by no means perfect. She was womanly to her heart's core in many things, but she had a contempt for dress and a carelessness of appearances that was almost unwomanly. She was really and honestly as happy in her shabby brown dress as in this garment, of which Madame Berri had said that it was a triumph of art. She knew that at Kirklands people had thought her handsome, and she was quite aware that her cousins here did not think her at all good-looking, and she did not care in the least. I am not at all sure that in these matters she is a good example, but it matters the less, because very few girls are likely to try to follow her in these respects. A certain respect for appearances, and a certain wish to look well, are as natural to most young girls as pink cheeks and bright eyes—and when kept within proper limits these are useful feelings—good servants, but very bad masters, which, indeed, is true of most things.

The bell rang and Katharine laid down her book and went to Lettice.

'Am I all right, Lettice? I never had this dress on before, and I don't quite understand how the skirt ought to be.'

'It is all right, I think—how very pretty! Oh, Miss Thorold—why——'

'Well, what is it? What a pair of eyes, to be sure! Am I all right?'

‘You are, really. But I don’t think I should have known you. I—did not think— What have you done to yourself?’

‘Nothing; but I am quite well again, and I suppose I look awake. I feel as if I had been dreaming ever since I came here. Come, shall we go down?’

Down they went, and in the drawing-room they found Aunt Florence and no one else.

‘My dear, that is certainly a very pretty dress,’ said she, and very——’

She gazed at her niece with a doubtful expression and added—

‘Goodness me! what will Henrietta say?’

The next arrival was Eleanore—who for some reason was particularly smart that evening. As soon as she saw Katharine, she exclaimed—

‘Behold the grub turned into a butterfly! Well done, Madame Berri. Florence, has the General come yet?’

‘No; I hope he won’t be late,’ said Aunt Florence nervously.

‘There are five minutes yet—here comes the others. Ha! a knock, that’s the General, no doubt.’

The Cravens came in, all three together, and almost at once Smiles announced ‘General Falconer,’ and in came a handsome, soldier-like old man, with hair and moustache as white as snow, and piercing dark eyes. Hardly had he shaken hands with the ladies, and been introduced to ‘my niece, Miss Thorold,’ when Clare, with her brother leaning on her, entered the room.

‘Ah, General Falconer—this is very kind of you. Miss Thorold, I am glad to see you here, for I hope it means that you are quite well. You know our habits, General. Will you give your arm to Mrs. Craven?’

And passing through them all with silent Theodore, she led the way to the dining-room. General Falconer and Mrs. Craven followed, then Marcia and Eleanore, and Beatrice Craven put her hand in Katharine’s arm, whispering—

‘Marcia always says Clare fancies she is a queen——’ But here Katharine, looking back, saw her aunt in considerable difficulties, having entangled herself in her rustling cotton, and she was left alone. Katharine went back at once, delivered her from the cotton, and said—

‘Take my arm, Aunt Florence; I am tall enough to act cavalier for you. I thought you had Lettice with you.’

‘No, dear; she goes first with dear Theodore’s things.’

As these two entered the dining-room, Beatrice was just taking her seat, and the General’s keen eyes rested approvingly on Katharine. He understood exactly what had happened, having been often pained by the scant courtesy with which the Priory ladies treated the gentle little woman who worked so hard for them all. It was a round table. Clare and her brother sat side by side, and Katharine found herself nearly opposite the General, who had Mrs. Craven on one side and

Eleanore on the other. Lettice sat beside Clare; but Katharine soon perceived that she was kept close at hand in the light of a messenger. Four times during dinner she was sent from the room, either with a message to the cook about a dish that was being prepared specially for Theodore, or, to get Clare's smelling salts, etc. Katharine wondered if this had been going on during the only other dinner she had been present at, and supposed she had been too stupid to notice it. She watched Theodore; it seemed to her as if he must hate all this fuss about him. Even if he were dying, surely no man could like such a state of things. She looked at his handsome, weary face, and could not decide whether he liked, or only endured it. He hardly spoke; no one spoke to him; and when he wanted anything Clare was quick to perceive it and ask for it herself.

'He must be very ill,' thought Katharine, 'but all the same, I wonder what amount of illness would make Maurice behave like a mummy.'

Just as she thought this, Theodore's languid eyes, wandering round the table, rested upon her. He had not seen her before. Clare had made no pause in the drawing-room. Katharine, well amused, and very well dressed, was very unlike the Katharine he had met in the garden lately. Either surprise, or some other feeling, made him forget everything else for the moment; he sat upright suddenly, whereby a small cushion slipped away from behind him and plumped softly down on the carpet; his eyes brightened, and he looked as unlike a mummy as one could wish. Katharine actually stared.

'What is it, Theodore?' Clare said in surprise.

'I am so glad to see Miss Thorold quite recovered,' he said. 'You are quite well, are you not?' bending his head to her with a certain unconscious condescension which was graceful enough, even if a little absurd.

'Thank you, I am quite well again. Indeed, I am ashamed of having given so much trouble, for I never was ill before, and it was too bad to come here to begin!'

Theodore was gazing at her. He hardly seemed to know that she was speaking, and before she had quite finished, he said eagerly—

'Miss Thorold, are you an artist? Do you draw or paint?'

'No, I never learned; but I often have wished I could.'

'You must let me show you my work by-and-by,' he said, 'and then I shall venture to make a request, if you will give me leave.'

'Oh, I am sure she will,' said Clare; 'she knows that every one is kind to my poor boy. Theodore, you must not exert yourself too much. Lettice, the cushion.'

Up jumped Lettice, blushing and awkward. The cushion was replaced, and Theodore subsided at once. The bored abstracted look was stealing over his face, when Katharine, thinking that the exertion was good for him, said—

'I suppose you are an artist, Mr. St. Aubyn? if so I can guess your request.'

She saw that he glanced quickly at his sister, but he answered—

'Do you? What is it then?'

'You want a new model; isn't that the word? I shall be very glad to oblige you.'

Here she became aware that every one was gazing at her. Mrs. Craven with a grim smile, which said, 'I knew she would do this kind of thing—you see I was right.' Aunt Florence in a fright, the rest amused—all save Beatrice, who merely stared in astonishment. Before Theodore could speak Clare said sweetly—

'My brother is very much obliged to you, Miss Thorold. I will explain all to you after dinner,' and turning to Mrs. Craven she begun to talk of something else in a very marked manner.

When Clare rose and led the way from the room, she paused to whisper to the General, who had opened the door.

'Do not be very long before you join us. I know you take but little wine. I am rather anxious about Theodore to-night.'

They were soon in the pleasant flower-scented drawing-room, and some of the party passed on through the French windows, which were open, and scattered themselves about the garden. But Clare, seating herself on a sofa, signed to Katharine to sit beside her.

'My dear Miss Thorold. I want to say a word of warning to you about my poor boy. You have no idea as yet what a sufferer he is, though you must see that he is far from strong. He is sadly weak; in fact, until quite lately, I never dared to calculate on keeping him with me for more than a few months—he has been kept alive only by unceasing care. His nerves, worn by long illness, are in such a state that the least excitement upsets him; sometimes he can enjoy a little quiet chat, but I assure you that if he were to join in a general conversation—say at the dinner-table—he would simply have a feverish, sleepless night and be ill for days. I know that to strangers my care of him appears excessive, but, believe me, he would have been lost to me long ago, save for that care. And if I am exacting in my appeals to others, for a little consideration, no one can say that I spare myself.'

She looked hard at Katharine—and she, having her wits about her, replied—

'Indeed, they have all told me how devoted you are to him.'

Clare looked pleased. 'And you forgive me? He is all I have—and I must know what is best for him. I am grateful, believe me, to any one who is kind to him; but the kindness must be shown in my own way—by which I mean, the way that experience has taught me is best and safest for him.'

'That is only reasonable,' Katharine answered; 'and you may depend upon me, unless I begin to see that you are making a

-mistake. Do you really think he is as weak as you say? for he does not look it.'

If Katharine could only have seen into the heart of her companion at that moment, she would undoubtedly have received a shock. If Clare had only raised her full, white eyelids, the blaze of her dark eyes would have told much; but she never looked up, nor moved a muscle of her countenance. She merely sat silent for a few moments, and then said in her soft voice—

'You have good sense, Miss Thorold; I have no fear that you will disagree with me, if you will only give yourself time to form an opinion.'

But in her own mind she decided to keep Katharine and her brother apart. It would be easy enough, she thought. She had to do the same, for a different reason, with Eleanore.

As she did not seem inclined for more conversation, Katharine rose, saying—

'I must go out, the air is so lovely. Will you come?'

'Oh, no! I think I hear them coming; yes, here they are. You are very good, General Falconer, and as a reward you may go into the garden. Miss Thorold is just going and will be glad of your escort.'

He followed Katharine; but the garden was empty. The rest had gone into the shrubberies and were out of sight. These two paced along the broad central walk, meaning to follow them—Katharine with her eyebrows bent into a little frown and her eyes looking down.

'Miss Thorold,' said the General, 'a penny for your thoughts.'

'They would be dear at a halfpenny! You know I am a stranger—everything is new to me, and so different from the life I am used to, that I don't seem to feel that it is real.'

'Not a pleasant sensation! but why?'

'I have always been free, and had plenty to do—I dare say it is that. Oh, for a scamper over a broad moor on Aurora; the bonny, brisk wind would drive all these cobwebs out of my brains in no time.'

'You ride then? None of your cousins do.'

'Not now. I have no horse.'

'But you are fond of riding?'

'Oh, I was! don't let us talk of it. All that is gone by. Look, the others are in that walk, and if we jumped over this haha we shall catch them in a minute.'

And with one little movement, swift and graceful, Katharine was at the other side, and the General found himself alone. Katharine turned and waited. Jumping was an exercise which he had rather given up, but with those blue eyes watching quietly for his spring, it was impossible to hesitate. And to his relief he found himself safe beside her, though he fancied she looked a little quizzical.

‘Why, how did you get here?’ exclaimed Marcia, as the new arrivals entered the hazel walk through a gap in the hedge.

‘Ah, that’s our secret!’ said Katharine gaily. ‘Where is Lettice?’

‘I don’t know. Come this way—there is the loveliest peep of the sunset at the end of this walk.’

Marcia took her cousin’s arm and walked on. Coming up with Beatrice, who was standing waiting for them, she took her arm too, and marched her on with them, Eleanore and the General following slowly.

‘But why is not Lettice here too?’ inquired Katharine.

‘Oh, my dear! Theodore might drop his cushion, or Clare her fan. Lettice is Clare’s Cinderella, you know. The girl is dependent on her, I fancy, so she has a right to her services.’

‘But she was not out all day?’

‘I dare say not, and got a wiggling besides. I suspect Cinderella earns her daily bread, poor little goose. But it matters little, she’s a stupid little thing. It is time to go in now, tea must be ready. No, no, Katharine, don’t be a spoilsport. We can get home very well without turning back. Come this way.’

Katharine, thinking of Lettice, did not remark the word spoilsport, and walked on obediently. They found that Theodore had retired to his room, ‘very tired,’ Miss Florence said, and Lettice had disappeared also. Katharine drank a cup of tea hastily, and went in search of the girl, fearing that her headache might have returned. But Lettice was in bed and asleep.

The next day being Sunday, Katharine made her first acquaintance with the little church which stood within a stone’s throw of the Priory gate. Used as she was to the beautiful old church at Kirklands, Southerton Church looked bleak and dirty and ugly; and the contrast between the services was even more painful. Here, the congregation mostly sat immovable except at the creeds. The responses were left to the clerk, who squeaked them out in an affected voice; and the singing was so bad that Katharine was obliged to give up trying to join in it. The fault, she fancied, lay principally in the playing of the organ, which was feeble in the extreme, and very much out of time. The portly, grave-looking Rector preached a short and learned sermon, so well put together and expressed, that Katharine was inclined to think it must be her own fault that she could not attend to it. It was very unlike Mr. Hooker’s pithy discourses, to be sure, but it was very good in its way. She afterwards found that the Rector was a scholar of some fame, and that except for the Sunday services, he was entirely devoted to his studies. When she began to sing, she saw that Theodore, who was nearly opposite her in the big square pew, lifted his head and listened eagerly; and she also remarked that after a while, he stood and knelt at the appointed times, though neither Aunt Florence, Marcia, nor Mrs. Craven did so.

The others were not in the pew, and Katharine did not know what had become of them—they had disappeared at the church door. She also observed that Marcia was watching her with a somewhat curious expression of countenance. When they were leaving church, Marcia came and put a hand on her arm, whispering—

‘What do you think of the music, my dear?’

Katharine was about to answer, when Theodore, who was some way in front, suddenly turned and came back.

‘Miss Thorold,’ said he, briefly and gravely, ‘my sister Clare is the organist.’

And having said it, he walked on to the pony carriage which was awaiting him.

‘Now what might *that* mean?’ said Marcia, after an uneasy silence.

‘I think he was afraid that I might say something that I should be sorry for, if I answered your question without knowing that. It was very kind of him.’

‘I never imagined he could hear,’ said Marcia, pettishly; ‘a man has no right to play the statue for years, and then suddenly reveal the fact that he has very keen ears. It is very provoking altogether!’

Katharine did not ask what she meant, being a little annoyed at the little trap that had been laid for her.

When they reached the Priory they went at once to the luncheon table—morning service began at twelve, so that it was not too early for that meal. Theodore St. Aubyn had gone, as he always did on Sunday, to his own rooms, whither Lettice was despatched with some luncheon for him. When they were rising Clare said—

‘Miss Thorold, have you ever taught in a Sunday-school?’

‘Yes; for a long time.’

‘Can you manage boys? Common boys, I mean.’

‘Oh, dear, yes! I always taught the choir at home.’

‘Oh, Lettice, shall we persuade Miss Thorold to try that class? I can get no one to take it, Miss Thorold; poor Lettice has it now, and they behave as badly as possible.’

‘I shall not want much persuasion, if Lettice would like to have help.’

‘Oh, do come, please,’ the girl said shyly; ‘I cannot manage them at all.’

They set off at once. The school was held in a fine large school-room behind the church—and Katharine saw with some surprise that the scholars were nearly all the children of what Eleanore called ‘the Villa Clan.’ The few children of a lower class belonged, she afterwards found out, to the one or two shops, the post office, and the Priory gardener. The class entrusted to her consisted of a dozen or so of big unruly lads, who were sent there to please Miss St. Aubyn, and who behaved badly, as a general rule, to please themselves. But Katharine knew all about boys, and even that first day she reduced

them to something like order. But she found that they had been very badly taught, and were strangely ignorant. I should like to give you a sample of Katharine's teaching, for she had a real genius for it; but it would take up too much time. She was introduced to the other teachers, two Miss Freemans among them, when school was over, and they one and all complimented her on having kept 'that dreadful class' so quiet. But impassive as Clare's face was, Katharine fancied she was not delighted. Lettice came as they walked home, and shyly took her arm.

'How did you manage them?' she whispered; 'they have always been such a trouble. I had the little ones, and I like that, because I feel I can teach them something; but to-day I was wanting to listen to you.'

'Well, don't, for you would put me out, perhaps. The little ones seemed very happy with you. Will you come up to my room and pay me a visit? By-the-way, when does Evensong begin?'

'At seven; and we dine at half-past five.'

'Oh! Then do not come to me just now, for I shall be busy, but come at five, and we will have a talk.'

She ran upstairs—not seeing that Theodore had come into the hall from his own apartment and was hurrying forward.

'Where have you all been?' he said to Clare.

'My dear boy! To the Sunday-school, as usual.'

'Why did Miss Thorold go?' he asked.

'She likes teaching; indeed, she proved a most able assistant. Come, my love, you ought to be resting. You will quite knock yourself up.'

Theodore submitted to be led back to his rooms; but no sooner had the double doors closed again than Marcia Craven and Eleanore came forward from the little breakfast-room, making Lettice jump at their sudden appearance.

'Now, you see—did I not tell you?' said Marcia, in a tone of amusement and annoyance mingled in pretty equal measure. 'No sooner was the Sunday-school party off than he appeared in the library, and finding only Beatrice and me he looked much disgusted. "Is Miss Thorold in the drawing-room?" said he. I explained, and he turned and walked off—had it been any other man I should have heard "confound it" softly murmured. I tell you, my dear, Clare's lay figure is coming to life! And won't mamma be angry? I don't envy poor Aunt Florence.'

'I never thought that plan would succeed,' said Eleanore.

'Nor did I—and yet I don't know. Clare can do what she likes with him, or could hitherto, at all events. My dear, I wish you had seen his face when she sang! Why, here is the ingenuous Lettice listening with her mouth wide open! I did not know you were here, child; and if you repeat——'

'Marcia, you know I do not repeat, and as to listening I could not

help it, you were just in my way. You despise me and make fun of me, yet I would rather be myself than you, for I am true, at least.'

And Lettice scampered upstairs with crimson cheeks and burning eyes.

'I do hope she will hold her tongue,' said Marcia, uneasily. 'If she tells Katharine——'

'You may trust Lettice,' said Eleanore; 'she is a donkey, but she never repeats.'

'Well, I suppose I had better warn mamma?' said Marcia.

'You must know best—I would not do it. You have nothing to go upon but a conjecture, and——'

'And mamma will fall upon poor Florence? Very likely, but I can't help it. You know very well Beatrice will hardly do better, and her ten thousand pounds makes it a fair bargain.'

'Yes, but what can your mother or Florence, or any one else, do? Here Katharine is, and I don't believe there is any other place for her to go to. Clare will watch for her own sake, without any hint from Henrietta; and she is *quite* capable of snuffing out any little sparks of that kind in poor Theodore.'

'Ah, yes, *you* know that,' said Marcia, carelessly. Eleanore's colour rose a little and she answered promptly—

'And if the poor fellow is to be tied to Beatrice, of whom I have often heard you express your opinion very frankly, I think he may be permitted a little diversion beforehand.'

'My dear, Beatrice has quite as much sense as he has.'

This brought the skirmish to a close for the time.

Although it is running on a little in advance of my story, this is the best place in which to record Katharine's various disappointments in her attempts to employ part of her time in helping Clare, in what Aunt Florence had spoken of in her letter as 'her many works of charity.' Clare was willing enough to be helped, she would gladly have employed the greater part of Katharine's time in visits to the schools, and to 'our almshouses,' as she called a row of tiny dwellings near the church, to the inmates of which she was in the habit of sending flowers and vegetables occasionally, and also books, the latter being of course only lent. But Katharine soon found that there was very little satisfaction in any of these employments. She could not help seeing that all was done, not with any real wish to do good, but with the intention of getting credit for doing good. And that credit must be all made over to Clare, no one else could be more than her mouth-piece and messenger. Her watchful jealousy never slept. She never even allowed Katharine to teach the class of boys in the Sunday-school regularly, very frequently taking them herself, and setting Katharine to do something else. The day school was attended by the children of parents who could very well have afforded to pay for their schooling; there were no poor children there, and Clare told her that there were in fact no very poor people in Southerton; which

really seemed to be true, as the houses were all new and ornamental, and there was no cottage, properly so called, in the village. Perhaps the greatest shock Katharine received was when a sharp old dame in one of the almshouses informed her that the fund out of which the charity was supported had been left for that purpose more than a hundred years ago, and that the inmates neither wanted, nor received, any help from Miss St. Aubyn. 'For,' said this ancient dame, 'I don't call a few common veg-ables, sich as would go to waste otherwise, *giving*—no I don't. And one's afraid a'most to read the books. Miss Aubyn's so sharp with us if we soils 'em. And as to her visits, t'aint often she comes—just sends Miss Charterhouse with the books—and when she does come I'd as soon she stayed away, for I don't hold that she has any right to be spying and faulting just because her name is St. Aubyn. You are different, Miss, and a chat with you is real pleasant.'

But as most of the old ladies took to chatting in this style, Katharine began to find it very awkward, and almost ceased to go. All this, you must remember, did not take place in these very early days, at was some little time before Katharine became perfectly weary of what she termed, privately, the 'much-a-do-about-nothing' style of 'work.' Clare was always talking of her 'work,' and at first Katharine really believed that she was doing a great deal of good; but before very long she came to the conclusion that there was no real work being done at all.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER X.

ONE of the great events of the summer in the eyes of the children who lived on the Green at Hornbridge was the annual school-feast. The glory of school-feasts has now departed; but there was a time when they combined the joys of a garden-party for the higher social class with those of the buns and tea, the races and penny prizes, the heat and the crowding which make up the normal school-treat; and Mr. Bruton kept to the old-fashioned plan, and made the school-feast his opportunity of showing hospitality to all classes of his parishioners. Denzil and Elys were highly excited by the approach of the great day, and though they were not very fond of the Vicarage children (whom they agreed in finding very dull because they preferred Tom Tiddler's ground to Blondel or Alfred), found a factitious interest in them as the day drew near, and they were able to tell of the preparations, including the putting up of a tent in the field where the old people might sit. Bessie, who had not intended to go to any large gatherings of this sort, was worked upon by Elys's dismay at the thought of not going, and began to think herself possibly safer and more unnoticed in going to the Vicarage than in staying away. So that on the appointed day, Bessie, tall and stately, in her black dress and hat and lace shawl, sat in the Vicarage garden on a rustic seat in the shade, talking to Alda Hughes, while Elys had run away with Denzil to see the races in the field.

Groups of the townsfolk were walking up and down the gravel path, and among them was a florid middle-aged woman with a gorgeous bonnet, who passed and repassed them several times. Bessie, who was not naturally an observant person, would not have noticed anything, but that Alda said—

‘How that woman stares at you, Mrs. Maynard! I think she must have seen you before, and must be trying to make you out.’

Bessie kept herself from starting by a strong effort of will, but she could not entirely command her colour, and turned perceptibly pale; very slightly, but enough for Alda to see. However, after looking intently at the woman the next time she passed, her colour returned, and she said quite naturally—

‘I think she must be a nurse who attended Elys in scarlet fever some years ago, before I last went to America.’

So intense was Bessie's satisfaction at finding that this encounter

had nothing to do with her Mallard life, that in spite of herself there was a tone of relief in her voice, which made Alda look at her curiously, and the glance of recognition which she gave to the woman brought her up smiling to the tree under which they sat.

‘I thought it must be Mrs. Maynard, ma’am,’ she said, ‘though I could hardly believe your hair could have turned so grey in such a few years. I hope I see you well, ma’am; and the little girl?’

‘Quite well, thank you,’ said Bessie, more cordially than it was her wont to speak to people of Mrs. Thomas’s class; ‘you would hardly know her now, she has grown so strong and vigorous; but she is in the field somewhere. I suppose you are a nurse no longer now?’

‘No, ma’am; I’m married, and my husband has a little shop in Robert Street. We should be very glad if you would look into our place some day and see if we could supply you with anything.’

After which stroke of business Mrs. Thomas retired, leaving Bessie a good deal disturbed because the disguise of her grey hair had been so easily penetrated, and Alda wondering why Bessie should have turned pale at the thought of recognition. Bessie, thinking that it would seem more natural to make some remark upon the little occurrence, said—

‘Curious how people turn up whom you never expect to see again. That woman was a nurse at Liverpool when I knew her.’

‘Before you went to America?’ said Alda. ‘I thought Elys had been born out there.’

‘We were in England when she was four years old,’ said Bessie, ‘and I was detained at Liverpool by her illness just as we were going to start for America.’

‘She must have begun her travels very young,’ said Alda, hoping to lead on to a little more information.

‘She did,’ said Bessie, and tried to lead off the question by some remark about the time of the children’s tea; but Alda would not drop it.

‘You were brought up in England yourself, I think,’ she said.

‘Yes,’ said Bessie, bringing all her presence of mind to bear upon her words and manner; ‘but if you will excuse me, I would rather not talk about the past. I made a mistake in my marriage, and repented it; and when that is the case one does not willingly recur to one’s past history. I am glad to be able to begin afresh here among strangers who know nothing of me.’

‘Her husband was a scamp,’ commented Alda to herself; ‘but I don’t see exactly why that should make her so much disturbed at the thought of being recognised unless, he is not really dead at all, and she is afraid of his tracking her.’

Alda’s life had been so set apart by her deformity from the ordinary interests of a girl’s career, that it had come to be a second nature with her to scrutinise the lives and interests of other people. Some women do this with an outgoing nature which brings all those they meet

into close personal relationship to themselves; Alda Hughes did it from the intellect, and not from the heart at all. She had no unkindly or malicious intention towards the objects of her observations; she was quite ready to help them good-naturedly if help came readily; but she was also ready to pass by on the other side with a half cynical smile, satisfied with having got what she called her pennyworth of amusement out of other people's follies.

On this occasion she was considerably struck by Mrs. Maynard, whose grace and stateliness did indeed make her a more striking figure than she quite realised in the Hornbridge world; and the tinge of mystery about her added to Alda's interest. But at present her interest was entirely impersonal, and could afford to be generous; whether it would be the same if her personal interests and Bessie's should ever come to conflict was a different question.

Later on in the afternoon Alda made an expedition into the field to look after her two little charges, whose powers for mischief she knew too well by experience if they were left too long alone. As she was making her way to them, she was witness to the accosting of Elys by Mrs. Thomas, who apparently had only just learnt from an acquaintance that this was Mrs. Maynard's little girl.

'Ah, my dear,' she said, 'so you are Baby that I nursed when you was ill—such a little thing as you was then. I never thought you'd a grown up into the big girl you have by this time. You don't remember me, do you?'

Elys stood and looked at her in shy silence for a few moments, and shook her head, though with a dawning look of recognition in her eyes. Then she said—

'I think I remember. Didn't I have a Noah's Ark to play with in bed?'

'That you did, deary,' said Mrs. Thomas, laughing; 'and me and your ma was both uncommon pleased to see you caring to play with anything, so bad as you'd been; and you said the bear was your ma, and the lion was me. Law, yes, I remember all about it.'

Elys stood still for a moment longer, frowning as if she was trying to recollect something; but a general move of the field towards tea caused Denzil to come up to her and lead her off by the hand in the direction of cake and coffee. Alda saw no more of her that afternoon, but determined to cultivate the acquaintance both of child and mother. She was more fascinated by the pretty eager merry child than by the stately and beautiful mother; but the two together made a decided addition to the interests of Hornbridge.

That night, however, when Elys was in bed, and Bessie went to see her, she found her lying wakefully tossing the bedclothes about, and looking troubled and perplexed, as a child does when her brain is addled by a long addition sum which refuses to be worked.

'Mother, I can't remember things,' she said, frowning. 'I seem to think of things and see little bits of them, and I don't know where

the whole of them are. Where did we live when I was ill and had a Noah's Ark in bed ?'

Bessie explained as well as she could that they were detained at Liverpool when they were going to America by Elys's illness.

'But the Noah's Ark ?' persisted Elys. 'I remember there was a dear bear that I liked better than all the animals, and I said it was you ; and the lion was nurse, because its mane was like a cap ; but then there was a giraffe and an elephant, that I called somebody too. I feel as if I called them papa and mamma ; but I couldn't, because the giraffe wasn't a bit like you, and I didn't call you mamma. Do you think I dreamt about the giraffe being another mamma ?'

'Very likely,' said Bessie. 'When people are ill they often have dreams that seem as if they were true, but it is only because they are ill that they don't know they are dreams.'

Bessie spoke composedly, but she was white to the lips, and the room seemed to swim round before her. She mastered herself, however, and said, in a short time—

'Is being ill with the Noah's Ark the first thing you can remember, Elys ?'

Elys shut her eyes and frowned.

'I seem as if I could remember a nursery, and a baby in it,' she said, 'and being told not to make a noise because the boy was asleep. That is what they said, and I cried, and the nurse said you spoiled me. I can remember that. Was there a baby ever besides me, mother ?'

'I had a little nephew, and you were staying in his nursery,' said Bessie. 'Now you must go to sleep, Elys.'

'Oh, but tell me about the little nephew. Is he a big boy now ?'

'No, he died,' said Bessie ; 'and I can't have you talk any more. And look here,' she added, 'if anybody ever asks you questions about what you remember when you were little, don't say anything about the giraffe and the elephant. It is silly to talk about things that were only dreams when we were ill. You don't hear me talking about my dreams when people come to see me, you know.'

Elys looked a little surprised, but only said 'Good-night,' and composed herself to sleep. Bessie went downstairs and out into the garden to try to recover herself after the shock of Elys's conversation, which, together with her recognition by Mrs. Thomas, had made her feel more frightened and shaken than anything had done for many years. Gradually, however, as she paced up and down the gravel walk, she became calmer again. After all, because Mrs. Thomas recognised her, there was no particular reason why any one else should do so—more especially any one who met her believing that Bessie Mallard had been drowned four years ago in the *Hibernia*. Russell Verney, more especially, whose recognition she dreaded most, had never seen her since she was quite a young girl, before any trouble or anxiety had come to put its imprint upon her face ; whereas

before Mrs. Thomas knew her, life had crushed her into a miserable unhappy woman, with only one bright spot in her life—Baby Elys, for whom she had been content to drop her individuality, her wealth, and her good conscience. Bessie called to her memory a photograph of herself, done fourteen years before, when she was eighteen—a tall, slight, elastic figure, something of the make which Elys's promised to be—they both inherited it from Lady Ellis, Bessie's mother—a gay girlish face, with a half-saucy, upward turn of cheeks and chin, and downward droop of the great dark eyes—a characteristic attitude of Bessie in those days, and one which her friends had insisted that she should preserve in her photograph—and shining dark hair, which it was Bessie's pride in those days to wear without any pads or frisettes, like the majority of her fellow-creatures. Then she went to the mirror over the chimney-piece, holding the lamp, and looked at herself dispassionately in the lamplight. At thirty-two she had grown a stately woman, but her still beautiful face was grave and careworn; the rich colour had died out of her cheeks, though the texture of the skin was as fine and soft as ever; and the alteration of her hair from black to grey, Bessie thought, must complete the change in the eyes of one who had not seen her since she was eighteen.

'Besides,' thought Bessie to herself, while her cheeks became rosy again for once with indignation, 'after all, he did not love me. If he did not care enough for me to ask me to remember him before he went, it is hardly likely he should care enough for me to recognise me now. Anyhow, I will see him, and then if there seems to me any danger of his recognising me, I must take Elys abroad, I suppose, till he returns to India.'

CHAPTER XI.

THE constant intercourse between Elys and Denzil had of necessity brought their respective parents and guardians nearer together. When the pleasant summer gave way to the dampness of early autumn each was made free of the other's house: and though Bessie rarely went in person to fetch Elys from Dr. Enderby's, Dr. Enderby very often came for Denzil, and had some of Bessie's excellent tea in her pretty drawing-room. He liked Bessie, and he liked little Elys; he liked Bessie because she was so utterly without feminine wiles, and treated him with such frank friendliness, while at the same time he found it pleasant to share intellectual impressions with her, and to see how they struck upon a woman's consciousness. In this respect it is true he was unlike most men; but then he was unlike most men in the sentiment with which he regarded the memory of Denzil's mother. It never seemed to him, when he contemplated a long and lonely life without her, where he never intended to fill up her empty place, that there was anything heroic in this resolve; it was simply that to him she was for ever present—out of his range of physical vision, but as truly near to him as Denzil himself at his knee.

Bessie realised that he was a man to whom friendship with a woman did not mean the vestibule to marriage, and was glad to feel that she might accept his friendship on these terms. Otherwise her sense of imposture would have made her draw back, even had she felt any attraction towards him as a possible lover; but at present Bessie's past experience of marriage, and Mr. Daubeney's coarse tyranny, inclined her to think freedom the most valuable possession of her life.

So when the two little Miss Priors came chirping and cheeping to Alda Hughes, and assuring her that Dr. Enderby *must* be thinking of marrying Mrs. Maynard, he had been in there three times to tea only the last week, it perhaps showed a good deal of penetration on Alda's side to pour cold water on their discovery, and to assure them that *she* believed that they had simply made friends over the children, and that neither of them was thinking of anything further. But Alda based a right belief on wrong grounds, as do many of us. She believed that Bessie's husband was alive, and that she was in hiding from him; and she gave herself credit for a considerable amount of large-minded belief in human probity when she told the Miss Priors and herself that she was certain that Mrs. Maynard was an honourable-minded woman, and that it would be very hard to cut her off from the society of Dr. Enderby by allowing unkind things to be said about her in Hornbridge gossip, when he might probably become a valuable friend to her. And after all Dr. Enderby was quite old enough to take care of himself.

From the interior view, there could be no doubt that it was very good for Elys at least to be hand and glove with Denzil, and to share the teaching which Denzil received from his father, which supplied a want that Bessie could do nothing for. Elys had been carefully taught the ordinary morality of children: she was truthful, and candid, and fairly obedient; but Dr. Enderby was able to instil into Denzil what Bessie had not got to instil—a passionate love and admiration for goodness as goodness, beyond that negative contempt of evil as bad, which is so comparatively easy to generous-hearted children. He found himself before long extending his informal, but by no means ineffective, instruction to Elys also, making his stories purposely simpler than he did for Denzil alone, whose mind was capable of holding something more like a clue to the regions where his father's mind habitually moved than Elys's was at present.

Not only Elys, but Bessie also got new ideas from Dr. Enderby. He had early discovered that, though Bessie's mind was intelligent, and even sometimes brilliant, when he touched upon literature, politics, or philosophy, it was almost a blank upon moral or spiritual subjects. She went to church, it was true, and 'performed her religious duties,' as the phrase is, though rather with an unspoken intention for Elys's good rather than her own; but it would have been curious to him, if it had not been also melancholy, to find how entirely Bessie's bright-

ness and quick intuitions seemed to leave her when he reached this one region. When Elys came to play with Denzil on Sundays, and shared in the half-talk, half-teaching which Dr. Enderby gave his little boy on Sunday afternoons, he sometimes wondered whether there ever would come a time when in these respects the child would teach the mother, and hoped that such might be the case.

One day Elys had been in disgrace from getting into a childish passion, which had made Bessie perhaps more unhappy than she had any reason for. Already the poor woman had begun at times to eat her own heart about Elys, and to think that the relation between them had been sweeter when she was a little clinging child, fragile and tender, than it was now when she was a vehement, sturdy creature of eight, with a will and a temper of her own. And, indeed, there was a family likeness between Bessie and Elys which was likely to produce friction between them. Both were formed upon the same model—Bessie's Irish mother, who had left to her daughter and her granddaughter alike the vehement impatient spirit which could never wait for its good things till the time appointed by nature, nor endure to be balked of its expectations, and which was at all times ready to take the disposal of events into its own hands if they did not seem likely to go the way that was desired.

Bessie had gone out for her walk that afternoon leaving Elys in disgrace at home, refusing even to let her go over to play with Denzil. She was one of those strong and vigorous people who are dependent for their health on exercise; but she took it on this day as a duty, and everything looked heavy and mournful to her, though there was autumn gold and russet on the trees, autumn blue haze in the shadows, and autumn freshness in the air. When she came in she heard voices in the drawing-room, and, gently opening the door, found Dr. Enderby sitting on the sofa in the firelight, with Elys on his knee, and Denzil on a low stool by his side, telling them a story.

'But he could see none of these lovely things,' he was saying; and then he looked round and saw Bessie, and would have risen, if it had not been for Elys, who was in no way inclined to give up her place on his lap.

Bessie, however, joined her entreaties to those of the children that he would go on, and sat down by the fire opposite the little group.

'Why couldn't he see, Dr. Enderby?' said Elys, in an awestruck tone.

'No one could in that country unless they kept themselves peaceful and sweet,' said Dr. Enderby, 'and that you see neither Willkür nor Selbstsucht were able to do. So Willkür saw the loveliest apples hanging on the trees, and when he ate them, as Denzil said, they turned to dust and ashes—being of the Sodom breed; but Selbstsucht never saw anything beautiful at all. The country they went through was quite exquisite; the sky was clear, the sun was bright, the clouds

had rainbow colours on them, and the flowers were lovelier than any you can get in conservatories here, though they sometimes grow on thorny bushes. But Selbstsucht saw nothing of all this; to him the sky looked grey and foggy—he thought the sunshine was only the yellow gravel that the road was made of, and the flowers lumps of chalk, or coloured earth or stones where the grass was thin. And the blue mountains that rose up on every side with glens, and crags, and heather, and shining snow-peaks on the top, he never saw at all: he did not believe they were there. And all the time, if he had only known!

Something in Dr. Enderby's voice as he said this made Bessie's tired, anxious eyes look up at him, with that feeling he had given her once or twice before—as if he were a man who held an invisible treasure which she could not see.

'I suppose all the good people in that country did know,' said Denzil, thoughtfully.

'Some were rather near-sighted, and objected to the use of spectacles, I think,' said Dr. Enderby, smiling.

'How good had they to be before they did know?' said Elys.

'The questions are getting too deep for my present power of answering,' said Dr. Enderby, laughing; 'I must tell you the rest of the history of Willkür and Selbstsucht another time.'

'They must have been very wicked,' said Bessie, smiling also, 'to deserve such jaw-breaking German names.'

'That is Denzil's fault,' said Dr. Enderby; 'ever since he read Wilberforce's allegories, he has considered it quite below the dignity of fiction for any of my heroes ever to have a name that he has heard before.' And then, while the children ran off to wash their hands before tea, he added, 'Denzil took such a fancy to that form of moral instruction at one time that I was always finding attempts of his own, in which "a lot of children, all clothed in pure white raiments," met a man holding in one hand a pile of books, and in the other a pile of swords, and in the course of their journey "one called Glaube met one called Bertram," and had such an effect upon him that he fell on his face, and cried, "Oh, how very sinful I'm!"'

Bessie laughed, but in a rather pre-occupied manner, and then after a pause said hurriedly, and with less self-possession than she generally showed, 'But do you believe it is true yourself?'

'What?'

'That it is only because people are not good that everything does not seem as beautiful as you say.'

'Either because we are not good or have a defect in our sight,' said Dr. Enderby. 'Yes, I fully believe that.'

'I should say,' said Bessie, 'that it was a few people only who thought as you do, and that they wore rose-coloured spectacles. I can fancy young people thinking there was plenty to enjoy in the world, when they have not known trouble——'

'I have known trouble,' said Dr. Enderby gently; 'but I never found it a thing that had no bottom to it. You go on, and go through it, and learn; and when you look back you find it has enriched your life.'

'Not when the trouble is loss?' said Bessie.

'Yes; you never lose anything that is worth keeping—what is eternal stays with you,' said Dr. Enderby.

'I don't understand,' said Bessie; 'but I suppose that it is a religious instinct I am not capable of entering into.'

'Do you ever read Victor Hugo?' said the doctor.

'Yes, sometimes.'

'There is a little poem of his which I won't quote in French, because my accent would only excruciate your ears; but I can repeat to you the last two verses in an English translation. "Since I have had the glory of loving and being loved by you who are now gone from me," is the burden of the earlier verses; then it goes on—

'Now to the fitting years I dare to say,
Pass on, pass on, I cannot now grow old;
Depart and bear your fading flowers away;
One flower, none plucks, within my heart I hold.

Your pinion's shock no single droplet dashes
From this full cup where thirsty lips I press;
My soul hath more of fire than you of ashes,
My heart more love than you forgetfulness!'

Bessie was saved any reply by the return of the children, and the conversation was changed; but she did not forget it.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXXV.

1646-1652.

IRISH RAVAGES.

No where did the distractions and miseries of the civil war fall more heavily than in Ireland. There were, it may be remembered, no less than five parties in that unhappy country. First, the council representing the English Parliament; second, the Lord Lieutenant, Marquess of Ormond, and the Cavaliers representing the King; third, the moderate and reasonable Roman Catholic gentry of English descent, called Lords of the Pale, who would fain have been loyal, but were deeply mistrusted and confounded with the fourth party of 'mere Irish' rebels, under Owen Roe O'Neill, a brave and honourable gentleman; and fifth, the Scotch contingent quartered in Ulster.

There were, of course, three forms of faith. The Covenant was eagerly taken by the Parliamentarians and the Scotch; the Prayer-book was maintained by Ormond and his Cavaliers, who held Dublin; and the Lords of the Pale and the Irish were alike Roman Catholics. This occasioned Ormond's great mistake in refusing all accommodation or alliance with the Lords of the Pale. He was quite as much determined against any sort of toleration for Papists as were the Parliament; and, on the other hand, the King, who had clearer views, would have been most thankful to purchase their assistance by acts of grace, and encouraged them in the hope by Lord Glamorgan's mission; while, on the other hand, the English people regarded the whole of the population on the other side of the Channel as a horde of wolves.

Meantime Pope Innocent X. had sent Rinuncini, Archbishop of Fermo, to Ireland to maintain the Lords of the Pale in their demands; and he had on his way been much encouraged by Queen Henrietta. With him, Glamorgan, who was himself a Roman Catholic, and eldest son to the brave old Marquess of Worcester, carried on his secret negotiations, and the discovery greatly embittered Ormond, who held himself to be betrayed; and viewing the Royal cause as lost, began to negotiate with the Parliament.

Rinuncini either had, or professed to have, a letter from the King, dated July, 1646, from Newcastle, declaring that if he could escape from the Scots, he would throw himself on the protection of the Irish. This encouraged the Nuncio to call upon the rebel, Owen O'Neill, to lay siege to Dublin. O'Neill's army was chiefly composed of wild Irishmen, who had been burnt out of house and home, and took such

revenge wherever they went, that Rinuncini wrote that Tartars could not do worse, and could not bear to have them termed the Nuncio's army. Preston, who had obtained money and arms from France, commanded the troops of the Lords of the Pale, and had a more respectable force, and these advanced upon Dublin.

Lord Digby tried to persuade Ormond to be reconciled to the Lords of the Pale, but could not move him. Dublin was without provisions, there were no means of defending it in the Marquess's reach, and he therefore decided on admitting the Parliamentary forces. They entered in June, 1647, and their leader, Colonel Jones, immediately abolished the Liturgy and treated Ormond with harshness and contempt. Learning that orders for his arrest were expected from England, he went on board ship privately and escaped to France.

Meantime Munster was overrun by the head of the O'Brians, Lord Inchiquin, a savage who was always changing sides, and whose cruelties were such that 'the black Morrough O'Brian' remained as a proverb of terror to scare naughty children with. Pretending to be for the Parliament, he had defeated Lord Taaffe with the troops of the Pale; and the Lords were so alarmed that they commenced negotiations with him. This might well disgust the Nuncio, who entreated them to desist, and wrote for succour to Paris, Madrid, and Rome, but in vain, none could or would assist them, and the remonstrances of Rinuncini against their treaty with the savage Inchiquin only exasperated the Irish.

Envoys were sent to Paris to persuade Queen Henrietta to appoint a Roman Catholic Governor. Antrim and Glamorgan both aspired to the post, but the Queen hesitated to take so strong a measure, and as Ormond was at Paris, Lady Glamorgan, whose rejected suitor he had been in former days, attributed it to his influence, and turned her back on him in public when he was about to greet her.

'Really, Madam,' said the Marquess, 'this would have troubled me much eighteen years ago.'

He was again appointed, but just at this time, Lord Inchiquin thought proper to change sides, and go over from the Parliament to the King, offering an armistice to the Lords of the Pale. Many were for accepting it, but the Nuncio, Rinuncini, and eight Bishops justly distrusted him, and when the majority persevered and concluded the agreement, the Nuncio declared himself unsafe in Kilkenny, escaped over the walls, fled to Owen O'Neill at Maryborough, and thence excommunicated the abettors of the treaty, and laid under interdict the towns that accepted it.

But his censures were not accepted, fourteen Romanist Bishops supported Taaffe, Clanricarde, and Preston in refusing them; and every one seemed to have changed sides. Colonel Jones in Dublin and General Monk in Ulster made truces with O'Neill, and, on the other hand, Inchiquin and Preston attacked him, and there was war and devastation on either side. It was proposed that the Prince of Wales

should come over and bring authority that might overawe the various factions, but this plan fell through.

The Marquess of Ormonde, however, came over in the September of 1648, having made up his mind to peace and toleration for the Lords of the Pale, provided they would unite with him to rescue the King. This hope had buoyed up Charles to the last, though to try to unite these discordant Irish was knitting a rope of sand. They all—except the Parliamentarians in Dublin—professed loyalty to the King; but the Lords of the Pale hated and dreaded Owen O'Neill and the Nuncio, and, indeed, informed the latter that they had accused him to the Pope of heavy misdemeanours.

However, horror and indignation at the tidings of the King's execution united all for the moment. The Prince of Wales was proclaimed as Charles II. everywhere except in Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry; and Rinuncini, finding O'Neill's men hot against the Parliamentarians, thought it wiser to flee, and after staying some months in France, returned to Rome.

For the moment, Ormond held all Ireland apparently united, even the Scottish regiments in Ulster abhorring the regicide, and only the English garrisons of Jones in Dublin, Monk in Belfast, and Coote in Derry, holding with the Parliament. He sent an invitation to young Charles in Holland to come and place himself on the throne of a pacified country, and Rupert started with the fleet to cruise along the coast.

Charles had eagerly accepted the invitation, but he was told that he could do nothing without the money he could not procure; and many of his friends feared to promote his journey thither lest, when at the head of an army chiefly of the Roman Church, he should be drawn over to their faith. He lingered sending Mr. Fanshawe to Ireland to receive the money from the loyal part of the country. The Fanshawes met at Youghal and spent six weeks in tolerable peace at a house called Red Abbey in Cork. There is a curious account in Mrs. Fanshawe's papers of a visit to a castle where the family banshee actually appeared at the window while an old lady in the house was dying. The country meantime professed to be governed by a sort of council at Kilkenny; Ormond was at the head, but was fettered by the Confederate Lords of the Pale, and in the meantime the English Parliament, or rather the Rump, deliberated and decided on sending Oliver Cromwell to reduce the island to their authority.

Not that he showed himself ready to go at once. He waited a fortnight, declaring that he must first have the will of heaven revealed to him; and when he had decided on going he made elaborate preparations. In all this he showed his wisdom, for it was of no use to strike at all, unless he did so effectively, and probably he thought delay would be likely to disorganise the incongruous elements whom indignation had united under Ormond.

In this he was right. O'Neill had already broken off his treaty and

made friends with Monk, who undertook to transmit his proposals to England. Ormond wanted to besiege Dublin, but he could not stir up the Confederate Lords to take the field, nor persuade Prince Rupert to blockade the port by sea; but the fleet remained in the harbour of Kinsale.

At last, in May, 1649, the Lords of the Pale met under Ormond, and advanced towards Dublin, hoping for an insurrection there in their favour; but as none took place, and it was very difficult to keep the army together, two divisions were sent off to reduce Drogheda, Dundalk, and some other castles. The Dublin garrison was strengthened by 2,600 soldiers and plenty of provisions, and reports came that Cromwell was about to land in Munster, where there were several Protestant towns likely to receive the Puritans with open arms. Ormond, therefore, sent off Lord Inchiquin with 1,100 horse to overawe them, and he then prepared to lay siege to Dublin.

His camp was at Rathmines, a village near that city, but while collecting forage on the evening of the 1st of August, a detachment was attacked by Colonel Jones, and driven in on the camp. There was a frightful confusion. The men who had served under Inchiquin when he was on the other side, refused to fight against their old comrades; others were panic-stricken. Ormond started from his bed and galloped from post to post in vain; whenever he got a few men together they broke away behind him, the cavalry galloped off almost without a blow; and he was forced to leave his whole camp, baggage, artillery, and stores, to the enemy. Of the prisoners, most of the Irish were slaughtered, but Inchiquin's men enlisted in the English army.

Cromwell had by this time started from Whitehall after a day of preaching and praying. He drove off in a coach and six, attended by a life guard of eighty young gentlemen, and joined his army of 12,000 Ironsides at Bristol; but he found great difficulty in overcoming their distaste to service in Ireland, which seemed to them more remote than New Zealand does to us, and where the recent massacres were not forgotten. So unwilling were they that there had been a mutiny in Whalley's regiment, the men refusing to quit London. Fifteen were tried by court-martial, sentenced, but only one, named Lockyn, executed. He was shot in St. Paul's Churchyard, the Cathedral itself being now stables for the cavalry, and the beautiful cross, whence open-air sermon had been preached, demolished. There was a great procession at his funeral, six trumpets before him, the body covered with bunches of rosemary, one dipped in blood, and thousands of people with sea-green and black ribbons following to the churchyard at Westminster. Such an example prevented open murmurs, but the troops chosen were chiefly Levellers, the unquiet spirits of whom Cromwell wished to dispose, and guessing this perhaps, they refused to leave their native country, standing on the right of militia men not to be taken out of England. Cromwell was, however, equal to the occasion. He set preachers

to work up their enthusiasm by representing the Irish Papists as Canaanites, whom they were called on to exterminate, under their new Joshua. They were not to be slack under such a call, and their grim, stern spirits fully responded; so that Cromwell was able to sail with one division, speedily followed by Ireton with the rest, and they were gladly welcomed by the garrison of Dublin, where the commander gave them a fortnight to recover from the fatigues of the voyage, and then marched them to attack Drogheda, which was held by Sir Arthur Ashton with 2,000 foot, and a regiment of horse. There was some delay till the artillery was brought; and in two days effected a breach in the crumbling old walls. Ashton had trenches dug behind the breach, and he was thus enabled to beat off the first assault. In the second, a thousand men broke through, but were again driven back. The third assault was led by Oliver himself. The Irish Colonel Wall was killed, his men wavered, quarter was promised to them, and they threw down their arms; but as soon as the whole place was at the mercy of the victors, the pledge was broken. There was a general massacre, lasting five days, and the streets ran red with blood. Even Sir Edmund Verney, the son of the standard bearer at Edgehill, was slaughtered in cold blood, also Sir Arthur Ashton, who had a wooden leg, which the soldiers supposed to be full of gold pieces, and scrambled for accordingly, and the whole of the inhabitants besides, without distinction, only thirty being saved to be sold as slaves in the American Colonies.

Ormond wrote that these cruelties could only be compared to the Dutch massacre at Amboyna. The Levellers seem to have thought the Irish and their allies beyond the pale of humanity, and Cromwell declared the slaughter a judgment of Heaven.

Ormond, who had just been named Knight of the Garter by Charles II., tried to make common cause with Owen O'Neill; but that chieftain was dying of a complaint in the knee, believed to have been brought on by a pair of russet boots, presented to him by a gentleman named Plunkett, who was heard to boast of the service he had done the English by this poisoned gift. Owen O'Neill was a fine character, faithful and gallant, and was bitterly lamented.

Cromwell put forth proclamations promising safety to the peaceable, and toleration of religion; but as he expressly excluded the Mass from the worship to be endured, this was of little avail to the greater part of the country. And yet the portion of the Irish who had supported Rinuncini were so angry at the manner in which he had been used by the Lords of the Pale, that for the sake of revenge these Ultra Papists took part with Cromwell against the moderate Papists.

In October, Cromwell began to besiege Wexford, trusting to the disaffected within the place, as well he might, for the governor of the Castle, James Strafford, though a Roman Catholic, betrayed it to him. The commander whom Ormond had sent, Sir Edmund Butler with some other gentlemen, tried to escape by swimming their horses across the

Slaney, and some succeeded, but Butler was struck down by a shot just as he landed. The slaughter of the garrison and inhabitants almost equalled that of Drogheda. In especial, three hundred women who had gathered round a stone cross were all shot down by these ruthless Ironsides, who regarded them as Midianitish women doomed to destruction. Cromwell termed his conquest, in his letter to the Parliament, 'a marvellous great mercy'; and he mentioned two deeds of the Irish which must have infuriated his men, namely a *noyade* of seven or eight score Protestants in a rotten old vessel in the harbour, and the starving to death of another party in a chapel.

Next Ross fell, but was less cruelly treated. Ormond was crippled by the Lords Confederate, and by the treachery of Lord Antrim. The eldest son of the Earl of Cork, Lord Broghill, was a strong Puritan, and disapproving Ormond's alliance with Romanists, persuaded the towns of Youghal, Cork, and Bandon to declare for Cromwell. The governor is said to have tried to increase his treachery and recommend himself by delivering up Prince Rupert, who was in command of the fleet off Kinsale, and twice was invited by him to a stag-hunt, but happily was prevented from coming, and soon had occasion to rejoice.

Mrs. Fanshawe was in bed with a broken arm at Cork, when at midnight she heard sounds of artillery. All the household were soon on foot, and soon dismal cries and moans were heard, which proved to be those of poor people, fleeing from the troops of Colonel Jefferies, who had entered the town on Cromwell's behalf. The Fanshawes had once been on friendly terms with Jefferies, and the lady at once wrote to her husband, blessing Providence that he was not in this danger, and bidding him have no fears for her or her little daughter Nan, for she trusted to get out of the town safely with his papers, and this letter she sent off by a faithful servant, who was let down over the garden wall by a rope. Then, after packing up her husband's papers, a thousand pounds in gold, and all her own property, Mrs. Fanshawe went at three in the morning, attended by a man and maid, through all the tumult in the streets, to look for Colonel Jefferies, who was very civil to her, said he could never forget the respect he owed to Mr. Fanshawe, and gave her a pass to leave the town with her family and goods. She succeeded in procuring a cart, and started at five in the morning, with her sister and little girl, three maids, two men, and two horses. They went, ride and tie, the ten miles to Kinsale, where they found Mr. Fanshawe very anxious on their account, and most thankful to his wife for having saved his papers, while Cromwell was proportionably disappointed.

Soon after letters came from the King that Franshawe should go on a mission to Philip IV. of Spain, but first there was to be a conference at Limerick with Lord Roscommon, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In lighting Mr. Fanshawe downstairs after the meeting,

the Earl missed his footing, fell, and fractured his skull. He died in five days time. He was attended by the great Dr. Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, and declared himself to die in communion with the Church of Ireland. The Limerick Romanists were so much angered that the Bishop was in danger of his life, and had to hurry to the nearest port. His vessel barely escaped two Parliamentary cruisers, and when he had landed in Spain, and halted at an inn for refreshment, the hostess, to his surprise, called him by his name, and showed him his own portrait, telling him that this and others like it, had been distributed by the agents of the Inquisition, in order that he might be arrested and carried before it!

This same autumn, the aged Archbishop Bulkeley of Dublin, in his eighty-first year, ventured to hold an All Saints' day service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he took leave of such clergy and people as he could collect, in a touching farewell discourse, which must have gone to their hearts. It was the last time the Liturgy was publicly read in Ireland for eleven years, and the Archbishop died ere many months had passed.

Mr. Fanshawe was forced to remain in charge of the Great Seal of Ireland till he could hear from the King again, and in the meantime Lord Broghill succeeded in getting Kinsale surrendered to Cromwell, while Prince Rupert sailed away to Portugal with the fleet. When orders came that the Seal should be given up to Lord Inchiquin, the only means that the Fanshawes had of reaching the Peninsula was by embarking in a Dutch vessel about to sail from Galway. The plague was raging in the town, and Lord Inchiquin durst not enter it; indeed, guards were set at all the gates, but the Fanshawes were allowed to pass, and a man guided them round the walls among piles of rags and rubbish from plague-stricken houses. A gentleman, who had promised them hospitality, received them with the words, 'You are welcome to this disconsolate city, where you see the streets overgrown with grass, once the finest little city in the world.' The poor man had buried nine persons out of his household. Nevertheless, the Fanshawes escaped the infection, and safely reached Spain, though not without a fight on the way with a Turkish Corsair, during which Mrs. Fanshawe, unable to remain below, put on the cabin boy's jacket and hat, and stood undetected by her husband on deck till the pirates sheered off. 'See what love can do!' cried Mr. Fanshawe when he discovered her.

The plague raged in many places, Jones had died of it in Dublin; but of course it was most severe among the undisciplined regions that called themselves Royalist. There was nothing but dissension among them.

Lord Broghill's defection had made the Confederate Lords of the Pale suspect the Protestant Royalists of being ready to go over to Cromwell, and the native Irish hated all of English descent alike. Scarcely a town would receive a garrison, thinking perhaps that

resistance only led to general butchery. Kilkenny, indeed, was obedient, and Clonmel admitted Hugh O'Neill, the brave and gallant son of Owen, with 1,200 of the best troops of Ulster; but Waterford would not so much as let the royal troops pass through the town to save the fort of Passage which commanded their harbour. Ormond had to send his forces into winter-quarters, and never could assemble them again. Antrim was in the meantime intriguing against him, trying to get the Roman Catholic Bishops to petition against him on the one hand, and on the other to induce Charles II. to deprive him. But the Bishop of Clogher persuaded his brethren that Ormond was more trustworthy than Antrim, and the King declared that he would rather lose his crown than offer such an insult to the Marquess.

After seven weeks' rest in winter-quarters, Cromwell advanced against Kilkenny, which Colonel Tickle had promised to betray to him. However, the letters were intercepted, and Ormond had the traitor tried by court-martial and executed. He then went into Connaught to endeavour to raise an army with Lord Clanricarde's assistance, and meantime place after place surrendered on Cromwell's first appearance. If his first summons were accepted, he granted life, and winked at the profession of Popery; but if there were the least hesitation, he shot the officers, if resistance were made, the garrison shared their fate, and if he thought the townspeople to have held out willingly these were slaughtered. The knowledge of this rule made all, except the most resolutely loyal, give way before him.

Two traditionary stories are told of Cromwell in Ireland, which have become proverbial, one that Lieutenant Flanagan, commanding a tiny fort, replied to his summons to surrender with bluster about blowing the whole Parliamentary army into the sea.

'Fire away, Flanagan,' answered the General. The Lieutenant surrendered on the spot. The other is that being about to cross a river in face of the enemy, his exhortation was, 'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry.'

Again he came before Kilkenny, where the plague had reduced the garrison, but the Commandant, Sir Walter Butler, made a gallant resistance, and twice beat off attacks; but the Mayor and Corporation secretly treated with Cromwell, and a surrender became necessary. On this occasion Cromwell showed the ordinary respect for a brave garrison, and complimented Sir Walter on the defence.

He had even harder work at Clonmel, where, when the breach was stormed, Hugh O'Neill made such a defence that the infantry refused to advance a second time. Cromwell appealed to the cavalry, and many troopers volunteered; but they found a wall behind the breach, their heads were swept off with scythes, and they had again to retreat. They blockaded the place, while O'Neill sent messages to implore assistance.

Ormond did his best, but the Confederate Lords hindered hi-

efforts. At last, Lord Roche and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross set forth with a numerous but ill-armed and tumultuary force, which was easily beaten by Lord Broghill with a detachment. The Bishop was made prisoner, and as a small fort stood near which the army wished to secure, Broghill offered him his life if he would obtain its surrender, but death if he brought back an answer to the contrary, and made him pledge himself to return. He was admitted to the fort, exhorted the defenders to do their duty to the last to King, country, and God, returned, and was instantly hanged. Hugh O'Neill, having spent his last charge of powder, withdrew his men in secret at night, and the inhabitants offered terms of surrender, which were granted in ignorance of the departure of the garrison.

Cromwell was immediately after recalled to meet the Scottish attack, and left Ireton in command. There was little more to do. The Bishop of Clogher was defeated by Coote, made prisoner, and hanged, for no priest of his Church was ever spared. Limerick was under the influence of a number of friars, and closed its gates against Ormond, refusing any governor except Hugh O'Neill. Imagining that Ormond was about to treat with Cromwell, the Roman Catholic clergy held a synod at Jamestown, ordered him out of the kingdom, and excommunicated all who should adhere to him.

This was proclaimed at the head of Clanricarde's forces, and these were soon after defeated at Bir by those of Ireton. Waterford, Duncannon, and Carlow were all occupied by the English forces, and after one attempt to get a declaration in his favour at a general assembly at Loughrea, he gave up his commission to the Marquis of Clanricarde, embarked at Galway on board a vessel sent him by the Duke of York, and took with him Lord Inchiquin and a few other officers, in the November of 1650.

Yet though Clanricarde was of their own Church, the Irish Romanists would not brook the authority of one so loyal, and their Bishops wanted to set up a 'Home Rule' of their own, with the Duke of Lorraine as their protector. He actually promised £20,000, with arms and ammunition, provided he were put in possession of Limerick and Galway as pledges; but by the time his answer came, a traitor, named Fennel, had first caused another rout of Lord Castlehaven's army, and then given up Limerick to Ireton's troops!

He met with his deserts, for Ireton had him immediately executed. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick escaped as a common soldier; but his brother of Emly, and Friar Walsh, who had kept out Ormond, were hanged, with some others of less note. Hugh O'Neill was also sentenced; but Ludlow and others represented that he was a gallant captain, who had held commissions in foreign service, and that his death would bring England into ill-omen with foreign countries, and he was therefore spared.

Still the native clergy continued to oppose Clanricarde, and by the end of the autumn this disunion had led to the loss of Clare, and the

danger of Galway. In the course of the winter the plague carried off Ireton. The Bishop of Emly had appealed to the tribunal of Heaven and summoned the General to meet him there, and this summons was thought to be fulfilled. Ireton was always unmerciful to the Romish clergy, hanging all who fell into his hands; but he had kept the ferocity of his troopers in check, and had prevented any more massacres whenever it was in his power.

Ludlow took the command, and soon took Galway, the last town that held out against the Parliament. Clanricarde was obliged to fly to the isle of Carrick, and Sir Phelim O'Neill, who had begun the rebellion, was captured. He was offered his life and property on condition he would give evidence that the late King had fostered the rising against the Parliament; but he absolutely refused, and was put to death. As his name was Anglicised as Felix, an Irish poet exclaims—

‘Why when that hero age you deify,
Why do you pass infelix Felix by?’

The heroes might be brave, but their folly and disunion were hopeless. They held out in the mountains and bogs, and sent to ask the Pope, the Duke of Lorraine, the Kings of France and Spain in succession, to become their sovereigns, but were rejected by each with contempt.

Cromwell appointed General Lambert as Lord Deputy of Ireland. A day or two after Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Ireton met in the park, and each claimed the precedence. Mrs. Ireton came full of complaints to her father, and being on the point of a marriage to General Fleetwood, persuaded Cromwell to give him the deputyship instead of to Lambert, who was presented with a large sum of money to compensate for the preparations he had made. This is the story told by Mrs. Hutchinson; but as she and her husband both disapproved of Cromwell's elevation, and she greatly contemned the ladies of his family, on whom she said greatness sat like scarlet on an ape, this may have been gossip. Moreover, Vane and Haslerigg had both disapproved of sending Fleetwood to Ireland, so that there were probably other reasons besides this foolish quarrel.

Fleetwood was soon after applied to by Lord Clanricarde for a pass since he had received letters from Charles II. giving permission to him to give up the struggle and save himself. He then submitted on condition of not being obliged to take any oath inconsistent with his duty to the King. Lord Muskerry held out a little longer in Munster, but had to surrender; and on the 26th of September, 1652, the English Parliament declared that the rebels in Ireland were subdued, and peace restored.

Then came an ordinance for the settling of Ireland, beginning with the assurance that it was not the intention of the Parliament to extirpate the Irish nation. This really seems to have been the

original idea with which the war had been begun three years previously; but the actual sight of the country had convinced Cromwell that extermination was impossible, and that he could only revert to the policy of Elizabeth and James, and make new plantations of English.

A Commission was appointed to meet at Kilkenny, presided over by an Irishman named Donnellan, and thence to go on circuit through the island to try and punish all Catholics accused of having shed Protestant blood since 1641, except in battle. The other side of the question was not brought forward.

Altogether, about two hundred suffered, among them Lord Mayo, who was beheaded, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was burnt, the punishment for treason for a woman, not noble. The others were hanged.

Next, the Act passed at the beginning of the war was brought forward, dividing the lands of the rebels among those who should advance money for the war. This was reckoned at 2,500,000 acres.

As to the people, each noble or chief, as he surrendered, had stipulated to be allowed to take with him a certain amount of men, and these he carried off to the service of Spain, France, Austria, or Venice.

Next, Royalists and Catholics were divided into different classes. First the great leaders were absolutely deprived and banished. All who had borne arms against the Parliament forfeited two-thirds of their estates; all who had not actually assisted the Parliament lost one-third; and only those whose property did not amount to £10 per annum were pardoned. Moreover, the thirds that were left were not to be the old homes, but places as far distant as possible therefrom. Indeed, the first idea was to drive all the Romanist population up into Connaught; but this was found impossible, though a good many landholders actually removed thither.

Hosts of widows and orphans thronged the desolate land, and these were driven on shipboard, and sent off to America and the West Indies. All the priests were banished on pain of death, and whoever concealed one was to be whipped and lose his ears. The Cromwellians expected to destroy Popery in another generation, though they could not yet destroy all the Papists.

The vacant lands were granted to the soldiers who had gained the victory, in various lots, and there they settled down, chiefly on estates, not of native Irish, but of the nobles and gentry of the English pale. Some sent for their families, but many married the widow or the daughter of a late proprietor. The Irish on their property, lived by sufferance, watched continually, and treated as the meanest of mankind at first, though their lot softened as the Ironside spirit toned down in the easy life of a farmer or country gentleman.

Some of the dispossessed had fled to the mountains and bogs of the west, and kept up an outlaw life, making forays on the homesteads of their former enemies. They were called Tories and Rapparees, and were so much dreaded that the price of £40 was paid for the head of any one of them, £200 for that of their leader. Of course, the sympathies of the peasantry were with them, especially as they harboured the priests, who from time to time, at the peril of their lives, came down to minister to their people.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXX.

THE POST-BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

Susan. I was surprised at you stopping where you did last week.

Aunt Anne. I did so partly to mark what is the real Baptism.

S. Yes, I have continually to explain that the signing with the Cross is not the Baptism. It used to come long before when the child was admitted as a catechumen.

A. It was removed from that part of the service and made to take the place of the arraying in the white garment and the anointing. The sponsors laid their hands on the child, while the minister put upon it a white vesture, saying, 'Take this white vesture for a token of the innocency which, by God's grace, in this holy Sacrament of Baptism is given unto thee; and for a sign whereby thou art admonished, so long as thou livest, to give thyself to innocency of living, that after this transitory life, thou mayest be partaker of the life everlasting.'

S. And the white robes were worn for some time after?

A. I think the grown-up people wore them from Easter till Pentecost in primitive times.

S. They were a most speaking emblem of the 'walking in white,' the wedding garment. And I suppose the white our babies wear really is a survival of the custom.

A. Therewith came the chrisma—the anointing. The only difference in various branches of the Church was the period at which it took place, some placing it before the giving of the white vesture, some after—as did the Prayer-book of 1549.

S. It was because of that that a very little baby was called a chrisom child, or even a chrisom.

A. Yes; and I believe the word christening really began as equivalent to anointing, though we now explain it as christian-ing.

S. That would explain why admission into the Church should be so commonly called christening. What were the words used?

A. The Priest anointed the infant on the head, saying, 'Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath regenerated thee by water and the Holy Ghost, and hath given unto thee remission of all thy sins; He vouchsafe to anoint thee with the unction of His Holy Spirit, and bring thee to the inheritance of everlasting life. Amen.'

S. And the other Churches keep up the custom ?

A. The Greek Bishops consecrate the oil, and the anointing with this by a priest is held to confer the Seal of Confirmation.

S. I wish our Reformers had not given it up. It seems to deprive us of our rights as the Royal Priesthood.

A. They had hard work to preserve even the signing with the Cross, against the dread of superstitious ceremonies. The first error was with those who let so many generations grow up too untaught to attach the meaning to the sign. And remember, the essential grace of Baptism remains. There is a beautiful and expressive ceremony omitted in that first English book. One of the sponsors carried a wax candle lighted, and it was placed against the hand of the babe, with the words, 'Receive a burning light that cannot be taken out of thy hand. Guard thy Baptism, keep the Commandments, that when the Lord shall come to the wedding, thou mayest be able to meet Him in company with His saints in the heavenly bride chamber, that thou mayest have eternal life and live for ever and ever. Amen.'

S. Oh, what a pity it was dropped.

A. Swept away in the reaction against the superstitious use of tapers. And remember again that to the generality of sponsors those beautiful words, being in Latin, had long been unmeaning. But I must tell you a beautiful legend connected with them. St. Edith, daughter of Edgar the Peaceable, and Abbess of Wilton, had promised a friend to stand godmother to her first daughter. No girl, however, arrived till the Abbess had been three years dead. When the babe was brought to the Cathedral at Winchester, to be baptized by the Bishop Ælfhæg, or, as we know him better, the martyred Archbishop Alphege, as he was going to give the taper, he beheld St. Edith, in the radiance of Paradise, holding the little maiden on her arm, and extending her hand to receive the light, and she remained visible till the service was ended.

S. I suppose it was the very same black font that stands in that Cathedral still. When I saw it, we were told that it was the oldest thing there.

A. No doubt it was. The old form and that of 1549 ended here, except that the Gospel of the Lunatic boy was sometimes read as a prevention of the falling sickness, namely, epilepsy. The latter part was added in 1552—very beneficially, I think.

S. The address has a very strong declaration of doctrine, 'Seeing that this child is regenerate, and grafted into the Body of Christ's Church.' It is like the Christmas Day collect, 'That we, being regenerate——.' Then we are called on to pray that the child, thus new-born into God's family, may lead the rest of his life as he has begun it.

A. Very beautifully, we do so in the 'Prayer of the Faithful,' which now includes the infant, as made God's child by adoption.

Do you know Isaac Williams's paraphrase, applying the meaning to this occasion?

'Our Father, freed from error's chain,
May we Thy children be;
At this blest fountain born again
To filial liberty.

All things are changing, Thou the same,
Thou art our heavenly home,
Be hallowed here our Father's Name
Until His Kingdom come.

So, to Thy Kingdom here below
We little children bring,
For to that Kingdom such we know
The meetest offering.

That they in Thee may here put on
Thy Kingdom's panoply,
And in the path of duty run
As children of the sky.

Oft as breaks out their mother's stain
While they advance to Heaven;
Children in love may they remain
Forgiving and forgiven.

Let nought allure them from Thy Word,
Nor tempt their spirits frail;
But should they fall, O blessed Lord,
Let evil not prevail.'

S. Then comes the thanksgiving and prayer.

A. To which the Presbyterians objected in 1661, disputing the certainty of regeneration having taken place; but they were answered with full authority by the Bishops that Sacraments are effectual where there is no bar against them, such as cannot exist in an infant. But as you know, Baptismal Regeneration has ever since been disputed by those who throw over Church interpretation of Scripture.

S. I know, many books seem to think it a dangerous doctrine, and that those who hold it will not think themselves in need of conversion or repentance.

A. Of course, what is true cannot be dangerous.

S. But how is it about conversion. I vaguely know, but I could not put it rightly.

A. Conversion is turning. A person who has been put in the right path before he can remember, and has always kept on in it, does not need to turn about. If he finds himself straying he goes back on his steps, but never requires one great absolute conscious turn.

S. Such as the person does who has been absolutely going on a wrong path, instead of making deviations and returning.

A. 'A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again' (Prov. xxiv. 16). He is a just man in the main all the time. Perhaps the parable of the prodigal son shows the whole most clearly.

S. He was still the son, able to return and be welcomed. Yes, that was conversion. His sonship would have done him no good if he had not come back. But I thought the elder son stood for the Jewish nation and the Pharisaical spirit.

A. He certainly does for the first, when the parable is taken in that sense. But I do not think that the rebuke to him should be held as a condemnation, but rather as a warning against hardness of judgment. 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine,' is not a sentence of punishment. He is not told that all he has hitherto done is worthless, and that he must make a great change, and come back like his penitent brother, and if he repented at once of his grudging spirit, no doubt his tears were accepted.

S. I see. His was one of those seven falls of the just. The prayer is for perseverance carrying on the spirit of the five collects.

A. And the crucifying the old man is to be carried out by these continual repentances.

S. The reference is to Rom. vi. 6.

A. Yes. The body of sin, its great unconquerable force has been destroyed. In us 'the snake has been scotched but not killed,' and the prayer is that by continually crushing each of its token of life, we may at last utterly destroy its power in ourselves.

S. And finally come the exhortations.

A. Framed in 1549. Bishop Cosin wished to have changed the calling on the child to hear sermons into frequenting divine service, but the opposition was too strong for him.

S. 'The vulgar tongue,' that is a reminiscence of the time when the Creed and Lord's Prayer were only taught as Credo and Pater Noster.

A. So taught in Latin, but all religious folk were also taught paraphrases. Philologists show a collection of versions of the Lord's Prayer from Saxon times showing the changes in the vernacular. I imagine that whether these were actually taught depended on the pains taken in different localities, just as teaching still does.

S. And the rubric holds wherever we come in contact with a fresh language?

A. Yes. If long ago, it had been heeded in dealing with Wales and Ireland, who knows how much might have been spared?

S. And here are the final rubrics.

A. The first is copied from 'Articles to establish Christian Quietness,' published in 1536, but adding the commencement, 'It is certain by God's Word.'

S. I suppose the Word is, 'The promise is unto you and to your children' (Acts ii. 39), and 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven' (Matt. xix. 14).

A. As well as the whole tenor of the Gospel. The babes have been redeemed, have been individually manumitted, and have done nothing to forfeit the Grace they have received, therefore there can

be no doubt of their eternal blessedness. The next reprint of these articles in the 'Institution of a Christian Man' left out the words with which the original sentence closed 'and else not.'

S. But what should be really believed about poor little unbaptised babies? I have read representations that the Church deems them condemned to suffering.

A. The Church *authoritatively* gives no judgment. She leaves the mystery to their merciful God. The harsher school of thinkers, even in early times, did utter very strong opinions as to the lot of all outside the Christian covenant; but these were only deductions, and St. Paul had bidden us not judge others, 'to his own Master he standeth or falleth,' and with our full trust in God's mercy and love to all His creatures, we may surely believe that though they do not share the glorious bliss of the baptized innocents, they are in no state of distress or suffering, but are in some manner at rest—perhaps preparing for better things. So that while every pains is taken to secure to the dying babe the infinite inheritance of glory, we need not be distressed lest other poor little things, for no fault of their own, should be actually condemned to suffering.

S. I see. And what is the reference to the thirtieth canon, drawn up in 1604. That was at the time of James I.'s Conferences.

A. Yes; the Puritans came with strong objections to the signing with the cross, and this canon was drawn up to meet them. It quite convinced Dr. Reynolds, their chief divine. First it adduced the ancient practice of the primitive Christians, then it averred that the abuse of a thing does not take away the lawful use of it, and then that the English Church did not attempt to call the Cross a part of the substance of the Sacrament, nor to ascribe any power to it, but only retains it for the 'remembrance of the Cross, which is very precious to all them that rightly believe in Jesus Christ,' and, 'as a lawful ceremony and badge, whereby the infant is dedicated to the service of Him who died upon the Cross.'

S.

'When soldiers take their sovereign's fee
And swear his own to be,
The royal badge on forehead bold
They show to young and old;
Nor may we hide for fear or shame
The persecuted name.'

AMONG THE BASQUES.

'A BORDER district,' says Mr. E. A. Freeman, 'is always specially rich in materials for history. A glance at the map, a glance at any list of local names, shows how many races and tongues have had their share or their turn in the occupation or the superiority of the district.' And it is to these border lands that we must generally look for such traces as still remain of ancient tribes and nations, who have sometimes been spared by rival powers in order to form a sort of neutral territory, or who, having been driven into the farthest corners of their former possessions, have there turned to bay, and have kept for their own the mountain fastnesses and desert tracts from which their enemies could not or cared not to hunt them.

The south-west corner of France, together with a considerable stretch of country in the north-west of Spain, furnish what is perhaps the most interesting example to be found in Europe of the preservation of a very old race, far older, as the structure of their language shows us, than either of the races which have, so to say, flooded the surrounding countries, and only left a small remnant to testify to the non-Aryan descent of the former inhabitants. This small population, now only numbering some 800,000, still clings to its language and customs, still hands down a marked type of feature, still speaks contemptuously of its conquerors, still exercises its youth in competitions of skill and strength which were perhaps instituted originally in order to develop the muscles and sinews and to discipline the nerve of the 'braves' of each tribe.

And yet, among the many visitors of all nationalities who throng both in summer and winter to Biarritz, that pleasant little watering-place which Imperial patronage brought into notoriety, very few, as we imagine, realise that they are stepping into a mysterious region full of unsolved riddles, to which the most learned scholars are unable to give a positive answer. 'Who are the Basques? What remote period of the world's history witnessed their arrival in southern Europe? Does their tongue present any affinities with other living languages?' These questions and such as these are re-echoed by successive generations, and still the impenetrable veil enshrouds, like one of their own mountain mists, the secret history of this interesting people.

Without attempting even to guess at a solution of any of the problems in language and history offered by the Basques to students, it seemed a pleasant and profitable occupation during an enforced stay of several months on their borders and in their midst to observe some of their characteristics, and thus to relieve the monotony of existence

in what the slang of the day calls a 'health resort.' We were conveniently placed for this purpose, as Biarritz itself is their boundary on the north-west coast of the Gulf of Gascony, and its name bears one of the most common local endings *itz*, or as the natives spell it, *its*; any day, too, their language may be heard in its streets, though French is perhaps more universally spoken in the town itself. Look across the bay to the range of low mountains which stand in bold relief against the southern sky, and you cannot fail to notice the peak which forms a prominent feature of the scene; the guide books call it 'La Rhune,' but that is only a corruption of its now Basque name *Larrun*, derived perhaps from *larra*, bramble; the other mountains grouped in picturesque masses about it still bear polysyllabic titles worthy of Mexico, such as the delicate mouthful *Larra-leecheguya*. On glancing at the maps we find the range studded with such names as Ahunemendi, or kid's mountain, Atchuria, the lamb, possibly named from some fancied resemblance of outline, while the streams gurgle under such uncouth names as Uhailça, perhaps akin to *haina*, windy; Mendialçu, derived from *mendia*, a mountain; Lecumberry, Immenstegui, and the like. It will be noticed that the larger rivers which rise out of the Basque territory, though passing through some portion of it on their course, bear names of French or Spanish origin. But these western Pyrenees and their torrents were named long before the invasion of Roman or Saracen, long before the various Celtic tribes struggled for mastery, by that race which still inhabits their slopes and valleys, and which still proudly holds itself aloof from the 'Gascon,' and not till recent years has given its daughters in marriage to sons of those nations among whom it has dwelt for unnumbered generations.

In historical times the Basque boundary appears to have remained unaltered, at any rate on the French side of the mountains; the language and other characteristics cease abruptly at an invisible line which, drawn from just below Bayonne and Biarritz on the coast, forms an irregular triangle, and strikes the mountains at the Pic d'Aino. Anciently the district was divided into three parts, La Soule, Basse Navarre, and Labourd, which were again subdivided; but the Revolution swept away these landmarks, and now they form about a third part of the department of Basses Pyrénées. The Spanish Basque provinces still are called by their early names of Guipuzcoa, Biscaya, Alava, and Navarra—this last named district being only partly Basque—and cover a much larger area than those in France. The population, too, on the southern side of the mountains, is in the proportion of two-thirds of the whole. But as we cannot speak from personal acquaintance with them, we will only allude in passing to the oak of Guernica, where a kind of national assembly was wont to be held even within the present century, and to the valley of Loyola, where was born Ignatius Loyola, a scion of this mysterious race, and destined to be one of the greatest forces the

world has ever seen. The well-known portrait of him shows the type of countenance still to be seen among his compatriots; a somewhat square face, with clearly cut features, bright eyes, and rather high cheek-bones, which produce a certain likeness to the Lowland Scotch peasant; a resemblance which is heightened by the dark blue *béret*, a cap not unlike the Scotch 'bonnet' in form and colour. At a little distance, a group of elderly peasants wearing their *bérets*, and leaning on their stout sticks as they talk eagerly together, might be supposed to have stepped out of one of Landseer's or Faed's pictures, and the illusion is increased by the frequent sound of (as we think) 'Yes, yes;' in reality '*es*,' which signifies 'no.' The frequent use of the aspirated *h* and the strong consonant sounds in which the language is rich, give it a curious likeness in sound to English, as one hears it spoken under the windows, or as one passes through a crowded market-place; and yet, if we listen more closely, not a word can we understand, unless it be some scrap of French or Spanish which has been, as it were, embedded in the older language in order to express a modern want or thought, too complicated or too civilised for expression in a tongue of such extreme antiquity as, by all laws of philology, this is proved to be.

In going south from Biarritz, the first village that we come to introduces us to the *pays des Basques*, and the eye must be unobservant indeed that does not notice at once some peculiarities of architecture. The houses are built with sloping red-tiled roofs, and as the family increases in number a room is apparently thrown out at the side, and then others as required, so that often the eaves are twice as high from the ground on one side as on the other, and the newest rooms must be very low indeed. A great deal of wood is used in the building, reminding us of the 'black-band' of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, only in these southern houses the beams are generally painted some light colour, most frequently green or pale brown. These touches of colour give a very cheerful aspect to the villages, which are cleaner and tidier than most that we have seen in France. Just outside the village, if it is built near the sea-coast, stands probably a small tower, said by some to have been used in old days as a watch tower, not for enemies, but to mark and give notice of the appearance of whales in the Gulf of Gascony, for the Basques were once the most skilful whalers in Europe, and went even as far as the shores of Greenland in pursuit of their prey; though indeed until the latter part of the seventeenth century their prey often came to them, and many an exciting scene of harpooning have the stormy waves of Biscay witnessed. Bold travellers the men of this coast have been in all ages, and Francis Xavier, whose real name was purely Basque, 'Etoheberry,' new house, did but follow the instincts of his race when he carried the Gospel to distant India and Japan. At the present day there are some 200,000 settled in Mexico, Montevideo, and La Plata, who keep up the national language and

traditions; and Canon Kingsley mentions in 'At Last' that one of the coves of the small islands off Trinidad is called the *Ance Biscayen*, which may have been thus named by a Basque wanderer.

But to revert to our village. The church may probably stand on a slight eminence in a churchyard full of gravestones, which are of very various shapes and designs; some will be low and rounded, with twisted patterns carved on them, while others are recumbent, with crosses and inscriptions incised; or again, there are many erect crosses of good proportion and original design; flowers are planted among the graves, and in April we saw them covered with the beautiful purple flag in full bloom, giving a kind of victorious radiance and glow of spring and hope to these peaceful resting-places. Two such churchyards have left a specially deep impression; the first was at Arcanques, a little village of which much mention is made in Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War.' Here the church stands on an inland cliff which irresistibly suggests a strong military position, commanding, as it does, even Bayonne itself, which can be clearly seen away on the north-west, its spires gleaming in the sunlight, and the silver line of sea beyond. To the south and east stretches the grand chain of Pyrenees, peak behind peak, and clad when we first saw that view in a snow mantle partly veiled by masses of grey cloud. Below us, a heathy rolling plain, brightened by patches of golden gorse, gave a foreground to the picture, and as we stood and gazed on that noble view, we could not but remember the days when round and over the cliff that 'tide of battle rolled,' and French and English and Spanish soldiers met and fought and fell less than a hundred years ago; yet the great waves of strife have flowed and ebbed, and left that quiet spot unaltered.

The scene of our other memory-picture was not more than some ten miles distant from Arcanques, but how different! If the former suggested thoughts of war, this surely seemed an embodiment of peace. A sunny April day, the trees fresh and lovely in their spring tints, the mountains showing every tender shade of green and blue; far beneath us the river Nive curved proudly between its rocky banks, and the churchyard of Cambo, purple with flags, bright with bushes of white lilac in fullest beauty, seemed to speak of the eternal spring, of the unfading flowers of Paradise.

The Basques are—like most mountaineers—religious folk, and from an early hour on Sunday till the latest mass is over, there may be seen a continual stream of people on the way to church. The women are always dressed in black when they attend service, and wear on their heads, instead of the coloured handkerchiefs of week-day wear, black veils or hoods, occasionally the Spanish *mantilla*, but more often an opaque black veil, which might lead one to imagine a congregation of peasant women to be all nuns. The church is entered by a sort of narthex or passage-porch, formerly used, it is said, for village assemblies; the west wall is run up above

the nave roof, and in it the bell is usually hung, for towers, though occasionally seen, are not common. Within the church the eye is at once struck by three tiers of galleries, often elaborately carved and gilt, which are carried round three sides of the building, and in which the men are placed, while the women occupy the body of the church, where there are sometimes chairs, but more often no fittings whatever. The high altar is raised by several steps, which do not run across the whole width of the sanctuary, but form a wide staircase with a rail on either side. There are no columns or arches or side chapels, and the plain oblong building is terminated by an apse at the east end. The windows are small, in shape either round or square, with no tracery or ornament about them; in fact the only attempt at detail is generally to be found in the woodwork of the galleries, wall-plate, and rafters. That this simplicity of architecture is a national characteristic, not merely an evidence of want of means, is pretty clearly shown by a comparison between Bayonne Cathedral, and the great Church of S. Jean-de-Luz. The two places are not twenty miles apart, and though Bayonne is now the much more important place of the two, in the days of the Basque whaling expeditions, S. Jean-de-Luz was a town of considerable wealth, and it was of sufficient importance to be selected as the scene of the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta. Yet Bayonne possesses a Cathedral which is one of the most graceful specimens of Gothic architecture in France, full of beautiful traceries and of detail of every kind; while the church of the Basque town is plain enough to gratify the grimmest Puritan, though its exquisite proportions give it a great charm and dignity, and its galleries are ornamented with masterly wood-carving. These galleries are also signs of the distinction of race, and even in the churches now building the separation of the sexes is thus made part of the architectural design. We have indeed noticed a similar arrangement in some of the French Pyrenean villages, but there was only one gallery, not the three tiers which form so marked a feature of the Basque churches.

At a service which we attended, the reverent behaviour of the people was very impressive. The men from their galleries joined heartily in the singing, which was led by a little band of choristers who yelled rather than sang quaint and ancient music. Presently the old *curé* ascended the pulpit and preached very rapidly and in a low voice a sermon in the vernacular, which was of course quite unintelligible to us, but which was evidently highly appreciated by his audience, who sat with their eyes fixed on him with rapt attention.

In the afternoon of Sunday the congregation of the morning might be found, *curé* and all, assembled on the public tennis-ground, engaged in playing or in watching played some variety of the national *jeu de paume*, or *pelote* as it is locally called. A tennis-court is to be found in every Basque village; it consists of a long

rectangular space surrounded on three sides by walls, and carefully levelled. One end is open, the other is closed by a high wall, the top of which may be either flat or semicircular. This is called the *rebot*, and it is against this wall that the ball is thrown. Commonly it bears an inscription: *Debekatua da bleka haritcea*, which means 'It is forbidden to play at *blé*,' *blé* being another form of the game mostly affected by the small boys. The side walls are low and are often built in steps so as to serve as seats for the spectators; they may be wanting altogether, and we have sometimes seen them continued by wooden benches. The game is played by six or eight men in their shirt-sleeves, with blue *bérets* on their heads, red sashes round their waists, and *spadrilles* (i.e. shoes made of canvas with string soles) on their feet; on their right hands they carry a kind of long narrow shield or racquet of basket work, with which the ball is struck, and which is made with a leather glove inside into which the hand slips. There is great excitement shown by the spectators, who bet heavily on the games, and who are occasionally called on to act as umpires when the decision of the regular umpire is disputed. In such a case one of the players cries '*plaza*,' and the umpire thereupon collects the opinion of the on-lookers. The opinion of the majority thus expressed is held to be decisive and irrevocable. Often matches are played by champions from neighbouring villages, and there is a perfect passion for the game throughout the Basque districts.

Trinquet is another form of it, played in a covered building which has a gallery for spectators; it is usually played on market days in the larger places, and women sometimes take part in it. It is said to be almost identical with the old game of tennis, but we were deterred from studying it for ourselves by the extreme heat and stuffiness of the covered ground. It was a far easier and pleasanter business to watch the *jeu de paume* in the open air, under the blue sky, and in shade of great flower-laden acacias which shed their blossoms and their fragrance far and wide.

These popular games have a very beneficial effect on the carriage and build of the men, who are invariably broad chested and muscular, though not particularly tall; their heads are well set on, and they move with grace and freedom. The women reap similar advantages from their practice of carrying heavy weights on their heads; they walk with a dignity and grace which many a fine lady might envy, and we noticed a woman one day who was stooping to pick up a child, balancing all the while a heavy earthenware water-pot on her head. Both sexes have a way of carrying the head slightly thrown back, which gives them a striking look of proud independence, a look quite borne out by many little traits of character observed in our dealings with them. At a stall in the market at Hasparren, for instance, one of our party wished to buy a bell such as the cattle wear on their necks, but as the price asked was thought too high, a lower one

was offered. A Frenchman would probably have enjoyed a little brisk bargaining, and would have consented to take two-thirds of the sum at first named, but the Basque snatched away his bell, and as much by gesture as by word intimated that his price must be paid, and that nothing less would be accepted by him.

They are a remarkably honest, and as far as we could judge, truthful race, and pleasanter in their manner to strangers than is the average southern peasant. Begging, in our experience, does not exist. In the towns and on the frontier they can often speak both French and Spanish besides their own tongue, and at S. Jean-de-Luz we met with a chambermaid who, in addition to these, had also even picked up some English! Still we fancy that it will be no easy matter to get rid of their own curious old language, as the French Government is, we believe, trying to do. We came across a girl of about fifteen, in an inn on a fairly frequented high road, who though she had been through the school course, had forgotten every word of French, and could not understand, much less answer, the simplest remarks made in it. Blushing and giggling, she rushed off to call her mistress to the rescue, and to interpret between us. And on another occasion we found ourselves in a sore strait, for two of us had started to walk from the pretty village of Bédarray to a *point de vue* euphoniously named 'Pont d'Enfer.'

'You can't miss the way,' we had been told, and of course, as always happens on such occasions, within a mile or so the path forked evenly to right and left. A cottage was near, but that did not help us, for the inhabitants of it knew no language but their own. These, however, were elderly people, and when presently we came in sight of another house, in front of which children were playing, we thought that surely they would have picked up some French in the *école communale*. But no! we were again met by incomprehensible remarks and gestures, which plainly said that they could not understand us; we tried French, and then Spanish, as we were very near the frontier, but all was in vain. A family party, consisting of—as far as we could judge—father, mother, several children of various sizes, and some young girls, presumably the mother's sisters, looked at us with great and friendly interest, much as amiable Pacific Islanders might look at the first white man landed on their shores. Presently the man spoke to his wife, who went indoors and quickly returned with a bottle filled with a pinkish fluid and a glass, into which she poured some of the 'wine' and handed it to us, and after we had drunk a little gave some to her husband. This struck us as a graceful act of savage hospitality. The taste of the liquor was something like thin vinegar, and we fancied that we understood from their gestures that it had been made on the premises. Fortunately our scanty Basque vocabulary included the words for 'no' and 'thank you.' These were called into use when, after being invited by signs into the house, which was as spotlessly clean as any

one could wish to see, we were offered bread, and a kind of pancake, and other eatables. Evidently the good people took in the idea that we had lost our way, and assumed that we must therefore be short of food. At last we left them, bidding them 'good-day,' in their own tongue, and intending to continue our ramble; but unluckily for us, our friend's house was in a commanding situation, and they, full of the imagination that we wanted to be guided back to the place we had come from, shouted after us and pointed and gesticulated, till we were fairly forced to retrace our steps and return to Bédarray by the identical path which had brought us thence. But the whole adventure was an amusing one, and one which made us realise more vividly than ever how rooted the Basque language is among the people, and how far they still are from blending with the French. The emigrants too, as we are told by those who have been among them, keep up the use of their own tongue in their Californian and Mexican and Peruvian homes.

Another 'note' of their nationality is the dance called the *sant Basque*. We were fortunate enough to witness it on the occasion of a village feast, but it is becoming rare, and we were sadly told by a middle-aged driver, himself a proficient, that the young men do not care to learn it. The reason of this is perhaps that in the old dance the men dance together while the women look on, and it is conceivable that the youths may prefer partners of the fairer sex. Certainly the fact remains that when we saw the dance, the dancers were all men no longer young. A fiddler sat on a barrel, and the dance, which consisted of a rythmical springing into the air, accompanied by appropriate clappings of hands and snappings of fingers, went on gravely around him, while the women were grouped outside the circle of dancers. It all took place in the open air, on a little grass plot just by the churchyard wall, and after inspecting the church, we were amused to find that our driver, a remarkably staid man of about sixty, had joined the dance, and was jumping and snapping his fingers with the best of them.

Of literature the Basques have but little, and such as there is almost entirely consists of translations from other languages. It is as men of action—from the time that they cut off Charlemagne's 'paladins and piers' in the deadly pass of Roncevalles; as bold navigators even to the frozen shores of Greenland; as generals such as Harispe, who helped to check the advance of Wellington during those months when the French armies were being forced back inch by inch; as missionaries faithful and fearless like Xavier—that this people's greatest lights have shone. And so, as might be expected of such a race, their original literature takes the form of ballads, handed down orally, set to wild melodies which may well have reminded the travellers of their distant mountain homes, and have nerved the arm of the warrior as he sang of love or of war. Some of these ballads have been collected and printed with their music, which has a marked character of its

own ; usually the airs are set in minor keys, and the intervals used rather seem to resemble those of the ancient 'plain-song' than more modern music. A song which was evidently a great favourite with the maid who dusted our rooms in one place, and who was constantly singing it as she swept, reminded us of the old hymn for Easter, *O filii et filias*. The words, however, were purely secular, beginning 'fare-well, beloved.' This ballad was only one of a considerable number still commonly sung. Sometimes they are lamentations over the death or defeat of some hero, sometimes they are convivial or comic, but of course the majority are love songs. These frequently take the form of a dialogue between a girl and her lover ; she distrusts or scorns his advances, while he vehemently or tenderly urges his suit. There are many references to the *palombe*, the white mountain dove which is caught with nets in the Pyrenees during the autumn months, and which furnishes a simile ready to the hand of the Basque poet. We give a short specimen of this class of songs, translated from M. Vinson's French version given in his interesting little book *Les Basques et le Pays Basque* :

'O, white dove, whither wilt thou go?
Each mountain pass is full of snow ;
Come, tarry till the morning light
And rest beneath my roof this night.

The snowy drifts I do not fear,
Nor yet the darkness drawing near,
My well-beloved, for thee I'd brave
All dangers of the land or wave.

Fair is the white dove's snowy wing,
But 'tis not of the dove I sing.
Dear one, thy like can ne'er be found
If I should search the whole world round.'

A ballad of very different character recalls some incident of feudal days when the French 'count' exercised some kind of suzerainty over the Basques, and when there was a continual petty warfare between the two races. In the translation an attempt has been made to imitate the roughness of rhyme and rhythm found in the original. The story is suggested rather than told by the poet, who doubtless wrote at a time when it was unnecessary to give more than an outline of the tragedy. It should be mentioned that the 'sons of Aitor' is the Basque term for the foreign nobles.

'No marrow have the trees
Nor any bones the cheese ;—
I knew not, I, that Aitor's sons could be as false as these !

Andoce's valley long—
Ah, me ! the valley long !
My heart is stricken sore with grief, and wrung with anguish strong.

Berterretch from his bed
Soft to his servant said
Go forth and tell me if my cruel foes are gathered.

The maid makes quick reply
 I see before mine eye
 Thrice twelve armed men who into every window look and pry.

Now from his window he
 Makes offer courteously
 Of five score cows unto the Count if he will set him free.

The traitor Count straightway
 To Berterretch did say
 Come to the door, thou surely shalt return without delay.

Oh, mother, now give me
 My shirt, perchance 'twill be
 The last, who lives this Easter morn will keep in memory.

Oh! Mari-Santz ran fast!
 Bost-Mendieta past
 Upon her knees before Buztanobi she fell at last.

O, young Buztanobi,
 O, brother, dear to me,
 If thou wilt give no aid my son is lost assuredly.

My sister, hold thy peace
 And from thy weeping cease,
 Thy son, if still he lives, must be at Mauleon ere this.

Oh! Mari-Santz ran well!
 Before the Count she fell,
 Ah! ah! my lord, where have you my brave son, I pray you tell.

Is Berterretch thy son?
 Is he thine only one?
 Near Espeldoy, he now lies dead, if thou canst save him, run.

Espeldoy's hearts of stone
 No kindness have they shown,
 They had a corpse so near their doors, and yet it was not known!

Espeldoy's maiden sweet—
 They call her Marguerite—
 Her hands are full of blood of Berterretch dead at her feet.'

The final verse does not lend itself kindly to translation, at any rate into English. We append the version of M. Sallaberry, the compiler of a volume of Basque songs with their native melodies:

'La lessive des Espeldoy
 Oh! la belle lessive!
 Il s'y trouve, dit-on, trois douzaines de chemises de Berterretch.'

It must be owned that there is a certain bathos in this conclusion, and it is difficult to see the force of it, unless it be that the cold-hearted inhabitants of Espeldoy plundered the goods of the murdered Berterretch and became possessed of the 'trois douzaines de chemises!'

We have tried in this slight sketch to give some of the more salient characteristics of the Basques, such as may be observed by a passing traveller who takes an interest in the diversities of race and language which are to be met with at no great distance from our own shores. Except from philologists, it seems to us that these people have hardly

received as much notice as they deserve. Most of the French writers on the subject try to minimise the differences which to our eyes form so sharp a boundary line between their compatriots and the *Escualdunak*, as the Basques call themselves. M. Francisque Michel, however, writes sympathetically, even enthusiastically about them, and his book should be studied by all who wish for a full account of the customs, history, and celebrities of this most interesting race, the last remnant, as it would seem, if we except the Finns, of the old pre-Aryan stock in Europe. We have confined ourselves as far as possible to our own experiences 'among the Basques,' pleasant experiences which it is our hope at some future day to repeat and enlarge.

E. E. K.

THE SPINSTERS.

It was a burning summer day, and I was alone in a fragrant fir-wood, lying at my ease upon a mossy cushion covered with brown fir-needles, and letting my thoughts run without control over the various subjects which had of late most frequently occupied them. One of these was a discussion which I had had with my wife upon the subject of the relative capacities of men and women. We did not agree in our conclusions, and she lost her temper—I never lose mine—and told me that it was quite self-evident that a world composed entirely of women would be a much more successful one than a world composed entirely of men. I told her that the opposite proposition was equally self-evident to me; and then, lest she should be led into a conjugal quarrel of which I was sure she would repent, I walked away without giving her time for an answer.

All at once I looked up and saw standing close beside me a little active middle-aged lady, dressed in a short skirt and close bodice of brown satin, which fitted closely to her neat little figure. On her head she wore a hood of the same material; and her boots, stockings, and gloves all matched exactly with the rest of her dress. The expression on her face was not benevolent, nor unkind, nor domineering, nor could it be described as anything but intensely businesslike. Apparently she had not seen me, for when I rose up, feeling that my easy recumbent attitude was not exactly suited for the presence of a lady, she gave a great start, and apparently would have hastened off if I had not said, 'Pray do not let me disturb you, madam,' which apparently reassured her. She sat down again, and I noticed that she was out of breath, and seemed fatigued.

'I am afraid you are tired,' I said.

'Tired? I should think I was. It is our wedding-day.'

Cause and effect did not seem extremely clear to me, and I wondered why the bridegroom had been so ungallant as to leave his bride alone on so interesting an occasion. 'I suppose,' I said, 'the happy man is at no great distance. This is a pleasant wood to wander in with—er—one we love.'

She looked at me in bewilderment, till suddenly she seemed to understand what I said, and an indignant flush rose up in her face. 'Sir!' she said, 'do you mean to insult me? or is it possible you take me for one of the brides?'

I did not know what I had done, and remarked that I did not quite see how I should be supposed to know.

'Sir,' she said, 'you ought to have known. Look at my back. Where is my lace veil? Besides, you might have known by looking at me that I had something better to do in life than merely to become the mother of a family.'

'Surely,' I said, anxious to excuse myself, and glad that my wife was not here to be set up with my praise, 'the mother of a family has no easy task. There is the personal care of her little cherubs—the mere washing and dressing of them is no sinecure—and then the education—the training them into useful members of society.'

'Go on,' she said, sarcastically. 'I knew men were fools, but I never knew they were such fools as this. Conceive the mother of a family doing anything useful, and a man thinking so! Ha, ha!'

'Who does so if the mother does not?' I said.

'After all,' she said more placidly, 'I believe you are only ignorant, and no one can expect much of a man; and no doubt your tribe is a very inferior one to ours. If you really wish for information, I will give it you. We wash and dress the infants—we prepare the food, and feed the children—we teach them and train them: and in addition to this, we feed the mother who sits all day in her nursery—lazy thing—doing nothing.'

'And you are?—'

'I am—a Spinster!'

It is impossible to give any impression of the conscious pride with which my friend uttered this word.

'And do the children turn out well?' I said, somewhat comforted to hear that I did not stand alone in this lady's scorn, but that my wife would fare no better. 'I should be so glad to see a household carried on on such principles. I have domestic troubles sometimes, and it might give me a hint which I could pass on to my wife.'

'No doubt it might if you were capable of taking one in,' she replied scornfully.

At this moment another little brown lady, in dress and appearance exactly like the first, came up to join her. 'Oh, Brownie, there you are,' she said; 'I wondered where you had gone to. And whom have you got here? Not one of our tribe?'

'A man,' said Miss Brownie, lowering her voice, '*really* intelligent enough to ask questions, and cheeky enough to expect to get them answered!'

'He has pulled off his gauze veil, I see,' said the other, whose name I found afterwards was Floribel. 'Or has he never been married?'

'He spoke about his wife just now.'

'Strange, that he should have survived his marriage so long!' said Miss Floribel.

'He wants to see our community. Shall we let him see it, Floribel? He is at least harmless, and probably will soon die. I think myself it might be as well. In his tribe, he says, the mothers wash and dress the babies—how badly they must do it, to be sure;

but no doubt when he sees our superior ways, he will go and start the same in his tribe—if he has time before he dies.’

I did not like nor understand these frequent allusions to my death; but I said, ‘I assure you, ladies, when I insured my life last week I was told that it was an extremely sound one. If you will kindly allow me to see your community, I assure you that I have a good hope of surviving for quite long enough to make the world the better for my discoveries.’

‘Well,’ said Miss Floribel, ‘you can’t come now at any rate. This is our wedding-day.’

‘I thought,’ I said, meekly, ‘that you were both of you—spinsters.’

‘What of that?’ said Miss Brownie. ‘Does that prevent its being our tribe’s wedding-day?’

‘Oh! your tribe’s,’ I said, as if my ideas cleared up at last, though when I came to think of it, this seemed as puzzling as ever. Did their tribe marry another tribe, *en masse*, or what was the meaning of it.

‘Yes,’ said Miss Floribel; ‘so you may conceive we are busy. But if you like to come in a fortnight’s time to the gates of our city, we will take you in and show you a thing or two.’

‘Thanks, ladies—many thanks. But where are the gates of your city?’

‘Come with us, and we will show you the way,’ said Miss Brownie.

I rose, but to my surprise, a curious change had passed over the whole scene. When I entered the wood, I had not noticed anything but an ordinary firwood; but now, I suddenly found myself in a country of loftier mountains than I had ever seen even in Switzerland, and of stranger shapes. The ground, which had been tolerably level and easy to walk on, had suddenly become encumbered with enormous boulders, but Miss Brownie and Miss Floribel tripped along it so cheerfully that I could only follow without complaining.

All at once I heard a groan proceeding from behind one of the boulders, and turning round to see what produced it, I beheld a man in a brown satin dress, fitting close to his figure in antique style, lying on the ground, apparently not far from death. A lace veil, attached to his person, so as to float from his shoulders, was lying on the ground behind him, all draggled in the dust.

‘Come on, come on,’ said Miss Brownie, impatiently.

‘But there is a man dying here,’ I said; ‘and common humanity——’

‘Common fiddlestick!’ said Miss Brownie; but she went so far as to pop her head round the corner of the boulder. ‘I thought as much, only one of those wretched bridegrooms. Come on.’

‘Why do you leave him to die alone? I don’t see the signs of any wound. If he were taken care of and tended, might he not recover?’

‘The wild beasts will take care of him soon enough,’ said Miss Floribel, in a calm and business-like tone; ‘when we tell you he is a bridegroom, don’t you understand there would be no earthly use in

trying to keep him alive after his wedding-day? Do you suppose we allow useless mouths in our city?’

‘There is the gate of our city,’ said Miss Brownie, who had mounted a boulder, pointing out to me a sandstone gateway at some little distance. We must get home, and you dawdle so, with your maudlin sympathy over bridegrooms and such rubbish, that you are wasting our valuable time. However, if you come to the gate this day fortnight, I will speak to the guards to admit you.’

And Floribel and Brownie trotted off briskly, while I went behind the boulder to see what I could do to help my unfortunate fellow-creature.

He seemed, however, unconscious of my presence, and the only words he uttered were, ‘Sweetest Chloe!’ Suddenly, however, he looked up and saw me.

‘Can I help you?’ I said.

He shook his head. ‘My time is near,’ he said; ‘we had a lovely honeymoon; alas, that it was so short! but fate is stronger than we. Ah! we were merry last night and this morning! but human nature cannot endure such happiness long. Our delight wears us out and then we die. Chloe, Chloe, my beloved! If you see her, tell her her Strephon thought of her to his last breath. What is that? Fly! Hide!’

For suddenly the sky grew dark, and a rushing like thunderous wings was heard above us. A sudden impulse seized me, and I rushed into a cave formed by several boulders, whence I looked fearfully out to see what would happen to poor Strephon. A gigantic creature, with claws that would have crushed an elephant, and a beak at least eighteen feet long, alighted near us. One snap and Strephon was no more. I knew that I had at last seen the Jabberwock of my youth, and trembled.

I had not the least conception of my way home, and thought that on the whole I had better stay where I was, if I could get food to support me for the next fortnight, until Miss Brownie and Miss Floribel should open the gates to me. When I had sufficiently recovered from my fright at the Jabberwock, I sallied forth to see if there were any village in the neighbourhood where I could put up for a time. I climbed to the top of a high hill and looked around. The sandstone gateway of the city fronted me, but no other sign of human habitation. On a pasture, however, at no great distance, I perceived a flock of strange green animals, like cows in shape, and presently I saw one or two little brown ladies, attired like Floribel and Brownie, going away with their milk-pails. Different kinds of grain appeared to grow freely in the neighbourhood, and my fears as to starvation were quickly set at rest. I will pass over my adventures on this occasion; suffice it to say that by watching my opportunity I was enabled to milk the green cows, which were most amiable, not to say lethargic in disposition, and though my living was rough, I did not suffer in any way from hunger during this time of waiting.

I was determined to prosecute my discoveries while I had the opportunity.

At last the appointed day came, and I walked up to the gateway of the city which was guarded, as I had been led to expect; but what was my surprise at perceiving that all the guards were ladies, dressed in the identical costume of my former friends, Miss Brownie and Miss Floribel. The natty brown satin dresses, hoods, etc., were all exactly the same; but I observed that each of them was armed with a rifle, which she presented at me as I approached. This was almost as dangerous as the Jabberwock, but my peril was quickly ended by the voice of Miss Brownie, crying out—

‘Now then, stupid! what did I tell you about the black gentleman with a white face?’

The guards turned round, curtsied, and grounded their rifles. I walked through them unharmed, and hastened to Miss Brownie’s side, holding out my hand. She did not, however, take it, nor did she give me time for any small change of polite conversation.

‘Come along,’ she said; ‘there is a great deal to see, and unless you give your mind to what you are doing, I shall not take the trouble to convoy you about. I shall leave you in the lurch, and if you are found in the city without my protection, you will simply be put to death. So I give you fair warning. Come on.’

She trotted along so briskly that I had hard work to keep up with her; but at the same time her warning had impressed me so deeply that I did not dare to ask her to go a little more slowly. However, there was so much to explain that even her energy did not allow her to go at full speed while she was talking, and thus I had time to take breath.

I found myself in the midst of an extremely busy scene. The streets were full of little brown ladies, all with the same air of *empressement* which characterised Miss Brownie—all in a hurry, and all full of business. Not a single man was to be seen anywhere. I commented on this fact, and Miss Brownie remarked—

‘What would you expect? You know as well as I do that it was our wedding-day a fortnight ago, and all the men of course are dead by now. I’m glad of it—useless, lumbering things, always lounging about the place and making sheep’s-eyes at the brides! However, we have three mothers in the city now, so there is no fear of that branch of the tribe becoming extinct! We should have had only two, but I found that foolish Chloe just in time, lying on the ground and calling out for her husband as if the world would come to an end when he did. So I pulled off her veil and told her it was her duty now to come and be a mother of the community, and not to be so silly as to lie about there till something came and ate her up. So she came, and I put her into the nursery, and I hope she has by this time begun to fulfil her duty towards us. I am going to see her now.’

I followed her through various passages till we came to a room

where a great many ladies were engaged in washing and feeding an enormous number of very small children. They seemed to do this with great care and gentleness, though their ways were quite as business-like as Miss Brownie's.

'Where are the elder children?' she asked.

'We moved some of them into the school this morning, ma'am,' was the reply.

'Oh,' said Brownie, and led me through another door into a smaller room, where a very large, but meek-looking lady in a widow's cap, was reclining in an easy-chair. Brownie made a deep curtsy, but it was entirely as a point of etiquette, for there was evidently no reverence in her tone.

'Well, Mrs. Chloe, how does your mothership do this morning? How many by this time?' she said in a cheery tone.

'Ninety-eight, Miss Brownie,' answered a weak voice.

'Ninety-eight? The community expected at least a hundred and ten,' said Miss Brownie. 'And how many girls out of the lot?'

'Only sixty-three,' said Chloe, apologetically.

'Sixty-three? Does your mothership mean that you—you, Mrs. Chloe—after being placed in this position for the good of the community, fed with the choicest dainties, and treated with the most absolute respect by the whole tribe—have had the incredible folly to become the mother of thirty-five sons? Upon my word, if I had known what was going to happen, I should have been tempted to leave your mothership to die like Strephon!'

'I wish you had,' sobbed Chloe, wiping her eyes with a voluminous handkerchief. 'I'm sure I couldn't help it, Miss Brownie. And after all,' she added, with a spark of spirit, 'I don't care either. Strephon was a dear fellow, and if they all grow up as sweet as he was——'

'Just like one of those silly sentimental brides!' said Miss Brownie to me under her breath, and bustled about the room as she did so, tidying and arranging things with all the deftness of a practised housemaid. I seized the opportunity of giving the afflicted widow Strephon's farewell message, and telling her of my last sight of him.

'Poor dear fellow,' she replied, 'so that was his end. I hope he disagreed with the Jabberwock. I hope so.'

By this time Miss Brownie had finished her task, and hurried me out again.

'It is all very well for her,' she said, indignantly, 'who sits there and does nothing, not to mind how many useless mouths she brings into the world: and by the laws of the nation we have to treat her with respect, however she tries us. But it is impossible to prevent the mothers from presuming on their position. They know that by law they are exempt from punishment; but I really think sometimes that we must have a general Congress, and make some rule about the

number of sons, beyond which they should not be allowed to go. Five per cent., I have always said, would be ample. What proportion do you think desirable?’

‘Absolute equality of number,’ I said, ‘is of course what we should wish for, but I have always heard that the proportion of women with us is beyond that of men, and this we lament much. It upsets the equilibrium of our social system, and produces many blighted lives.’

I had forgotten to whom I was speaking, and caught myself up, dreading that Miss Brownie might carry out her threat, and leave me alone in the midst of these inexorable ladies; but happily the first part of my remark caused her so much surprise that she did not attend to the latter part.

‘Equality!’ she cried. ‘Then whom will you have to do all the work? Do you mean that half, or even a quarter, of the population is to feed all these miserable idlers? If so, I wonder your tribe has not become extinct long before this; it well deserves to be.’

I thought it wisest to acquiesce in this remark, for I was by this time fully impressed with the necessity of keeping Miss Brownie in a good temper. To change the subject, I said—

‘What is your form of government?’

‘A Republic, of course,’ she said, ‘ruled by most stringent laws. We are all free, and glory in our freedom. We—I dare say you have observed it—we keep no slaves. We do not approve of the principle.’

‘Every feeling of humanity,’ I said, ‘revolts against the principle of taking away the liberty of a fellow-creature.’

‘Fiddlestick!’ said Miss Brownie. ‘That is not our reason at all. We object to it on our own account. Why, there is a tribe near here—not belonging to our nation, but another—where the stupid women have been served so long by their slaves that they simply can’t eat unless their slaves are there to feed them. They don’t know how to put their food into their mouths! I am not saying that they haven’t their own merits; they are uncommonly strong as soldiers, and I should get out of their way as quick as I could if I saw a regiment coming against me; but conceive being so dependent that you starved to death if you had not got a slave at your elbow. Now *we* kill our enemies. We don’t make slaves of them, because, though good for them, it might be bad for us. Do you see?’

I did not quite know what to say, and she went on—

‘I *have* been told that most extraordinary stories are abroad about us. People fancy we are a Monarchy, and call our mother our queen. Isn’t it rich? Fancy our all obeying that great log of a Chloe, whom we keep there as a valuable servant to provide us with population, and give her privileges for that reason. But foreigners are so ignorant!’

Time would fail me to tell of all I saw under Miss Brownie’s tuition. She trotted about on her little tireless brown feet, and

showed me all the arrangements of the city. We went to the schools, where we saw the young children being instructed and fed; they were kindly but not tenderly treated, yet I thought they seemed very happy. In one class they were spinning; this I was told was the highest class, and that when they had spun themselves a pair of sheets, their education was finished. After that, to rest from their educational labours, they all went to bed for a given period in the pair of sheets they had spun. Miss Brownie showed me the dormitory where they slept, all swathed in their white sheets, watched over carefully by some of the brown sisterhood. Their education must have been a more severe ordeal than it looked, for this sleep lasted for some days; but when they awoke they were carefully arrayed by their governesses in the brown costume of the tribe, and took their place as full-grown and active members of it, except the brides and bridegrooms, who were at once invested with lace veils, and apparently did nothing but make love to each other.

‘But,’ I said, ‘if a bridegroom happened to fix his affection upon a lady without a lace veil, what would happen?’

‘She would bite him,’ said Miss Brownie simply. ‘She has more important things to think of than a man making sheep’s-eyes at her. Still I won’t say that there have not been spinsters who have been false to their calling and become wives; but what has been the result? Why, they had a family of boys!’

Miss Brownie waited to let this awful punishment sink into my mind. Then she went on: ‘We are all of us first sent to the nursery, and have to learn to take care of the babies, and that is pretty hard work. Then there is milking the cows, and then the schoolroom to be seen after, and food to be foraged for; and then we all have to be drilled in military duties.’

‘How soon do they begin?’ I said.

‘Why, the children in the schoolroom are taught to distinguish their friends from their enemies; but it is not till we are quite grown up that we have actually to go and fight. But I assure you it is hard work. The last time we went to war we had to come back with hardly a prisoner between us.’

‘But with all this work, when do you have any recreation? or do you never need it?’

‘Oh, you have not seen the gymnasium yet; I forgot. Come on.’ And without more words, Miss Brownie led me into a space where games and races were going on among the younger ladies. Some climbed up a tree, and holding on with one hand, amused themselves by brushing their companions’ hair with the other. They appeared to be very fond of brushing and shampooing one another, but I could not understand why they should prefer to do it in the middle of their gymnastics rather than on the ground.

‘Why, stupid, any one could do it on the ground. They wish to get kudos in the tribe for their extra agility,’ said Miss Brownie.

‘Women are mostly unreasonable,’ I said to myself; but of course my politeness was such that I did not breathe my views to Miss Brownie.

Suddenly, as I was watching all this, the scene changed. A guard came hurrying up, and instantly all the climbing, running, and brushing ceased. The ladies crowded together, Brownie among them. They formed themselves into a line of march, and at a brisk pace left the gymnasium, apparently without considering me. All were gone except one, a young lady named Linda, who had hurt her foot in one of the races, and could not keep up with the rest. She looked pale and frightened, and began to cry. Compassion for a female in distress of course moved me to offer her masculine protection, but this, strange to say, did not seem to be any comfort to her.

‘I am sure you mean well,’ she said; ‘but in a danger like this, you know one always feels that one woman is worth twenty men.’

‘What is the danger, exactly?’

‘Why, the tribe from the other side of the fir-tree have come and made a treacherous attack, when we were not expecting them, and we are scattered to all sorts of places—a good many are gone off to collect young calves—and our poor little sisters, asleep in the dormitory, will all be carried off!’

‘What will happen to them?’ I said.

‘This tribe will eat them. The tribe to the north would have made slaves of them. Either way, they will be lost to us unless we can repulse the enemy. With your help, however, sir, perhaps I may be able to reach the battlefield. If not I shall be disgraced for ever.’

I gave Miss Linda my arm, and she left off crying, and limped along as well as she could. When we reached the entrance of the city, we found that the guards had been temporarily overpowered by numbers, and that some of the girls, swathed in their sheets, had been carried off. Miss Brownie’s energy, however, had roused the city; the organisation of the society was so complete, that in an incredibly short time every one was at her post, and before the robbers had gone many yards from the gate with their prey, they were attacked by the indignant rescuers, under the command of Miss Brownie.

Miss Linda had time to mix with the throng, but I climbed a boulder to see how the fight was going, since I was unarmed and could not help any one. It was a Homeric battle; the ladies were quite as courageous as if they had been men. No feminine timidity was to be seen, when once the battle was fully begun. Both sides fought with incredible fury; but at last, after many had fallen on either side, the attacking tribes threw down the swathed maidens and fled, and with cries of victory Miss Brownie and her army rallied them. Miss Brownie delivered them into the charge of those whose business it was to see after them—their slumber must have been deep, since the turmoil of battle had not awoken them—and then said, ‘Now,

my friends, to our sad but glorious duty of burying those who have fallen *Dulce est*—I need not repeat the quotation; and we cannot leave those whom we love, and who have died in our defence, to be snapped up by the beak of a Jabberwock, as if they were mere bridegrooms on the day after their wedding.'

Accordingly, some of the ladies formed themselves into a funeral procession, two to a corpse, with two following behind to relieve guard: and others ran about picking up the corpses, and laying them upon the biers which the first had extemporised, with much lamentation and many tears. Then the funeral procession started, carrying the dead, and went on until they reached the cemetery. Here the whole body of the ladies began to dig graves—a separate grave for every corpse; but three or four, whether from fatigue or perversity, stood idly by, pretending to scratch the ground, but really doing nothing. Miss Brownie's eagle eye, however, was soon upon the delinquents. 'Police!' she cried, 'take Angela, Laura, Maria, and Sophy Jane into custody at once!' Then turning to the culprits: 'You will be executed immediately after the funeral. You have disobeyed a Law.'

They began to cry, to say that they were tired, that they had each killed an incredible number of enemies, that it was very hard, and so on; but Miss Brownie was inexorable, and no one seemed to have the slightest sympathy for the offenders. I tried to intercede for them.

'Are you an absolute idiot?' asked Miss Brownie. 'It is not I who sentence them, it is the Law. If they choose to go and disobey the law, I can't help it. Of course they die. Where should we be if we excused people who disobey a Law?'

'Where indeed?' echoed the tribe.

By this time the graves were dug, and the dead reverently interred. Most of the burials went on without disturbance; but when one lady had been buried, a tender-hearted friend came up, sobbing and lamenting, and opened the newly closed grave, and tried to take the body out. The other ladies, however, kindly but firmly drew her away, and closed the grave again. While this was going on, I heard a shot fired, and looking round I saw that the execution had actually taken place. A large grave had been dug—not an honoured grave like that for the warrioresses who had fallen in battle—but a dishonoured grave for criminals; and here the bodies of Angela, Laura, Maria, and Sophy Jane were hastily buried. Then Miss Brownie said, 'Our work is done for to-day. Come home to supper.'

The army sauntered home, and I followed at my leisure, thinking that on the whole I was glad that my wife was not here to see all the social and domestic economy of this community, as if so I felt that she would bring forward certain arguments to meet mine which it might be hard to answer. Suddenly her voice sounded in my ears. 'Why, John, I thought something must have happened to you! I

have been looking for you everywhere. Do you mean to say you have been asleep here all this time? You might have been taking Tom in his Latin, which I have had to hear myself!'

I looked up with a tremendous start. The sandstone gate, the army of little brown ladies, had vanished. Before me stood my wife: and above us waved the green fir-needles. I looked round in bewilderment, and saw nothing of the City of Spinsters, except—could it be?—a hole in the side of a mound close by, to which three little shining brown ants were making their way with a brisk trot. Were they the last of the army returning from the cemetery? They entered into the hole, and with them the last link with my vision vanished. I went home to luncheon with my wife, more thoughtful than usual.

M. BRAMSTON.

A FEW WEEKS IN ALGERIA.

H. L. ARDEN.

CHAPTER V.

Most of the guide-books give a very glowing account of Blidah, and generally end with saying, that not being more than twenty-eight miles from Algiers, it can be easily visited in one day; but if visitors pay only this flying visit, they will lose a very great deal. If the traveller in Algeria intends to come back by Spain, let him do as we did: put off Blidah till his stay in Algeria is ended, and then take it, and other places on the way to Oran.

Blidah is about three hours journey by rail from Algiers. You go along the shore as far as Maison Carrée, and then turn inland to the mountains, where the scenery grows grander and grander. To the right, a long space of barren land stretches out into the cultivated plain. Here and there an Arab will pass you, riding his donkey sideways, perched up on a perfect mountain of greens; another will be seen tending a flock of goats; or a group of them bearing their water-cans on their shoulders will march by, driving their asses before them. Seeing the Arabs in the country is far more impressive than seeing them in the town.

Bou-farik is one of the principal places you will pass, and if you travel on a Monday, you will see something of the market.

As you get near Blidah, a delicious scent of oranges fills the air; you enjoy the shade of a long avenue of eucalyptus, and under their moving branches you see the beautiful mountains nearer and nearer. In the ground are great yellow flags, crimson poppies, white iris, pink convolvulus, asphodel, fennel, great marguerites, blue pimpinels, and flowers I have never seen before; but as the train hurried on I could only see their blazing colours.

The station is half a mile from the town. The Hôtel Geronde is the best hotel to go to; the landlord is most obliging and honest, and the landlady looks into everything herself. The cooking is excellent. The rooms are all built in the Eastern way, round a courtyard. The court was covered with a trellis of wistaria, and four magnolia-trees stood in each corner.

Blidah was always called 'Blidah la Jolie,' or in Arabic, 'Ourida,' the little rose, and it is well worthy all the praise the Arab poets have given it. It is a quaint sweet bit of world lying at the feet of the Atlas, with one long street running from gate to gate; it has a Place in the centre, where the French and Arabs meet more on an

equality with one another, the men having a grave, prouder (if possible), more unconquered look than they have down in Algiers; the women are veiled, leaving but one eye open.

The Arab quarter is most interesting, and many delightful mornings may be spent wandering about their shops and homes. For most Europeans the two great attractions in Blidah would be the oranges and the stables. Monsieur Dalles wrote that in 1874, 5,400,000 oranges were exported to France, and that an equal number was sold for home use; most of them are Mandarines. The export price is three pence a hundred. I think after people have tasted their first ripe Blidah orange, they will all declare that they have never eaten an orange before! The dates also are a perfectly different fruit, large and thick, and juicy, and most delicious. You should eat them as the Spaniards do, with the strawberries.

The Dépôt de Remonte is the stables of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and there are some very valuable Arab and Syrian horses among the stud. The bright blue jackets of the Chasseurs make the little town very gay, but one misses the red Bournous of the Spahis with which we were so familiar in Algiers.

There is a very pretty public garden laid out with fine tropical trees; in the centre is a fountain covered with lilies. A little to the right of this garden is the famous Bois Sacré, a grove of most magnificent olive-trees; some of them are quite as large as our old oak-trees. They were supposed to have been planted by the Prophet Sidi Mohammed El-Blida, who had foretold the terrible earthquake, which happened in 1825, lasting five days, and totally destroying the town and burying no less than 7,000 people. It was very strange that the resting-place of this Prophet stood unshaken. There is something wonderfully solemn about it, especially if visited in the evening, when the shadows are beginning to fall, and one cannot wonder at the extreme awe in which it is held by the Moslems. The first evening we visited it an eagle was flying over it.

One of the very nice walks or drives from Blidah is to the valley Oued-el-Kebir and the Fontaine-Fraîche, which, if the visitor takes his one day's visit to Blidah, can certainly not be managed. You drive through the gates at the top of the town past some French villas and a large brewery, till you get to the head of the gorge right up into the mountains. At the bottom of the ravine a little stream was running, but occasionally this little harmless-looking stream is changed into a great torrent, and a ruined bit of house stands to show where not very long ago the torrent rushed and dashed it down. We were there early in March, the white Star of Bethlehem was carpeting the ground, and the oleanders were just appearing in bud—a week later they would have been in full bloom. Straight up this ravine, about two miles from Blidah, a little path to your left leads you through hedges of myrtles and pomegranates to the hill-side and to the Arab Cemetery. The graves are old and worn; those

belonging to Sidi Mohammed Kebir and his sons have small white 'Koubbas' over them, about four or five feet high. Olives, oaks, caroubas, and aspens all stand round the graves. Flowers and ferns beautify the ground. It seems a solemn place to lie in; but suddenly a score of children beset you, rushing at you with wild shrieks, pulling your cloak, crying for money, shouting. 'Un, deux, trois, quatre, etc.,' to show you they can speak French, cutting capers, making summersets over the graves, taking one's hand, tapping one's wrist, 'Un sou, Madame, pour le Marabout.' And the women, too, who look like so many ghosts, spring up from the tombs, and stand around laughing and encouraging the children, till they take away the awe you might at first have felt.

The Arab village is entirely hidden by the thick foliage, so that when you enter the cemetery and believe you are far away from all living creatures, you are really surrounded by Arabs. A few years ago the people of Blidah could never visit this valley of the Oued-el-Kebir unless they went in great numbers or were well armed; now there is good-will and peace, and the Arabs welcome any visitors who come, and will offer to them their simple hospitality.

Just beyond this village on the right bank of the stream is the mountain spring which supplies Bridah with its excellent water; it is called the Fontaine-Fraîche. The valley is here divided; to the right leads you through the village of Beni Salah up to the cedars which cover the highest part of the mountain.

A perfectly different drive is in the Plain to Joinville, Montpensier, and Dalmatia; from either of these three places you get a beautiful view of the range of mountains, and on the other side of the Plain you have a distant peep of the Tombeau de la Chrétienne, which, I believe, is now proved to be the tomb of Cuba II., who reigned in great state at Cherchel, and of his wife Cleopatra, daughter of the famous Egyptian Queen. Just beyond it, entirely hiding Cherchel stands Mount Chenoua; to the right, on the Sahel, is the town Koleh, from which place, if you want to make an excursion to the Tombeau, you should spend the night. I believe the Hôtel de France is a very comfortable one there. Nobody would think they had visited Blidah, unless they had been to the celebrated Ruisseau des Singes; and nobody I think would be contented in getting so far through that beautiful Pass without going through the whole of it. This cannot be done in one day, so you should order a carriage (they are cheaper here than in Algiers, and if you go there, it is far more comfortable than the diligence, and certainly not so expensive), and sleep one night or more at Medeah. Doing this you have one of the grandest drives in Algeria, and pay the monkeys a visit too. The gorge is ten miles in length and completely passes through the Lower Atlas.

The Chiffa (from which Les Gorges de la Chiffa takes its name) flows at your feet in a thicket of oleanders; the stones over which

the stream runs are blue and gray, giving a most exquisite colouring to the water. It was quite a little stream when we passed through, but in spring and autumn, when the snow melts, it swells into a torrent, tearing down trees, sweeping away enormous boulders and banks, and very often destroying herds and flocks also. Then quite as suddenly as it rose, it becomes still, and the tiny stream winds along as if it had nothing to do, but to water the oleanders and dance over the gray-blue stones at her side.

As soon as you enter the Pass the road ascends, the mountains seem to come straight down upon you; to your right, giant rocks of crimson, black, and yellow, with stratas of marble running through them, line the road; and to the left below you is a colouring it is impossible to describe. Caroubas, olives, aloes, oaks, cork, arbutus, almonds, myrtles, with great bushes of lavender, broom, pampas, yellow jasmine, heather, cistus, maiden-hair, spleenwort, and many of our hot-house ferns, are all growing like weeds. On the other side of the Chiffa, covered with a forest of chestnuts, rises the dark Djebel Nadar Mountain. Silver threads like streams come tumbling down the rocks so quickly, that you see but a bright flashing, and they, too, have joined the Chiffa in her oleander bed. Quite suddenly these rocks end, and trees of the sweetest green climb the mountains. The wonderful abruptness of Nature struck me very much—there is no mingling; the different flowers even grow in cliques—this peculiar keeping to themselves helps to make the colouring so intense. This road was finished in 1855, and until then the only way from Blidah to Medeah was a bridle-path over the mountains by Milianah. While the engineers were making the road, soldiers had to guard them from the Arabs; but the monkeys were quite as dangerous as the natives, for they made war in their way, too, upon the feeble intruders, and rolled down stones on the soldiers as they were working in the ravine.

One part in this Pass known as the Roche-pourrie, was a matter of great difficulty to the engineers; but fortunately, just as they were beginning their work there, a heavy flood rushed down, tearing away the rock, the débris was blasted away with charges of gunpowder, and one hundred thousand cubic yards of earth were removed at one explosion. Very often now, at this point great rocks fall down and entirely block up the road, the diligences are stopped, the travellers get out, scramble over them as they can, and then wait for another diligence to meet them from the other side of the ravine.

Between two and three miles from the head of the Pass is an opening in the mountains. At your right hand, down this opening, rushes a clear bright waterfall, known as the Ruisseau des Singes, and just at its feet, covered in by great fig-trees, stands a little cottage. Here you are supposed to get a very good breakfast; but I should recommend travellers to bring a supply of cold meat, hard-

boiled eggs, rolls, etc., with them from Blidah, and simply buy here hot coffee, which is very good.

This little Inn was originally the settlement of a Swiss Colonist; there are some very clever frescoes of monkeys in the *Salle à manger*, evidently painted by some real artist, but in one way he has not been true to African nature, for he has given all his monkeys tails, whereas those of the Chiffa are tailless.

Behind the Inn is a steep path leading to the head of the waterfall, and here it is that you generally see a number of wild monkeys; we were very unlucky and only saw four. They are a most spiteful race, and made great war with the poor Swiss Colonist, carrying away all his fruit, vegetables, coffee, and cinchona, and at last driving him off too, by robbing his gardens and plantations till they were a complete failure. They can't help now, in spite of their malicious natures, doing good to the Inn, for people who do not care for scenery never dream of leaving Blidah without coming far enough up the gorge to see its far-famed inhabitants.

A little lower down the road is a curious stalactite cave, the key of which is kept at the Auberge. Here it is that so many people think they have 'done' the Gorges de la Chiffa, and turn back, and so lose the wildest grandeur of the whole Pass. Every few hundred yards the road seems as if it must end; the precipice goes sheer down to the Chiffa; the rocks become enormous; the road winds on till at last a white house is seen, the only French dwelling between the Ruisseau and the end of the Pass, and from this head three ravines part, breaking through mountains of every shade of colour, from the most delicate mauve to the deepest green, till all colour is lost in snow, and the snow in turn is lost in clouds.

The Chiffa flows quietly along far away now at our feet; the rocks are here changed to lead with burning crimson and orange veins running through them; all the ferns and mosses are left behind, and one hurries through the still, cold, solemn Pass. Not a human habitation is to be seen. Far away from time to time on the mountains opposite, quiet lines of Arabs would silently steal along, to one would think, quite inaccessible places, each going to their 'gourbi,' the Arab home made of a few rough stones for the walls, and thatched with pampas grass. These dwellings are generally made under a rock, or bush, so that they may be hidden from the Arab as well as from the European; as, I am sorry to confess, the different tribes here are not the very best of friends. When several 'gourbis' are built together, they are called 'douaras,' or villages. Often smoke is seen ascending from some uninhabitable-looking place and then you know you are close to a 'douara.' The mountains are perfectly alive with Arabs—the men are renowned for their valour, the women for their beauty. I believe that at this Pass was one of the most desperate battles the French had in Algeria. The Arabs repulsed them again and again, and it

was not until after many a fierce struggle that Medeah was taken.

Medeah is not seen till you are close upon it, but when you get near, you should look back as much as you can, and for one moment you will get a view right through the very mountains you have passed, and if you have good sight, you will see in the far distance the dark Tombeau de la Chrétienne, and the sea glittering beyond it.

In front of you will arise mountain upon mountain, and the whole land is the most exquisitely coloured world you can imagine. Medeah, a quaint Arab town, walled in, and closed by many gates, keeps guard over the entire country. Spahis, on their milk-white horses, are clattering about the little streets. Their saddles are generally decorated in the old Arab style, and the crimson Bournous thrown back over the white one that the Spahis always wear, makes a continual flashing of colour.

The town is 3,018 feet above the sea, and the climate is so very different from Algiers that people who are delicate should not visit it too soon. It is so healthy that there is an old Arab saying that if illness comes to Medeah in the morning it goes away in the evening.

We slept the night at the Hôtel de la Régence, where we were very comfortable, and the cooking was good. We could not stay longer than the one night, as we were hurrying on to Oran; but I should advise all visitors in Algeria to arrange their time well beforehand, and so manage to stay a little while at Blidah, Medeah, and Milianah, and from thence either ride or drive to the beautiful but less accessible places in the mountains. You should take a guide, and consult your landlord, and you will find no difficulty at all. Of course you must be prepared to rough it occasionally. Medeah has another charm, besides its wondrous beauty and its swarms of Arabs, it was a very favourite place of Abd-el-Kader, and here it was that the brave tribes rallying round him swore on the Koran their eternal fidelity, 'through victory or disaster, to the sacred cause of their country and their religion.'

It must have been a grand sight to have seen those wild picturesque men all gathering round their noble leader, with the mountains they loved so dearly, shining in their glittering beauty around them. Then came their march to the gorge we have just passed through, where Abd-el-Kader had dug, as he said, the grave of the French army. One cannot bear to think of the treachery with which the brave Abd-el-Kader was treated, or the long years of imprisonment at the Château d'Amboise. One would rather turn to Napoleon's generous conduct, and to one of his very first acts when he came to power—the release of this African hero, and his reception of him in Paris.

'Others have overthrown me and imprisoned me; Louis Napoleon alone has conquered me,' he touchingly said. And how nobly did this Arab chief return the Emperor's kindness is known by his

treatment of the Christians in 1860, when, in spite of very great danger to himself, he sheltered them from the Druzes, and was the means of saving their lives. He was the first Arab who showed mercy in battle, and discontinued the habit of beheading the wounded, and all who fell into his hands fell into those of a most generous conqueror. He lived his quiet life in Damascus; his whole days were taken up in doing kind deeds and studying the Koran. Only a year or two ago, his simple, useful life was ended.

In the two days we were at Medeah we grew so fond of it, that we could not say good-bye, but wished it '*au revoir*;' and if I ever spend another winter in Algeria I hope a great part of it may be passed in this beautiful mountain land.

From Affreville to Milianah the road winds up the mountains covered with silver beech glistening like snow, burning pomegranates, peach, apples, cherries, pears, all in full blossom, and the entire ground, from the plain to the top of the mountain, where Milianah stands sheltered behind great battlements, is a carpet of poppies, iris, lupins, marigolds, blue flax, marguerites, pink saponaria, and crimson pheasant's eye.

The town is 2,500 feet above the sea, it is very much fortified, and stands on the Zakkar Mountain. It was a stormy blustering day when we were there, but between every shower we went to the battlements; and as the storms swept across the Chelif, opening up the view, we could see our dear Medeah glistening on the mountains far away, and a faint far-off gray vision of a mountain, the '*Ouaren-sensis*,' which is the highest peak of the Lesser Atlas, and generally called '*the eye of the world*.' Milianah struck me as being much more of a French town than Medeah was; there were some nice gardens with beautiful Judas-trees.

People who are not obliged to hurry on to Oran, as we were, but are simply making excursions in Algeria, should of course visit the cedar-forest at Teniet-el-Had. The middle of April is the earliest time visitors are advised to go there, and even then they are warned not to stay late in the evening. You should take your luncheon with you when you go to the forest. Another place we had not time to visit, but which I should strongly recommend, is '*Hamman Rira*.' The waters are now quite celebrated, and a great many invalids are sent there.

The hot springs are all of different temperatures; some are so hot, that you cannot hold your hand in them, and eggs may be boiled on the rock, through which the water rises.

The scenery round Hamman Rira every one describes as most wild and beautiful. In the heat of the summer, the sea breezes always sweep over the plain, making the air particularly sweet, and giving a freshness which strengthens the invalids.

From Affreville to Oran is a long one day's journey. At first the country is wild and beautiful, and the train goes very slowly round

and round the curves of the mountains, so that you can perfectly see the different white 'Koubbas' shining on them, and here and there little 'gourbis' hidden away, and the flowers at your feet are lying in such gorgeous colours, that your only feeling of regret is, that you are leaving the country. But, alas! the plain gets wider, the mountains look as if they were retreating, fewer and fewer 'douaras' are visible, scarcer and scarcer are the dear Arabs. In place of the 'douaras' stand 'stations' for the Colonists, well protected by high walls; and in place of the handsome Arab you have a less picturesque idea of European civilisation.

It was very nearly dark when we arrived at Oran, but we were able to see the long Salt Lake at our left as we entered. We drove straight to the Hôtel de la Paix, where we found very nice rooms. The town is clean and large, and the bay forms a very sheltered harbour. I should think there were almost as many Spaniards as French living there.

About half a mile from Oran is the negro settlement, which is a curious place. To walk there you must first of all pass the negro market, where you will see groups of negroes sitting on the ground cutting up the root of the fan-palm; they sell them in small bundles for a *sou* each. It is very like cocoa-nut, and the negro evidently considers it most delicious; the fibre is kept and made into tents. Little black children sit all about, holding the root in their little black hands, nibbling away like monkeys. After you have gone through the market, you take the road in front of you, and then turn to the left. There is no shelter, the sun comes burning down upon you, and odd black men and women pass you by, and if it were not for the bright African sun, you would feel you had entered a black world. But to our great surprise and pleasure we saw in the distance a familiar crimson Bournous, and as we came nearer we found a Spahis: we thought we had seen the last of our friends at Medeah. We said the Arab word of good-will in acknowledgment of his greeting to us as strangers, and then began talking. He good-naturedly took us through the settlement, but would not advise our entering the mosque, and certainly when we looked in at the doorway, we were only too glad to follow his advice. It is a very small low room, and the fountain for washing consisted of a little earthen pot, like a saucer for a flower pot.

Before we left, the Spahis asked us to go and see his wife and baby, and his mother-in-law who lived with them; so we followed him into a little yard with two rooms, or rather small recesses opening into it. One belonged to the Spahis, and the other to some negroes. It was all beautifully clean, his wife was quite young and very pretty—she was sitting on the floor nursing her baby; the old mother-in-law, though perfectly blind, was filling bobbins ready to work at a *haïk*, which was placed on a loom at one end of the room.

Another home we visited was a black one; all the negresses were

busy working at the coloured mats and baskets, they themselves were covered with beads and charms; the children are like so many imps, they are so wild, so black, so be-ringed and be-braceleted. The heels of the feet and the palms of the hands are white, but their faces are hideously grotesque.

Before one house that we passed was a small garden, and in this garden were several tame rabbits; in front of them by the garden gate stood a negress with her baby rolled up on her back. How long she had been standing there I don't know; I don't think she was even looking at the rabbits, she was simply staring vaguely before her—a stolid, silent form, never moving, her copper lips were very thick, her copper nostrils were very far apart, and the sun was pouring on her head, which was bound round with a blue handkerchief. There she stood in this mute way; the baby's solemn stolid face was exactly like the mother's. Presently another negress came up, neither of them spoke, neither of them altered a feature, but both of them remained until we were out of sight in this strange immovable manner.

One pleasant drive is from Oran to Mers-el-Kebir, the old port. The bay is lovely, and the country round is more wild, and the people I should fancy would be the simple fishermen and women. On your way to it you pass the Coral Fishery Village and the Bains de la Reine; here you should stop and go down the path to your right, for there are some curious remains of the old baths. I believe in the summer you can still bathe there.

If you do not mind a good climb, you should go to the fort just above Santa Cruz. There is a good footpath the whole way, but somehow we missed it and walked straight up. Every kind of insect you see in glass cases seemed to come to life—lizards, locusts, every hue of beetle; the air was full of the noise of them, and the earth was full of the loveliest colour. The view from the fort is most beautiful. Oran lies at your feet, behind it the country stretches out to the great plain, to the right is the Salt Lake; and if you walk round the fort, you see the old harbour and the little coral village and Mers-el-Kebir. Just below is the Church of Santa Cruz; if you look through the gates you will see numberless votive offerings: plaits of hair, tiny baby's shoes, clasped hands, hearts, etc. From Oran the church looks very imposing, but when you reach it, it is very disappointing.

At Oran there is a pretty terrace walk leading to the Place, where every Sunday afternoon the band plays. It is an excellent one, and has the good effect of bringing out the different inhabitants of the town: the stately Arabs, who are intensely fond of music, the gay French, and the graceful Spaniard.

The two latter predominate, and we felt too surely that here we were taking farewell of the Arab, the most distinguished of any nation for dignity, pedigree look, hospitality, and good manners.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ONLY A SCHOOLBOY.'

'WHAT a miserable afternoon it is,' observed Rachel, as she stood gazing out of the schoolroom window; 'I declare the rain makes one feel quite depressed.'

'Why don't you take a book and make yourself comfortable at the fire?' asked her brother Fred, who certainly seemed to have made himself very comfortable, as he was ensconced in an arm-chair and had his feet on the fender.

'You have the only book I care to read,' answered Rachel; 'if I let you have it all the afternoon, you must let me have it in the evening. I wanted to go and see Kate Stanley; but most unfortunately, papa met me just outside the door, and sent me back. With an umbrella and a waterproof I could not have got any harm; I think parents as a rule are very over-anxious.'

'I am sure every one ought to feel very much indebted to father for preventing you catching one of your noisy coughs,' observed Fred, as he turned over a page.

'I think I will go and talk to grandmamma,' resumed Rachel presently; 'she has always something interesting to say, especially if one gets her upon her reminiscences. I never can quite make up my mind whether I should like to have lived in grandmamma's days or not. The forty years' peace must have been rather dull, and then, though papa is a little strict sometimes, he does not beat me, or shut me up in a closet, or feed me on bread and water, which is, I suppose, what our great grandparents used to do to their children, on the other hand.'

'If you are going to grandmamma, I wish you would go,' said Fred; 'you chatter so that I can't attend to what I am reading.'

'You talk as if you were reading a history or something sensible,' observed Rachel. 'Well, I will go, but I must provide myself with some work first, that is one of the things grandmamma is old-fashioned about. She cannot bear to see one sitting doing nothing, no matter how sensibly one is talking; I suppose in her day people used to be constantly stitching. Grandmamma is very well educated though, I wish I knew as much ancient history as she does, and I wish I could talk French as well. The girls seventy years ago had great advantages with all those French emigrants about. Fred, is it not wonderful to think that old people were once young; for instance, that grandmamma was my age once, and that papa was once a little boy. I think that seems a still more absurd idea. Grandmamma says, too,

that she used to be just the sort of girl I am, that is to say, she was vivacious, and took a good deal of interest in everything.'

'I wish you would change the scene of your vivacity,' observed Fred.

'I can't go till I have found a needle. I wonder why my things go astray so. Oh! here is Netta's box, I will take one of her's. Grandmamma was like me in looks, too.'

'You will never be half as good-looking as grandmamma.'

'No, I am afraid not,' said Rachel, with a sigh; 'at least, not unless I improve a good deal. Now I am gone, keep up the fire, for Netta is to have her boys here this evening.'

When Rachel left the schoolroom, she went down the long passage which led to the old part of the house, descended a few steps, and after knocking at the door of her grandmamma's room, entered. Mrs. Russell was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, occupied in looking over letters, bundles of which lay on the small table beside her. She was not a very old lady, although her youngest grandchildren looked upon her as almost antediluvian; but long illness had broken her health. For many months she had not been able to come downstairs, so the room in which she now was had been fitted up for her use, and was the pleasantest place in the house.

'Grandmamma, I hope you are not like everybody else, too busy to talk,' said Rachel, sitting down on a low chair, and producing her work, 'Fred is buried in a book, and I cannot get a word out of him, and I have not seen Netta since dinner. Is that a letter you are reading, grandmamma?'

'No; it is only a copy of verses that I have found among my mother's papers. The verses seem to be addressed to her and her sisters, but they are only signed H. Read them to me, my love, for the ink is rather faint.'

Rachel took the paper and read the title: 'To some young ladies singing a May-day Ballad.' 'Ye nymphs. How fond people used to be of calling young ladies nymphs.

'Ye Nymphs! while thus the gentle May you sing,
And warble forth the praises of the Spring;
While thus you sweetly chaunt, serene and gay,
Think how time steals your blooming youth away,
And blasts the glories of Life's transient May;
Think that your Summer, Autumn, soon is past,
And Life's dull Winter, aye, comes on at last.

What disagreeable home truths,' observed Rachel, parenthetically.

'Then wisely use the present joyous time,
And snatch the smiling moments in their prime;
But as their pleasures shortly will decay,
And Life too soon, alas! resign its May,
Still think, amidst the gay delights of Youth,
Of this one certain, this undoubted Truth,
'That "Virtue, when Life's Seasons pass away,
Will bloom for ever in eternal May."

'They are not ugly,' she said, returning the verses to her grandmamma, 'but I do not care very much for poetry that has been written a long time ago; it is generally so stiff and precise. I think even "Paradise Lost" is rather dull, though it is so sublime. I wonder what posterity will think of some of Fred's and Paul Forester's productions, and especially of that ode to me on my last birthday; nobody can call that stiff and precise, anyway. Do you know, grandmamma, I have two friends who write poetry—one always writes about the moon, and the other about golden hair.'

'And whose poetry is the best?' asked Mrs. Russell, smiling.

'Well, the moon friend has been the most successful, for one of her poems has actually been published in a magazine, and we have every hope that another poem has been accepted. I wish I could write poetry; but I cannot even write good prose—at least, Fred says that whenever I write a letter, I begin every sentence with "I," and that whenever I write an essay or anything of that kind, I am always looking out in the dictionary to see if there is such a word.'

Then there was a silence. Mrs. Russell went on looking at her papers, and Rachel sat gazing into the fire, not attempting to work. Presently she said—

'Grandmamma, I wish you would tell me something interesting about something which happened to you when you were young.'

'I think you have heard all my youthful adventures,' answered the old lady.

'Well, then, grandmamma, tell me about something you did when you were grown up, or about something which you went to see.'

'Did I ever tell you about the Queen's Coronation?'

'No, I should like to hear about that very much; I like hearing about Royalties. Go on, dear grandmamma, and I will try and not interrupt.'

'Well, to begin at the beginning,' said Mrs. Russell, 'your Aunt Henrietta, your Aunt Dorothea (she was my brother Frank's wife), and I, arrived in Grosvenor Square from Woodlands the day before the Coronation.'

'I suppose it was my Great-Aunt Henrietta?' observed Rachel.

'Yes. Just as she and I were setting off, there was a cry of joy through the house at the arrival of a huge letter to Dorothea, containing a ticket for her, which Mr. Seton, our Member, had got at the last moment. "Mamma is going to be crowned along with you," was my baby's observation to her. No baby could be more delighted than Dorothea herself; she had had a longing to see the Coronation all day, and yet had been so good in never saying so; she tumbled her clothes into a box very unceremoniously in her joy, and off we went.'

'I suppose that baby of yours is more than fifty years old now, grandmamma?' remarked Rachel. 'How odd it seems. Who lived in Grosvenor Square?'

'My mother's youngest sister, Lady Vernon. Her husband, Sir Charles, met us at Charing Cross. "We are all mad about the Coronation," he said—"raving mad." On we went to Grosvenor Square, and after dinner Lady Vernon took us out in the streets till nine o'clock, to see the preparations for the illuminations.'

'How I wish I had been there!' said Rachel. 'I don't think there is anything more exhilarating than walking about the streets of London when something is going on. Last year Alwyne took Fred and me to see the Lord Mayor's show, and it was such fun; we were nearly squeezed to death.'

'At ten o'clock we all retired to bed,' continued Mrs. Russell; 'but, dear me, it was no use trying to sleep. At twelve o'clock the bells rang in the Coronation, and the people shouted it in all the night long, and at four came Watson to say that Sir Charles was down, and my lady was up, and with three heads to dress, we had better be stirring. So we had to get up. Dorothea arrayed herself in her wedding-gown, with quantities of pearls on her head and neck; Henrietta wore a peach-coloured silk, with feathers on her head; and I a blue-satin gown, with flowers in my cap, which were very becoming, Sir Charles said; he wore his court-dress. Away we went, expecting to be hours on the road, but the streets were so well kept clear that we were at the Abbey by six; and after we had got out of the carriage and sent it away, and Sir Charles had gone to the House of Commons, we found the doors would not be open till seven, and we had an hour to spend in those cold dirty cloisters on that cold cloudy morning, all bare and bedizened as we were. If we had been alone I should have cried; but as it was I did nothing but laugh at our companions in misfortune, though I felt full of compassion for them—old ladies mostly—dressed in gold and silver and satins, with bare necks and arms, and nothing on their heads but jewels and flowers, with white satin shoes, and not a place to sit down but the dirty cloister steps, and no way of warming themselves except pacing up and down as if for a wager. We were more fortunate than many, for we had thin shawls, and I had wadded shoes; and I made a resolution never to go to any solemnity—no, not if I were to be crowned myself—without them. My aunt put her lace shawl over her head, and looked the image of dogged despair. At last seven o'clock came, though nobody believed it ever would, and by that time the wind and rain had straightened our hair and damped our blonde; but we went in and got beautiful places.'

'And so you ought, grandmamma, when you were there an hour before the doors opened.'

'I never should have thought that time could pass so quickly as it did till ten o'clock, when the cannon fired to show that the Queen had set off, and in about an hour and a half in she came, as gay as a lark, and looking to me like a girl on her birthday; however, this only lasted till she reached the middle of the cross of the Abbey at

the foot of the Throne. When she saw the crowd all round her, she trembled very much, and seemed glad enough to throw herself on her knees before her faldstool, as they call it, for her private devotions. When she got up the Archbishop turned her round to each of the four sides of the Abbey, saying in a voice so clear, that it was heard in the inmost recesses, "Sirs, I here present unto you the undoubted Queen of this realm; will ye all swear to do her homage?" And each time as he said it there were shouts of "Long live Queen Victoria," and the sounding of trumpets, and the waving of flags, which made the poor little Queen turn first very red, and then so pale, she seemed as if she longed to creep under the Archbishop's wing. Most of the ladies cried—it did not effect me in that way; but it did give me what your poor mother used to call quite a new sensation, and I felt I should not forget it as long as I lived. The Queen recovered herself after this, and went through all the rest as if she had often been crowned before; but seemed very much impressed, too, with the service, and a most beautiful one it is. The Coronation struck me as being less of a show, and so very much more of a religious ceremony than I had expected, only it was such a very splendid one. I enjoyed the number of Roman Catholics who were present, having such a proof of the difference between our Church and the Protestant Communities on the Continent. The Archbishop seemed to take a more prominent part than the Queen herself; even Dorothea said it almost looked as if she were the Archbishop's nominee—certainly there is something very beautiful in the way in which he blesses her before and after he has crowned her, all the others joining in with a loud Amen. And she looked more like a child receiving its father's blessing than anything else, for no one would have taken her to have been as much as eighteen years old. It was a pleasure to think it was a really good man who was giving her the benedictions; indeed, no one who was not could have read the service as touchingly as he did. She once asked him leave to sit down when tired out, and she did it so very prettily—and so she did the putting off of her crown when she received the Holy Sacrament. The music was beautiful, even Sir Charles admired it, though as a rule what he liked was a whole multitude singing together at the top of their voices out of tune. When the Queen came in, the choir sang, "I was glad when they said unto me," and while she was being anointed they sang, "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon King;" and then, when it was over, "The Queen shall rejoice" and the "Hallelujah Chorus." The prettiest part of the sight was the Queen's eight train-bearers, the eight handsomest girls they could find, I believe, but daughters of Dukes and Earls, dressed alike in silver gowns with roses on their heads. They held up Her Majesty's purple velvet train, and once or twice pulled her back by it, for which the Duchesses of Northumberland and Sutherland scolded them. We were very much taken with Prince George of Cambridge, he

looked so happy and intelligent, and the story went that he would find himself in that Abbey again before long with the crown matrimonial on his head; but you see we were wrong, my dear. He sat with the royal Duchesses, which seemed odd; but Sir Charles said it was all right, for not being a Peer he could not sit with his uncles. Then, when the service was over the homage began; the Archbishop in the rubric is ordered to lift the Queen on the Throne, but he did not do that, but gave her his arm and walked her up the steps of the Throne, and seated her upon it, then, as if he had made her Queen, he left her and came to do his homage. The only excitement then was caused by old Lord Rolle (I stayed in his house once in Devonshire), he was past eighty, and a furious old Conservative, and would pay his homage. At the foot of the Throne he became entangled in his robes, and fell, rolling quite over.'

'That is a pun,' observed Rachel.

'And the Queen started from her Throne to try and save him, at which all the Abbey shouted and cheered her. The brave old man, on being picked up, insisted on paying his homage, and the Queen bent forward to him, that he might, on which they cheered again. Henrietta said it must be a nice thing to be a Queen, for she or I might have tried to save a dozen old gentlemen from a tumble, before anybody would think of cheering us. The Queen, however, behaved very prettily, and when she left the Abbey she bowed to Lord Rolle and to no one else. Instead of feeling tired, I was heartily sorry when everything was over. The last prayer having been said, the golden robe having been taken off, and the purple one put on, they put her sceptre in one hand, and orb in the other, the crown on her head, and our most gracious Sovereign Lady left the Church.'

'I should think she must have been tired, at all events,' observed Rachel. 'I would go a long way to see the Queen. I wonder if I ever shall?'

'We went to the house of one of the Canons afterwards, and had some food, and did not reach home till six o'clock. You would have thought we had had enough of it; but after an hour's rest, and tea and dinner, Sir Charles announced that he was bent on taking us, as well as all the children, to see the fireworks and illuminations. So accordingly, in and on the barouche, were disposed my Aunt Vernon, Henrietta, Dorothea, and myself, four Vernon children, and two little friends. We drove into Hyde Park, and then the children were in such ecstasies at the fireworks, Sir Charles would not stir till the last cracker was let off. Little May Vernon said it looked like the pictures of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and nothing else. We returned home at one o'clock, having been twenty-one hours on foot, and having caught ten thousand deaths, as my Aunt said. The next morning I was lazy about getting up, and I stayed in bed till the afternoon, by

which means I was thoroughly rested. I spent the rest of the day in writing a full and faithful account of everything to your grand-papa, who was then with his ship stationed off Queenstown. And now, my love, I have told you all I can remember about the Queen's Coronation.'

'Thank you, grandmamma, I am very much obliged. I think you have remembered a great deal. When did you see the Queen again? but perhaps you ought not to talk any more, and here is papa coming, so I will ask him if I may go and see Kate Stanley now, as it is not raining much.'

HENRY BAZELY, THE OXFORD EVANGELIST.*

WE thank Mr. Hicks for this 'Memoir,' which we have read with all the more interest because our own personal knowledge of the subject of it goes back even beyond that of his biographer, to some years before Bazely's Oxford career began. His life was in sum the deliberate choice of a self-sacrifice which spent itself for others, not from any abstract enthusiasm for humanity, but in simple devotion to the great Exemplar. And yet there was in it throughout that twist, that touch of eccentricity which prevented him making his full mark in the world, so that in his very success he failed, and the work which he originated seems to have come to an end with his own too brief life. What, indeed, could be more singularly ironical than that such evangelisation as his, so free, in some respects, from trammels, seeking simply to win the souls of men and bring them to the feet of a loving Saviour,—a work which led him to visit race-courses and fairs, to preach constantly in the streets, to address prostitutes and try to lead them to a better life,—should have been shipwrecked, so far as the continuance of his public ministrations was concerned, on such questions as the lawfulness of using an organ, or singing a hymn, or whether you ought to stand or sit while singing it!

But it is time that we turn to the Biography before us. Henry C. B. Bazely was born in 1842, the son of the Rev. Thomas Tyssen Bazely, Rector of Poplar, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose. As a child he showed that spirit of independence in thought and quiet resolve to go his own way which were so characteristic of his after life. 'The most contradictory little chap,' his father calls him, always asking a reason for what he was told to believe, methodical to a degree, so much so that in a Journal of a Foreign Tour when he was barely nine years old, he ends with a tabulated statement of the different hotels and the towns where Sundays had been spent. Henry Bazely was sufficiently unlike other boys to feel their society more than a little uncongenial. The natural *insouciance* of boyhood, that living for the day, that apparent carelessness of the future, that enthusiasm for physical rather than intellectual distinction, and last, the instinctive shrinking from outward manifestation of religious impressions and convictions, all jarred on the quiet, pale, thoughtful boy whom we first knew at Radley, and who in an early photograph which we possess retains an air of self-absorption and indifference

* A Memoir by the Rev. E. L. Hicks, Rector of Fenny Compton, etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

which marks him out distinctly from the group of his schoolfellows. Perhaps, as Mr. Hicks suggests, the system of Radley which professed to base itself exactly on the lines of the English Church and conformed its religious teaching precisely to its requirements, was calculated to rouse a reaction in a nature like Bazely's, singularly insensible as it was to æstheticism of every description, caring nothing for the influences of music, and possessing little imagination; but it cannot be doubted that (as he himself expresses in a letter to Dr. Sewell in 1873) he owed very much indeed to the school 'whose system of internal government' (to use his own words) 'was as nearly perfect both theoretically and actually as can be expected in an imperfect world.' Those who remember Anthony Trollope's experiences of a Public School in his Autobiography will be able to imagine how Bazely's peculiar temperament would have fared elsewhere.

In 1861 he was elected from Radley to an open scholarship at Brasenose, and was plunged into the 'ferment of controversy and scepticism' then rife in the University. But though he read widely and could not fail to hear all kinds of opinions broached, he never lost hold of the faith in which he had been educated, and 'the virtues which had been deeply implanted in him by God's grace at home, and had been fostered by his schooldays.' His religious difficulties of later years were of a very different kind. In 1862 he appears to have attached himself distinctly to the 'Evangelical' party in Oxford, among whom he formed a lifelong intimacy with the estimable Vicar of St. Aldate's. Theological study had always exercised a great attraction on Bazely's mind, and, after taking his degree in 1865, the exhibition which he held at Brasenose enabled him to continue to reside and to gratify the taste. But he soon began to entertain doubts as to what should be the ultimate end. For his theology had become markedly Calvinistic, and having once adopted the theory that Holy Scripture, taken by itself, apart from history and tradition and the consensus of the universal Church, is a sufficient guide, not only in doctrine, but for Church organisation and mode of Divine worship ('quod Scriptura non jubet vetat,' as he expresses it), he naturally felt more and more alienated from a communion which, while founding her doctrines on the Bible, professedly interprets it by the Catholic rule of the early Fathers, and which deliberately adopts the principle (fatal as Bazely deemed it) of allowing each National Church to determine its own 'rites and ceremonies' (Art. 34). 'I have accompanied Bazely' (we were told by an old friend of his, now a much honoured clergyman of our Church), 'at his earnest request, to the chapel in Oxford which he has begun to attend, but I could not, for the life of me, see what there was either convincing or attractive in the teaching.' So differently do religious theories present themselves to differently constituted minds.

The upshot of it was that, despite the counter influences of his

early training and the strong personal affection for his Low Church friends, with whom, up to the last, Bazely maintained an unbroken alliance, and although he went so far in 1876 as to receive deacon's Orders from the Bishop of Oxford, Bazely found himself constrained finally to resign his position in the Church of England, on the ground that his views were 'out of harmony with its characteristic features in respect of government and worship.' He had only discharged the office of a deacon, as curate of St. Aldate's parish, from March to October. This brief period, in fact, was but an episode, for from 1869 to 1875 he had been working in connection with the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, of which he had been admitted a Licentiate, and had laboured hard at the hopeless task of planting *Scottish Presbyterianism* (for he repudiated *English*) in Oxford. The congregation which had assembled for four years under his ministry in a disused meeting-house in Alfred Street, and which, in 1875, on his reconciliation to the Church of England, had been broken up, was not, however, to be reunited under him. He accepted instead, the charge of a Presbyterian church in Stepney, which he served without stipend, and where he was soon made to feel the 'galling tyranny of congregationalism,' his flock not only allowing him to minister to them without stipend, but thwarting him in various ways. Bazely resigned the charge of this recalcitrant congregation in 1878, and, at his own expense, built a place of worship in Nelson Street, Oxford. This proved a more congenial sphere of work, and from 1879 till his fatal illness in 1882, he laboured with unabated energy in promoting the temporal and eternal good of all who placed themselves under his charge or came within his influence.

But it was mostly as an 'Evangelist' that Bazely became a well-known character in Oxford. He made it a part of his regular Sunday's work—already heavy enough—to preach in the evening at the Martyrs' Memorial to any bystanders whom he could collect, and he was a prominent organiser of all such popular and 'undenominational' religious meetings as were from time to time held in the town. Besides this, he was in the habit of attending races and fairs in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of distributing tracts and preaching. No orator, no impassioned, or excited declaimer—what impressed his hearers was his manifest earnestness, the 'solemn, subdued tones' in which he would urge on all alike the necessity of repentance. We seem to see him still, remarkable from that expressive, yet unmoved, rapt countenance, his eyes kindling from time to time with suppressed enthusiasm, but ordinarily looking as if fixed on some distant object, as he addressed his street audience by the Cross in St. Giles's.

The most interesting chapter, however, of Mr. Hicks' 'Memoir' is that which reveals a part of Henry Bazely's life which he himself would have been the last to speak of—we mean his incessant labours in his Master's service 'to seek and save the lost.' Now some undergraduate acquaintance overtaken in sin, now some poor woman of the

town were the objects of his most unselfish efforts. We have seldom read anything more striking from its plain unvarnished truthfulness than the remarkable letter from Miss Skene, on p. 147. He was no ordinary man who could not only face difficulties such as are there described, but, by the grace of God, would overcome them. It was his unfaltering faith in the work to which he had devoted himself, and his absolute disinterestedness and singleness of heart which won the confidence of others. For though he was kindly to a degree, and (like Dean Burgon, when he was living in Oxford) was always the special friend of little children, much of Bazely's public work was by nature very distasteful to him. 'None but God and myself know' (he once said to his wife), 'what it costs me to make myself conspicuous in these ways. Were I not convinced that such works are my duty I would never attempt them.'

Little remains to be told. Bazely's marriage in 1880 made no difference in his ordinary work, and he gained by it an earnest sympathizer and helper. Two years later his health began to fail, and February, 1883, saw the end of a life as simple and devoted as has ever fallen to our lot to be acquainted with. To the last he was consistent with the peculiar form of Christian doctrine and practice which he had adopted, and gave directions in his will that 'Scripture reading, free prayer, and psalms,' should be used at his grave by a Presbyterian minister, and that a 'plain oblong tombstone' should be erected there, bearing no cross of any kind, but simply describing him as a 'Presbyter in the Church of God,' and 'minister of the Church of Scotland in Oxford.'

Such is a brief sketch of the too short life of 'the Oxford Evangelist.' We must protest, in passing, against the growing habit of applying promiscuously to irregular ministrations, titles which once had or even still possess a distinct meaning in the Church of Christ; but, with this exception, we have only to thank Canon Hicks for the admirable way in which, after briefly indicating his own dissent from his friend's peculiarities, he stands aside and allows us to realise Bazely for ourselves.

If we are asked to sum up the lesson which we derive from the Biography before us, we should say that it serves, among others, to point this moral, that the most noble and self-denying lives worked out by men for themselves, apart from the regular constitution and visible ministry of the Church, are apt to prove abortive of lasting results to others. Such was the case, to a considerable extent, with the teaching of men so remarkable as F. D. Maurice, and Robertson of Brighton. Such, doubtless, will be the case with the present great preacher of the Surrey Tabernacle. Such was the case with Henry Bazely.

On the other hand, a faith not more single and undoubting than his, but working on the lines of Catholic teaching, like that of Keble or Harriet Monsell, hands on the torch of the Christian life to others

and shows itself fruitful in a long succession of good works. 'Their children rise up and call them blessed.'

Yet, after all, such a Memoir as this has a further lesson. The grace of God flows in diverse channels, and the pure and earnest spirit which seeks His guidance will surely find it, neither is that life in vain which, while it lasted, was fruitful of good to so many souls. How true it is of all human teaching, 'we know in part (*ἐκ μέρους*) and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.'

W. W.

THE LADY BRABAZON'S 'MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.'

Is this delightful and helpful 'Ministering Children's League' sufficiently well known to Church workers?

It appeals to the feelings of all who believe that the holiest influence of the Christian life should, in the training of our little ones, be associated definitely with their daily thoughts and actions.

The boast of the Jesuits—'Give us the earliest years, and we will so lay the foundations of our faith that they can never be forgotten or despised in later ones'—is more broadly applicable to the teaching of the Anglican Church, thus objectively understood and applied.

Lady Brabazon's M. C. League is founded on the principle that little Members of the Christian Church Militant need, and should be taught to value, the stimulus of unselfish thought for others, which impregnates the best church work of their elders. The simple motto and rules of the M. C. L. inculcate this pure and holy aim, and shall speak for themselves.

Motto of the M. C. L.—'No day without a deed to crown it.'

Objects of the League.—1. To promote kindness, unselfishness, and the habit of usefulness amongst children; and to create in their minds an earnest desire to help the needy and suffering.

2. To aid the necessities of the poor, by supplying them with warm clothing, comforts, etc.

Rule.—Every member of the League must try to do at least one kind deed every day.

N.B.—It is hoped that the observance of this rule will not only lead to children being kind to the poor, but that it will also tend to the greater happiness of home circles, which is often sadly marred by the lack of kind words and deeds.

Members.—Children of all ages are invited to join. It is especially wished that elder ones should become Members, not only because their work will be of better quality than that done by little children, but because their example and influence will be of great value amongst younger brothers and sisters.

Associates.—Parents and others, whose privilege it is to watch over the welfare of children, are invited to join as Associates or Guides to the little ones in any labour of love which they may undertake.

Those wishing to establish a branch of the League in any town, village, or district, should obtain consent, and if possible, co-operation of the Clergy.

The Central Secretary and Foundress (the Lady Brabazon) should be written to, 83, Lancaster Gate, London, W., who will supply Cards of Membership, Rules, Letters to Associates and Children, etc.

At a meeting of parents and children the objects of the League should be laid before them (usually by addresses), and local branch Secretaries elected.

Branch meetings should be quarterly, when Members should bring the work done by them since previous meetings.

Maintenance of a cot in a children's hospital, or support of an orphan child, or boarding out little ailing ones for country holidays, are charitable schemes suggested for Members' collections; but needs of local charities should, however, first be supplied by Members.

The prayer to be used every Sunday by little Members is an echoing note of the same divine motive of unselfish labour.

Prayer of the M. C. L.—Loving Father, make me, like the Holy Child Jesus, a ministering child—loving, kind, and useful to others. Teach me to feel for the poor and the suffering, and may I be ready to do what I can to help all who are in need, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Six quarterly meetings of the M. C. League have as yet been held, at 83, Lancaster Gate, the town residence of its Foundress, opening with prayer and a hymn, and addresses by the Clergy, and by Lady Brabazon, who then received the work done, and gave new cards of membership. These pretty cards, with a Guardian Angel painted on them, are an attractive feature to little children. Of the suggestion of Angel Ministry guarding the little ministering ones Lady Brabazon thus spoke to them at their first meeting:—

'Ministering children, who are kind, loving, helpful—ready to comfort the sorrowful, cheer the sick, help the poor—will try do so in a small way, and will thus do what we believe the good angels are sent to do for us.'

The spirit of the daily kind deed done is more important than the kind or amount of work done.

Many thousands of Members and Associates are now enrolled since the League's first branch in the parish of the Rev. C. Ridgeway, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. The League has spread over the British Isles, America, and Canada; its progress in America and Canada being remarkably encouraging and rapid. In Ireland, his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, is its warm friend; and in London the Rev. Archdeacon Hessey is an enthusiastic supporter of the League. For wherever little children make music of the sweetest and light of the brightest in Christian homes, such helpful influences in their training may well be diffused. The M. C. L. is founded on the love of that Friend of little children, Who, to exemplify His lesson of unselfish humility amongst His followers, took a little child and set him in the midst of them. Worked in the right spirit its lesson may, by the grace of God, be that of the happy little one, placed in the midst of the wrangling doubters, an unanswerable testimony of peace and love. Its influence on childish character is proved by experience to be of the greatest value.

BLANCHE MEDHURST.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

THERE is no debate. With the exception of *Spermologos*' more guarded statement, and one or two warnings as to not letting the work suffer, specially from *L. W.*; every voice is in favour of admitting helpers. Some few pleas come from the novices who long for training; but as a general rule the papers are all written from the 'capable' point of view; and as there is no controversy, *C. C.* would like to make a few remarks on them. Some of them seem to her to think that the question is whether helpers can be allowed to do any work, not whether they can help in the actual piece of work which the capable one has made her own. That people should be brought on by having easy work, or easy parts of work given them, is undeniable; but there is an *inspiration* of work, an individual gift, which is as untransferable as the inspiration to write a poem. There is also the power given by special position and personal responsibility.

Again, many writers recommend admitting helpers as an act of great self-denial. Sometimes, when the school-children have become rampant, and the club accounts are all wrong, the denial does not end with self. And again, has it been sufficiently considered when giving up work is spoken of as such a self-denial, how very great an effort it requires to do one's best work oneself, whether it is intellectual or spiritual?

Chelsea China cannot read Greek, and has not always got a scholar handy, so she begs her correspondents to sign their names in English characters.

The *Periwinkle* who wrote in August has the first claim to the name in Debatable Ground. Will *L. W.*, therefore, kindly choose another?

As a rule we close each debate with the month, and in answer to *Per Tenebras Luci* Chelsea China would say, that in a debate all views must be allowed impartially to be stated.

There is no subscription, and there are no rules in Debatable Ground, except those stated in the 'Monthly Packet.'

Lisle argues in favour of training helpers, for the helpers' sake, that they may become capable in their turn, that in the end the work may be more thoroughly done, that the chief workers may not be overworked, and that every one may have a chance of using what powers they may possess.

Rosebud thinks that less capable helpers should be allowed to assist in doing work, with the exception of nursing the sick, as helping people to improve is the best means of giving them a helping hand in the world.

Bad Halfpenny thinks that it requires much more self-denial to train others than to work oneself, but that it should be done, provided the work doesn't suffer.

Moonshine, while seeing the difficulties, says helpers should be admitted, for the helper's sake, and in the long run for that of the work.

Dorothea, on the other hand, urges it for the sake of the capable originator, who is liable to become conceited if she thinks no one can give her a helping hand.

T. C. E. says, 'There is unhappily a strain of selfishness in many capable people which prompts the desire for exclusiveness in work; they dislike sharing the credit with others, and thus—sometimes unconsciously—they exaggerate the trouble of training helpers.' And, 'There is an old saying that "the Pope and a fool are better than the Pope alone," and the popes of common life, who are so aware of their own infallibility, would be saved many a mistake if they would accept the aid and counsel of less clever folk, who nevertheless know how to adapt transcendental ideas to meet the practical needs of ordinary humanity.'

Titania, like *Dorothea*, thinks solitary labour bad for the capable person, 'making them bustle too much, overtire themselves, and become cross, and dreaded by those who have to suffer from contact with their wearied spirits.'

Carlotta thinks training others the most useful part of any one's work.

The Brown Bear argues in favour of training helpers as being best for the work in the end.

Ancient and Modern says that responsibilities turn incapables into capables.

Lamda decides in favour of training helpers for all the reasons previously mentioned.

Janet thinks admitting helpers is good training for the 'capables' themselves, as well as for those whom they admit to help them.

Gram thinks dividing the work good both for helped and helpers.

Bluebottle thinks it is better for the *work* in hand to confine it to the most capable people; but better for the capable people to train others.

Busy Bee thinks superintending helpers takes less time than doing without help, and that having others under one's guidance has a stimulating effect.

Filey Brig is in favour of admitting less capable helpers.

Cowslip, while arguing for the admission of helpers, perceives that for some kinds of individual work they would be only hinderers.

Veritas, in an interesting letter, shows the advantage of many helpers in parochial work.

Epsilon argues forcibly in favour of training others, and says truly that 'nothing teaches so much as teaching.'

Spero speaks of the great advantage to young people of being trained early to be helpful, and of having work found for them.

Grey Squirrel, in a very interesting paper, puts forward the duty of educating others to do good work as a most imperative one.

Gillian argues in favour of training helpers as the best work to be done in life.

L. W. thinks each question must be decided on its own merits, and that no general rule can be laid down. 'We must not think the fear

of responsibility is self-denial, or of being thought officious humility.' 'If work is necessary and of importance, it must be done by the best workers.'

Fanciful, among many good reasons, says that no one can know capable from incapable till they try.

Vicar thinks that the test of a capable person is training helpers, getting the whole train under the control of the engine-driver, always looking oneself for Higher Guidance.

Spermologos.—Undoubtedly a greater benefit is conferred on posterity, and greater permanence to their work, by those who can train assistants, than by those who do everything themselves. But on the other hand, there never was a greater truth enunciated than that conveyed by the fable of the lark and her young ones, and it is certain that 'if you want a thing done, you must do it yourself. Ignorant, inefficient, and especially self-sufficient helpers are far more of hindrance than help. The question as usual turns not on the theoretical best, but on the practicable best under the circumstances; whether the instruments are trainable, and whether *you* can train them, and whether the work is of a nature to endure a prentice hand. To be able to do the work and form successors is the higher gift; but those who cannot depend on their assistants must beware of devolving tasks on them merely to save themselves trouble.

The Muffin Man.—In this restless 19th century, the Master is standing with His Hands filled with blessings, and all around there is a pushing, chaotic mob, hungry, faint, weary, yet unable to find what it wants, and we may almost hear His voice—like a sigh—saying to His appointed ministers, '*Make the men sit down.*'

Our mistakes lie in thinking that we can 'give out' until we have 'taken in.'

How true is this! True of the worldly, true of the earnest, true of the philanthropist, true of ourselves.

Make the men sit down. Yes, and the women too, for most of us are in the Great *Too Much* Land nowadays, and we seldom, if ever, really rest. Surely in this restless, hurrying age—this age of posts and telegrams, telephones and express trains, societies and general bustle—it would be very good for us to now and then go into 'a desert place' and *do nothing*—to look back on work done—to look forward and make plans—to enjoy our present, and rest somehow. This seems impossible, and on goes the stream, rushing and splashing over the rocks of evil, doubt, pleasure, and excitement; the earnest working to try and overtake the sin, and the crime, and the suffering, and to cure, if possible, that which our forefathers, with a little more foresight, might have in some degree prevented; while the careless are hurrying from one excitement to another, finding little real joy in anything, and most certainly no peace and calm. Oh, to '*make them sit down!*'

I imagine we all have our ideal sympathiser, generally an old lady

in some peaceful home, full of experience of life, with that calm loving face which *rests* us even to look upon, always ready to help those who come to her for comfort or advice—warning the young of the world's pitfalls, sympathising with the young folks' heart troubles, and quietly waiting for the eternal life on 'the other side.'

'We whom she healeth know
Light through the Gate
Shines on her gracious head,
While she doth *wait*.'

The secret of her influence is the waiting; no restlessness and hurry here, but calm and quiet.

People are doing *too much*. Ah, it's easy to talk though, for what is the remedy, when the *few* are doing that which the *many* should share? The willing horse is for ever having an extra burden put upon him. What wonder, then, that he dies so often in harness! True, the *work* has been done, and the worker sacrificed. Yes; but how much more might have been done if others had helped? Some new scheme is to be started in some parish; some one is wanted to lead. Oh, ask Miss So-and-so; she does everything. Or go to Mrs. —, she is always willing to help in a good work. And so the indifferent and the idle are again passed over, and fresh work is given to those who already have more than they can do, and who are too unselfish to refuse. It's not fair, and I am not sure that it is right to our neighbours. Others ought to be asked now and then, and leaders and organisers should remember this, and not always turn to the dwellers in 'the Land of the Great Too Much.' Go where you will, it's always the same—in the country, in the town, at home, abroad, the 'two or three' are doing that which the twenty or thirty, or even the hundred, ought to share between them. You know this is no exaggeration. The same may be said of our money-giving. Look at our lists of public subscriptions; the same names over and over again—and the few are doing too much.

I sometimes wonder if it be right for people to knock themselves up, as they so often do now, and whether after all we are overtaking the evil, or only just holding our own.

Are we right to do so much outside work, that we have no time for quiet home life—no time for the enjoyment of Nature, of the sweet spring, the glorious summer, the calm autumn, and winter—no time for learning the lessons each would teach—no time for a cosy talk with a friend—no time for a long letter, a post-card must do—no time, in fact, to 'just sit down?'

It's true, of course, we must work for God, that each one of us is His instrument for something or other, and that results will only be known hereafter; but we ought now and then to come out of the Too-Much Land and enjoy some quiet. Ah! but we cannot; and this is the root of the whole, the excitement of the work is lacking, and we cannot 'sit down.' We think we are so important that our place

could not be filled; and we forget all the time we are just being used as God chooses and no further, and so now and then our pet work is taken from us, and we are made to stand aside and see some one else doing what we would have done, we think, so much better; and our conceit is knocked on the head for ever, and our faith strengthened in spite of the pain.

Only we may be quite sure of this: the Father will not forget the work that has been done in the true spirit, even if it be His will that another should take up our threads. Look at worldly people in the Land of Too Much, you cannot call them idle; no, they work in their way very hard indeed. See how full their day is, watch them rushing from one party to another, from a race-meeting to an At Home, from a dinner to a ball, with the same old cry, '*no time.*' No time for reading and thought—no time to rest and get better, if not in good health—no time for their prayers or Bible—no time for death. They never *sit down*—they could not exist without excitement—they love the Land of Too Much be sure.

People have no right to undertake more than their strength will allow (they must be their own judges in this matter); and it should be looked upon as a duty to say 'No!' when they have more work on hand than they can do well already. This requires, of course, much moral courage. It's so easy to get into the Too Much Land, and so very hard to leave it again; for to workers, and even, as we have seen, to pleasure seekers, it's a most fascinating place. Now and then, exceptional people are called upon to sacrifice their lives for others—exceptions prove the rule; but more work would be done in the end, and better, if people would only learn to help each other, and not undertake so much, that their life is a continual whirl, and be so busy that they have *no time*. 'Look thy mill go aright with four sails, and the post stand with steadfastness.'

Per aspera et ardua veritatis writes as though 'criticism, or in other words, the scientific spirit,' dealt only with matters capable of verification by *material* experiment. Surely the truly scientific spirit also dealt with matters capable of verification by *spiritual* experiment; and to say that no such matters exist because we have not gone into the subject, is not more scientific than for a person who has not studied music to assert that the difference between Mozart and Wagner belongs to 'the boundary land of the great Unknowable.'

QUESTION FOR NOVEMBER.

Is a little learning a dangerous thing?

Answers to be sent before the 1st of November to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher of 'Monthly Packet.'

Suggested in different forms by various correspondents.

Spider Subjects.

Here is one single faithful Spider.

A history of the arms of a nation in most cases is nearly that of the nation itself.

The arms of *Great Britain* are known too well for it to be necessary to describe them. One of the English lions is derived from Aquitaine through the union of Henry II. with Eleanor of that Duchy. The other two are said to have been introduced by William of Normandy; but heraldry was then in too vague a form for us to be positive. We know they were not called 'lions' till late in the fifteenth century; in all the old books they are mentioned as 'lions-leopardé' or leopards. However, that they (whatever called) were considered to represent only Duchies is clear from the discussion in James I.'s reign, the Scotch claiming the place of honour for their lion rampant (whose origin is unknown) in precedence of England's. For the same reason when our kings during four centuries bore the French fleur-de-lys, the latter, till Anne's reign, were always put in the first quarter. Ireland's harp was placed on the shield of England by James I. Its history is uncertain, though, doubtless, it has some connection with the famous harp belonging to Brian Boromhe which was presented by the Pope to Henry VIII. Many of our sovereigns had shields of pretence with their family arms, such as Nassau, Hanover, and impaled their consorts' arms. The *Supporters* are a lion (English) and a unicorn (Scotch); our kings have generally used the lion as one of their supporters. The unicorn did not appear in Scotland before Mary Stuart's time. Supporters are said to have been first used in both kingdoms about the fourteenth century, but it is uncertain. The *Royal Standard* is what was formerly the Banner, a flag with the coat of arms; it was probably introduced by Edward III., and had some device on it. The Tudors always had St. George's Cross at its head, and the badge and motto, but never the arms. What we now call the Banner is the Union Jack. Originally it had but St. George's Cross, red on white; on James' accession it was incorporated with the Scotch flag, blue with the white diagonal cross of St. Andrew. Hence its name from the *Union* of the two kingdoms. 'Jack' may be considered a corruption of Jacques or James. In 1801, the union with Ireland, St. Patrick's Cross (red diagonal) found a place in the National Banner.

France as a republic has no arms. The Standard, the Tricolour, has its colours arranged vertically, the blue next the staff, and the white in the centre. Its origin is disputed; one idea is, it combines the colours of the old St. Martin's banner, the oriflamme, and the white flag of the Bourbons. The latter carries us back to the fleur-de-lys, said to have been brought from heaven to Clovis when he embraced Christianity. It remained the National Emblem till 1789.

The *German Arms* are most historic, on a field or is the Iron Cross with the motto 'Gott mit uns,' and the memorable date of 1870. On it is the Brandenburg eagle (single-headed), showing the family of the present Emperor, bearing on its breast a shield with the Prussian arms.

Austria boasts of the double-headed eagle of the Romans, obtained through the Emperor of Germany. It bears the arms of Hapsburg, Austria, and Lorraine. It has only lately resigned those for ancient Burgundy, Castile, and Leon, which showed its marriage connections with those countries.

Italy is interesting as bearing the Sardinian arms, a white cross on a blue field.

Spain has the arms of Castile and Leon and Aragon, also Sicily, which is curious as it can no longer boast of that island among its possessions.

Roy.

SPIDER QUESTION.

Criticise Westward Ho!

Notices to Correspondents.

Will any one kindly give me the words of 'Buried Life,' by Matthew Arnold?
M. B.

Would M. L. Buttemer send the Life of Arthur Check to Miss Middlemore, Edgbaston, according to kind promise.

Mrs. E. Livermore.—(1) *Vigila oraque*; (2) *Tempus fugit*; (3) *Brevis ætas*; (4) *Vita fugax*; (5) *Deus adest laborantes*.

SURLY OWL and ELFRIC.

'Give God thy heart, thy hopes, thy gifts, thy gold,
The day wears on—the times are waxing old,'

on a sun-dial in Derbyshire, and mentioned in one of Rev. F. Paget's books. Quoted from memory—

'Man best erwählt,
Der nur heisere
Stunde zählt.'—From *Nürnberg*.

MISS F. YATES, Southfield, Worthing.

'I am a shade,—thou art a shadow too,
I mark the time—say, gossip, dost thou so?'

Also the one mentioned in Mrs. Gatty's charming story 'Active and Passive'—

'Watch, for ye know not the hour.' LITTLE NELL.

'Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra,
L'Heure est à Dieu, l'Espérance à tous.'

MISS WEBER'S SIXES AND SEVENS.

What gives the *poissardes* of Paris such influence and power?
Have they any legal privileges? C. A. M. B.

'To fear is harder than to weep,
To watch than to endure;
The hardest of all griefs to bear
Is a grief that is not sure.'

See 'Hymns,' by F. W. Faber, D.D., published by Richardson & Son.
The verse wanted is in poem, 'After a Death,' page 382 in my
edition (date 1862), which begins—

'The grief that was delayed so long.'

O. would be obliged for the publisher and price of 'Midnight Webs,'
and 'The Peasant Boy Philosopher.'

Can any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' tell me where I can
procure the tune of 'The Son of Man goes forth to War,' mentioned
in Mrs. Ewing's 'Story of a Short Life,' as being sung by the troops
at Aldershot? It is, I am told, not the one set to that hymn in
'Hymns Ancient and Modern.'

MISS MARTIN, Fareham, Hants.

Chiara will find the lines she quotes in 'A Drama of Exile,' by
Mrs. Barrett Browning, in the 'Chorus of Eden Spirits.' In my
edition (1850) the lines are—

'In all your music, our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;
And all fair sights shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss!'

Can she, or any of your readers, tell me in what poem of Lowell's I
shall find—

'If thou have time
But for one line,
Be that sublime
Not failure, but low aim is crime.'

D. G. H.

REST FOR THE AGED.

DEAR FRIEND AND EDITOR,

I wonder whether your readers know of a delightful Home
for old women which has been in existence during the last eleven
years. It is called 'St. Cyprian's Home for Aged Poor,' and is in the
parish of St. Cyprian, Dorset Square, and under the control of the
Incumbent of that Church—the Rev. Charles Gutch. It is more of
a true *home*, and less of an 'institution,' than any similar place with
which I am acquainted, and it forms the cosiest possible refuge for
old servants, and the widows of small tradespeople, coachmen, etc.,
who may have no relations willing or able to tend and cherish them
in their time of infirmity.

As each inmate is charged ten shillings a week for board and
lodging, it is manifestly not intended for the destitute poor; those,
when reduced to helplessness by old age or chronic illness, can find
shelter in Workhouse Infirmarys; but the dear old souls of a class
above them, would shrink with horror from the 'Union,' and yet can
ill afford the expense of private lodgings, suitable food, a nurse, and
medical attendance.

Through the kindness of London doctors, excellent medical advice is supplied gratuitously to each inmate of St. Cyprian's Home, and whatever physio may be necessary is provided, without charge, by the Lady Superintendent. She, too, with the occasional help of a friend, and the aid of a small staff of good servants, nurses assiduously all those who are ill, and does her best to preserve the others in good health. They are not subject to rigid rules, but are permitted to have their breakfast in bed (except when they desire to go to early Celebration), to dress at their leisure, and to enjoy without hurry their five meals a day. Those who can employ themselves are encouraged to do so, especially when they are inclined to be helpful towards others, but work is not pressed upon the ailing. Of the fifteen present inmates three are blind, and two are confined to their beds, one from heart disease, the other from chronic bronchitis and general debility. Others, however, are tolerably hale, and may perhaps emulate the longevity of a former inmate, who actually reached the advanced age of 103! She retained her faculties marvellously, and was confirmed when a hundred years old, never having received that privilege in her youth.

Most of the old dames greatly value the Church teaching and the bright services provided for them in the Home; but occasionally one comes in who finds these things irksome, and then it is generally thought best to advise her to seek another haven, as such a discordant influence is found to be disturbing to the others.

They are all allowed to see their friends freely, and sometimes they go out on a visit; but one of them remarked on her return, 'I am very pleased to be invited by my old master and mistress, and enjoy going to see them, but I am quite as much pleased to *come home again*.' And on another occasion she said, 'I am so happy, I feel almost as if it was too much to last.'

Of course the ten shillings a week paid by each inmate does not much more than cover the expense of her food and washing, so rent and taxes, servants' wages, coals, gas, medicine, etc., have to be provided by other means. A Sale of Work is to be held at the Home on the 27th and 28th of October, and contributions for this will be much welcomed, and may be sent to the Lady Superintendent, Miss C. E. Coopland, Home for Aged Poor, 10, Little Park Street, London, N.W. Money, which is even more welcome, may be sent to her, or to the Rev. C. Gutch, 39, Upper Park Place, Dorset Square, N.W.

Believe me, yours, etc.

FLORENCE WILFORD.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for October.

37. Give a very brief sketch of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand from Cunaxa to Byzantium.

38. What were the terms of the third treaty (B.C. 411) between the Persians and Lacedæmonians? How was it broken? Describe the interview between Agesilaus and Pharnabazus.

39. Explain the circumstances which led to the recall of Agesilaus from Asia and the Battle of Coronea.

40. Discuss the character of the Peace of Antalcidas, and quote its terms.

July Class List.

First Class.

Kettle	39	'Αμήχανος	}	32
Unsigned (Eva?)	35	Erin-go-bragh			
Water-wagtail		Cock-robin			
Apathy		Charissa	}	31
Emu	34	Fieldfare			
Creag-an-Fitheach		Midge			
Fidelia		Vorwärts	}	30
Moonraker		Deryn			
Speranza	33	Cherry Ripe			
Robin		Latter Larimus			
Bluebell		Apia			

Second Class.

Marion	29	Apia	}	23
Liale	28	Jackanapes			
Philomela		Unsigned (Taffy?)	}	21
Bladud	27	Donna Pia			
Toby	25	Dun-Edin	}	20
Trop-ne-vad	24	Lia			
		Actium			

Third Class.

Carlotta	19
Countess	15
σκέπτομαι	14

REMARKS.

25. Lia mistakes the '*first* Battle of Mantinea' (expressly so named in Question 25) for the second battle at the same place in B.C. 362.

Unsigned (Taffy?) says the Peace of Nicias was between Sparta and Persia, instead of between Sparta and Athens. Latter Larimus: the northern allies, though summoned by Sparta to join her, did not arrive in time, and the victory of Mantinea was won by the Laconians and Tegeans alone.

26. The *ostensible* causes of the Peloponnesian War were those implied in the colourable demands made at first by Sparta, and rejected by Athens: viz., for the banishment of Pericles, the raising of the blockade of Potidæa, the repeal of the decree against the Megarians, and the restoration of the independence of Ægina.

The principal Sicilian Worthies were Stesichorus (lyric poet) of Himera; Theocritus and Moschus (pastoral poets), Archimedes (mathematician), Lysias (orator), Dion (patriot), all of Syracuse; Gorgias (sophist) of Leontini; Empedocles (philosopher) and Polus (sophist) of Agrigentum.

Readers of poetry will remember that Milton, in *Lycidas*, calls the muse of pastoral poetry 'Sicilian Muse,' in honour of Theocritus. Of these eminent natives of Sicily. The two most famous, Theocritus and Archimedes, are omitted by Creag-an-Fitheach, 'Ἀμήχανος, Bluebell, and a few others.

27. Actium: a trireme was not a 'three-sided vessel' (whatever that may mean), but a vessel with three banks of oars—said to have been invented by Ameinocles, a Corinthian, B.C. 700.

28. Questions should always be carefully read before being answered. Had Lia, and one or two others, done this, they would not have given descriptions of the Battle of Syracuse, instead of the 'Retreat of the Athenians from Syracuse,' which latter was the subject of Question 28. 'Ἀμήχανος and Speranza: Gylippus was a Lacedæmonian, not a Syracusan.

σκέπτομαι's papers are too slight and unfinished to pass in an examination.

The Monthly Packet.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE MOUNTAINS.

‘We cannot miss him. He doth make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serve in offices
That profit us.’—*Tempest*.

BUGIA, though midway on the ‘European lake,’ is almost unknown to modern travellers, though it has become a French possession.

It looked extremely beautiful when the French tartane entered it, rising from the sea like a magnificent amphitheatre, at the foot of the mountains that circled round it, and guarded by stern battlemented castles, while the arches of one of the great old Roman aqueducts made a noble cord to the arc described by the lower part of the town.

The harbour, a finer one naturally than that of Algiers, contained numerous tartanes and other vessels, for, as Ibrahim Aga, who could talk French very well, informed Arthur, the inhabitants were good workers in iron, and drove a trade in ploughshares and other implements, besides wax and oil. But it was no resort of Franks, and he insisted that Arthur should only come on shore in a Moorish dress, which had been provided at Algiers. Thanks to young Hope’s naturally dark complexion, and the exposure of the last month, he might very well pass for a Moor: and he had learnt to wear the white caftan, wide trousers, broad sash, and scarlet fez, circled with muslin, so naturally that he was not likely to be noticed as a European.

The city, in spite of its external beauty, proved to be ruinous within, and in the midst of the Moorish houses and courts still were visible remnants of the old Roman town that had in past ages flourished there. Like Algiers, it had narrow climbing streets, excluding sunshine, and through these the guide Ibrahim had secured led the way, while in single file came the interpreter, Arthur, two black slaves bearing presents for the Marabout, and four men besides

as escort. Once or twice there was a vista down a broader space, with an awning over it, where selling and buying were going on, always of some single species of merchandise.

Thus they arrived at one of those Moorish houses, to whose beauty Arthur was becoming accustomed. It had, however, a less luxurious and grave aspect than the palaces of Algiers, and the green colour sacred to the Prophet prevailed in the inlaid work, which Ibrahim Aga told him consisted chiefly of maxims from the Koran.

No soldiers were on guard, but there were a good many young men wholly clad in white—neophytes endeavouring to study the fifty sciences, mostly sitting on the ground, writing copies, either of the sacred books, or of the treatises on science and medicine which had descended from time almost immemorial; all rehearsed aloud what they learnt or wrote, so as to produce a strange hum. A grave official, similarly clad, but with a green sash, came to meet them, and told them that the chief Marabout was sick; but, on hearing from the interpreter, that they were bearers of a letter from the Dey, he went back with the intelligence, and presently returned salaaming very low, to introduce them to another of the large halls with lacework ceilings, where it was explained that the Grand Marabout was, who was suffering from ague. The fit was passing off, and he would be able to attend to his honoured guests so soon as they had partaken of the coffee and the pipes which were presented to them.

After a delay, very trying to Arthur's anxiety, though beguiled by such coffee and tobacco as he was never likely to encounter again, Hadji Eseb Ben Hassan, a venerable-looking man, appeared, with a fine white beard and keen eyes, slenderly formed, and with an air of very considerable ability—much more so than the Dey, in all his glittering splendour of gold, jewels, and embroidery, whereas this old man wore the pure white woollen garments of the Moor, with the green sash, and an emerald to fasten the folds of his white turban.

Ibrahim Aga prostrated himself as if before the Dey, and laid before the Marabout, as a first gift, a gold watch, then after a blessing had been given in return, he produced with great ceremony the Dey's letter, to which every one in the apartment did obeisance by touching the floor with their foreheads, and the Grand Marabout further rubbed it on his brow before proceeding to read it, which he chose to do for himself, chanting it out in a low, humming voice. It was only a recommendation, and the other letter was from the French Consul containing all particulars. The Marabout seemed much startled, and interrogated the interpreter. Arthur could follow them in some degree, and presently the keen eye of the old man seemed to detect his interest, for there was a pointing to him, an explanation that he had been there, and presently Hadji Eseb addressed a question to him in the vernacular Arabic. He understood and answered, but the imperfect language or his looks betrayed him, for Hadji Eseb demanded, 'Thou art Frank, my son?'

Ibrahim Aga, mortally afraid of the consequences of having brought a disguised Giaour into these sacred precincts, began what Arthur perceived to be a lying assurance of his having embraced Islam; and he was on the point of breaking in upon the speech, when the Marabout observed his gesture, and said gravely—

‘My son, falsehood is not needed to shield a brave Christian; a faithful worshipper of Issa Ben Mariam receives honour if he does justice and works righteousness according to his own creed, even though he be blind to the true faith. Is it true, good youth, that thou art—not as this man would have me believe—one of the crew from Algiers, but art come to strive for the release of thy sister?’

Arthur gave the history as best he could, for his month’s practice had made him able to speak the vernacular so as to be fairly comprehensible; and the Marabout, who was evidently a man of very high abilities, often met him half way, and suggested the word at which he stumbled. He was greatly touched by the account, even in the imperfect manner in which the youth could give it; and there was no doubt that he was a man of enlarged mind and beneficence, who had not only mastered the fifty sciences, but had seen something of the world. He had not only made his pilgrimage to Mecca more than once, but had been at Constantinople, and likewise at Tunis and Tripoli; and thus, with powers both acute and awake, he understood more than his countrymen of European Powers and their relation to one another. As a civilised and cultivated man, he was horrified at the notion of the tenderly-nurtured child being in the clutches of savages like the Cabeleyzes; but the first difficulty was to find out where she was; for, as he said, pointing towards the mountains, they were a wide space, and it would be hunting a partridge on the hills.

Looking at his chief councillor, Azim Revardi, he demanded whether some of the wanderers of their order, whom he named, could not be sent through the mountains to discover where any such prisoners might be, but after going into the court in quest of these persons, Azim returned with tidings that a Turkish soldier had returned on the previous day to the town, and had mentioned that on Mount Couco, Sheyk Abderrahman was almost at war with his subordinates, Eyoub and Ben Yakoub, about some shipwrecked Frank captives, if they had not already settled the matter by murdering them all, and, as was well known, nothing would persuade this ignorant, lawless tribe that nothing was more abhorrent to the Prophet than human sacrifices.

Azim had already sent two disciples to summon the Turk to the presence of the Grand Marabout, and in due time he appeared, a rough, heavy, truculent fellow enough, but making awkward salaams as one in great awe of the presence in which he stood—unwilling awe perhaps—full of superstitious fear tempered by pride—for the haughty Turks revolted against homage to one of the subject race of Moors.

His language was only now and then comprehensible to Arthur, but Ibrahim kept up a running translation into French for his benefit.

There were captives—infidels—saved from the wreck; he knew not how many, but he was sure of one—a little maid with hair like the unwound cocoon, so that they called her the Daughter of the Silkworm. It was about her that the chief struggle was. She had fallen to the lot of Ben Yakoub, who had been chestnut-gathering by the sea at the time of the wreck, but when he arrived on Mount Couco the Sheyk Abderrahman had claimed her and hers as the head of the tribe, and had carried her off to his own adowara in the valley of Ein Gebel.

The Turk, Murad, had been induced by Yakoub to join him and sixteen more armed men whom he had got together to demand her. For it was he who had rescued her from the waves, carried her up the mountains, fed her all this time, and he would not have her snatched away from him, though for his part Murad thought it would have been well to quit of them, for not only were they Giaours, but he verily believed them to be of the race of Jinns. The little fair-haired maid had papers with strange signs on them. She wrote, actually wrote, a thing that he believed no Sultana Velidè even had ever been known to do at Stamboul. Moreover, she twisted strings about on her hands in a manner that was fearful to look at. It was said to be only to amuse the children, but for his part he believed it was for some evil spell. What was certain was that the other, a woman full grown, could, whenever any one offended her, raise a Jinn in a cloud of smoke, which caused such sneezing that she was lost sight of. And yet those creatures had so bewitched their captors that there were like to be hard blows before they were disposed of, unless his advice were taken to make an end of them altogether. Indeed, two of the men, the mad Santon and the chief slave, had been taken behind a bush to be sacrificed, when the Daughter of the Silkworm came between with her incantations, and fear came upon Sheyk Yakoub. Murad evidently thought it highly advisable that the chief Marabout should intervene to put a stop to these doings, and counteract the mysterious influence exercised by these strange beings.

High time, truly, Arthur and Ibrahim Aga likewise felt it, to go to the rescue, since terror and jealousy might, it appeared, at any time impel *ces barbares féroces*, as Ibrahim called them, to slaughter their prisoners. To their great joy, the Marabout proved to be of the same opinion, in spite of his sickness, which, being an intermitting ague, would leave him free for a couple of days, and might be driven off by the mountain air. He promised to set forth early the next day, and kept the young man and the interpreter as his guests for the night, Ibrahim going first on board to fetch the parcel of clothes and provisions which M. Dussault had sent for the Abbé and Mademoiselle

de Bourke, and for an instalment of the ransom, which the Hadji Eseb assured him might safely be carried under his own sacred protection.

Arthur did not see much of his host, who seemed to be very busy consulting with his second in command on the preparations, for probably the expedition was a delicate undertaking, even for him, and his companions had to be carefully chosen.

Ibrahim had advised Arthur to stay quietly where he was, and not venture into the city, and he spent his time as he best might by the help of a narghilé, which was hospitably presented to him, though the strictness of Marabout life forbade the use alike of tobacco and coffee.

Before dawn the courts of the house were astir. Mules, handsomely trapped, were provided to carry the principal persons of the party wherever it might be possible, and there were some spare ones, ridden at first by inferiors, but intended for the captives, should they be recovered.

It was very cold, being the last week in November, and all were wrapped in heavy woollen haiks over their white garments, except one wild-looking fellow, whose legs and arms were bare, and who only seemed to possess one garment of coarse dark sackcloth. He skipped and ran by the side of the mules, chanting and muttering, and Ibrahim observed in French that he was one of the Sunakites, or fanatic Marabouts, and advised Arthur to beware of him; but, though dangerous in himself, his presence would be a sufficient protection from all other thieves or vagabonds. Indeed, Arthur saw the fellow glaring unpleasantly at him, when the sun summoned all the rest to their morning devotions. He was glad that he had made the fact of his Christianity known, for he could no more act Moslem than be one, and Hadji Eseb kept the Sunakite in check by a stern glance, so that no harm ensued.

Afterwards Arthur was bidden to ride near the chief, who talked a good deal, asking intelligent questions. Gibraltar had impressed him greatly, and it also appeared that in one of his pilgrimages the merchant vessel he was in had been rescued from some Albanian pirates by an English ship, which held the Turks as allies, and thus saved them from undergoing vengeance for the sufferings of the Greeks. Thus the good old man felt that he owed a debt of gratitude which Allah required him to pay, even to the infidel.

Up steep roads the mules climbed. The first night the halt was at a Cabyle village, where hospitality was eagerly offered to persons of such high reputation for sanctity as the Marabouts; but afterwards habitations grew more scanty as the ground rose higher, and there was no choice but to encamp in the tents brought by the attendants, and which seemed to Arthur a good exchange for the dirty Cabyle huts.

Altogether the journey took six days. The mules climbed along wild paths on the verge of giddy precipices, where even on foot

Arthur would have hesitated to venture. The scenery would now be thought magnificent, but it was simply frightful to the mind of the early eighteenth century, especially when a constant watch had to be kept to avoid the rush of stones, or avalanches, on an almost imperceptible, nearly perpendicular path, where it was needful to trust to the guidance of the Sunakite, the only one of the cavalcade who had been there before.

On the last day they found themselves on the borders of a slope of pines and other mountain-growing trees, bordering a wide valley or ravine where the Sunakite hinted that Abderrahman might be found.

The cavalcade pursued a path slightly indicated by the treading of feet and hoofs, and presently there emerged on them from a slighter side track between the red stems of the great pines a figure nearly bent double under the weight of two huge faggots, with a basket of great solid fir-cones on the top of them. Very scanty garments seemed to be vouchsafed to him, and the bare arms and legs were so white, as well as of a length so unusual among Arabs or Moors, that simultaneously the Marabout exclaimed, 'One of the Giaour captives,' and Arthur cried out, 'La Jeunesse! Laurence!'

There was only just time for a start and a response, 'M. Arture! And is it yourself?' before a howl of vituperation was heard—of abuse of all the ancestry of the our of an infidel slave, the father of tardiness—and a savage-looking man appeared, brandishing a cudgel, with which he was about to belabour his unfortunate slave, when he was arrested by astonishment, and perhaps terror, at the goodly company of Marabouts. Hadji Eseb entered into conversation with him, and meanwhile Lanty broke forth, 'O wirrah, wirrah, Master Arthur! an' have they made a haythen Moor of ye? By the Powers, but this is worse than all. What will Mademoiselle say? she that has held up the faith of every one of us, like a little saint and martyr as she is! Though, to be sure, ye are but a Protestant; only these folks don't know the differ.'

'If you would let me speak, Laurence,' said Arthur, 'you would hear that I am no more a Moslem than yourself, only my Frank dress might lead to trouble. We are come to deliver you all, with a ransom from the French Consul. Are you all safe—Mademoiselle and all? and how many of you?'

'Mademoiselle and M. l'Abbé were safe and well three days since,' said Lanty; 'but that spalpeen there is my master and poor Victorine's, and will not let us put a foot near them.'

'Where are they? How many?' anxiously asked Arthur.

'There are five of us altogether,' said Lanty; 'praise be to Him who has saved us thus far. We know the touch of cold steel at our throats, as well as ever I knew the poor mistress' handbell; and unless our Lady, and St. Lawrence, and the rest of them, keep the better watch on us, the rascals will only ransom us without our heads, so jealous and bloodthirsty they are. The Bey of Constantina sent

for us once, but all we got by that was worse usage than the very dogs in Paris, and being dragged up these weary hills, where Maître Hébert and I carried Mademoiselle every foot of the way on our backs, and she begging our pardon so prettily—only she could not walk, the rocks had so bruised her darlin' little feet.'

'This is their chief holy man, Lanty. If any one can prevail on these savages to release you it is he.'

'And how come you to be hand and glove with them, Masther Arthur, you that I thought drowned with poor Madame and the little Chevalier and the rest?'

'The Chevalier is not drowned, Laurent. He is safe in the Consul's house at Algiers.'

'Now Heaven and all the saints be praised! The Chevalier safe and well! 'Tis a very miracle!' cried Lanty, letting fall his burthen, as he clasped his hands in ecstasy and performed a caper which, in spite of all his master, Eyoub's respect for the Marabouts, brought a furious yell of rage, and a tremendous blow with the cudgel, which Lanty seemed to receive as if it had been a feather in his joy.

Hadji Eseb averted a further blow; and understanding from Arthur that the poor fellow's transport was caused by the tidings of the safety of his master's son, he seemed touched, and bade that he and Eyoub should lead the way to the place of durance of the chief prisoners. On the way Ibrahim Aga interrogated both Eyoub in vernacular Arabic and Lanty in French. The former was sullen, only speaking from his evident awe of the Marabouts, the latter voluble with joy and hope.

Arthur learnt that the letter he had found under the stone was the fourth that Estelle and Hébert had written. There had been a terrible journey up the mountains, when Lanty had fully thought Victorine must close her sufferings in some frightful ravine; but, nevertheless, she had recovered health and strength with every day's ascent above the close, narrow valley. They were guarded all the way by Arabs armed to the teeth to prevent a rescue by the Bey of Constantina.

On their arrival at the valley, which was the headquarters of the tribe, the sheyk of the entire clan had laid claim to the principal captives, and had carried off the young lady and her uncle; and in his dwelling she had a boarded floor to sleep on, and had been made much more comfortable than in the squalid huts below. Her original master, Yakoub, had, however, come to seize her, with the force described by Murad. Then it was that again there was a threat to kill rather than resign them; but on this occasion it was averted by Sheyk Abderrahman's son, a boy of about fourteen, who threw himself on his knees before Mademoiselle, and prayed his father earnestly for her life. 'They spared her then,' said Lanty, 'and, mayhap, worse still may come of that. Yakoub, the villain, ended by getting

her back till they can have a council of their tribe, and there she is in his filthy hut; but the gossoon, Selim, as they call him, prowls about the place as if he were bewitched. All the children are, for that matter, wherever she goes. She makes cats' cradles for them, and sings to them, and tells them stories in her own sweet way out of the sacred history—such as may bring her into trouble one of these days. Maître Hébert heard her one day telling them the story of Moses, and he warned her that if she went on in that fashion it might be the death of us all. "But," says she, "suppose we made Selim, and little Zuleika, and all the rest of them Christians? Suppose we brought all the tribe to come down and ask baptism, like as St. Nona did in the *Lives of the Saints*?"

'He told her it was more like that they would only get her darling little head cut off, if no worse; but he could not get her to think that mattered at all at all. She would have a crown and a palm up in Heaven, and VM after her name in the Calender on earth, bless her.'

Then he went on to tell that Yakoub was furious at the notion of resigning his prize, and (Agamemnon-like) declared that if she were taken from him he should demand Victorine from Eyoub. Unfortunately she was recovering her good looks in the mountain air; and, worse still, the spring of her 'blessed little Polichinelle' was broken, though happily no one guessed it, and hitherto it had been enough to show them the box.

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE autumn months went on quietly towards winter, and the only alteration in the life of the White House was that Elys had now the entry of another Hornbridge home besides Dr. Enderby's: namely, Miss Hughes's at the Red House.

It had come about in this wise. Alda Hughes was very much attracted by the pretty bright winsome child, whose fun and quick responsiveness contrasted so strongly with the two stolid little boys whom she had in charge, and who certainly were as 'ornary' in ways, looks, and intellect as any two children could be. They loved sticks and whips, hitting and driving; they had far more in common with puppies or colts than with the higher developments of the human species, and the young masculine animal was so strong in them that Alda hoped that their guardian on his return would consent to their being sent to school, to be licked into shape by the discipline of numbers. The first time she asked Elys to the Red House the visit ended in disgrace both for Elys and Horace Verney, for screams were heard issuing from the schoolroom, and they were found there engaged in a hair-pulling match, in which, from the circumstances of the case, Elys was the chief sufferer; while Denzil, who would have come to her rescue, was thumping outside the door, which had been bolted by the small Tommy at his brother's behest. Alda asked the children again shortly after, promising that nothing of the sort should happen again; and this time neither Denzil nor Elys were very eager to go. Horace had promised Denzil a black eye, and Denzil wished neither to receive it nor to be twitted with being afraid of receiving it. Elys promised to go to his rescue and pull Horace's hair; but Denzil assured her that girls ought not to fight, even if boys had to do so, and that it was a disgrace to a boy to be helped in fighting by a girl. Whereat Elys dissolved into tears, saying that she did not see why girls should not fight for their friends, and that it was braver than anything a boy could do, when you had long hair, to fight a boy with short.

However, when they got to the Red House, Horace was *hors de combat* in the nursery, being nursed for a bad cold and cough, and Tommy without him was comparatively harmless. In the afternoon Tommy and Denzil played chess, and Alda, who was very fairly proficient on the violin, played to Elys, to the child's great delight. Elys's chief passion was for music, and the culmination of her delight was reached when Alda offered to teach her to play on the violin

herself, if her mother allowed her. She was so eager about it that Bessie had not the heart to refuse ; and the consequence was that two or three times a week Elys went across the Green to the Red House, with her little fiddlecase in her hand, and before long could play 'Blue-bells of Scotland' and 'God save the Queen' quite respectably. The Miss Priors wondered that Mrs. Maynard should let her little girl take up such an unfeminine pursuit; but the poor Miss Priors were behind the age.

Perhaps on the whole these visits to Alda were not particularly good for Elys. Bessie tried hard to avoid spoiling her darling, and Dr. Enderby was not a man to show hurtful tenderness to any one; but Alda Hughes had far less conscience than either of them in this respect. She fixed Elys's visits for the hour at which the little Verneys were at their lessons, and when the easy music lesson was over, she told her stories or played games with her for the rest of the morning. Elys soon found out that she was mistress where Alda was concerned, and liked it very much; but the result was hardly profitable to the child, and once or twice Denzil told her as a home truth that there was much less fun now in playing with her than there used to be; she always wanted to have everything her own way.

So things went on till one Sunday morning in February, when Bessie and Elys went to church as usual. Bessie was sitting in her usual seat before the service began, thinking half dreamily of the discordant colours in the modern stained east window, and the voluntary which the organist *would* play out of time—when a little procession passed up the nave which turned her thoughts from all other matters. First came Alda Hughes with her slow, limping yet not undignified gait; then the two little Verneys, in clean broad collars, and well-brushed jackets and knickerbockers; and after them a tall broad soldierly man with a sunburnt face and grizzled beard and moustache. They took their places two seats in front of her, where, all through the service, she could see the stranger's straight upright back and hear his voice, making the responses steadily and unflinching as if it were a question of good form in church drill to attend to all small points which might be considered matters of discipline.

Yes, it was Russell Verney; but where was his wife, who had been Miss Farquhar? Probably too much tired with her journey, so Bessie thought, to come out this morning. Bessie wished she had done so; she wanted to see this woman whom Russell loved as he had not been able to love her. How long would he stay? Would it be safe for her to risk his recognition of her? Perhaps they would not meet at all; it would be on the whole best not, and yet, Bessie felt, she should like above all things to shake hands with him once more, even though she must do so as an absolute stranger. Then her thoughts went back into the past. Perhaps she was not given to attend very sedulously to the words of Divine service at any time;

but certainly on this particular Sunday, when the organist began to play the voluntary after the service was over, she could not have mentioned one thought in hymns, prayers, chapters, or sermon which had entered beyond her ears into her mind. When the service was over, moved by some irresistible impulse, she sat still until the church was nearly empty, in spite of Elys's fidgets, and until Alda and Russell Verney had had time to be well on their homeward path. She succeeded in avoiding them, but not in escaping the friendly greetings of the Miss Priors, who, as usual, were lying in wait to pounce upon any soil lying fallow for the reception of news.

'Do you know, Mrs. Maynard, Major Verney is come to the Red House to stay with his mother? Quite an honour for Hornbridge, I was saying to Maria just now. I hear, you know, he is quite like a king where he lives, and the Viceroy finds him quite his right hand! Such a pleasure it must be to Miss Hughes, mustn't it, to have the honour of receiving him in her house?'

'And has he brought his wife with him?' said Bessie.

'Wife?' said Miss Maria, 'I never heard he had one; did you, Emma dear? In fact, Mrs. Maynard, Maria and I always settled in our own minds, from one or two things we heard—my Sarah, between ourselves, is an immense friend of Miss Hughes's parlourmaid Jane—that if he ever married anybody, it would be Miss Hughes herself. I believe there is a good deal of *cousinly affection*—you understand—on Miss Hughes's side, at any rate.'

Bessie got away at last, but Elys received very little answer to her prattle between the churchyard gate and the White House. Russell not married, and Russell regarded as the property of Alda Hughes! She felt so bewildered at the thought that it did not seem to her as if she knew where she was. Could it have been possible after all that Russell had remained single from faithfulness to the memory of herself—that he had loved her after all? Bessie chid herself for folly when this thought revealed to her, by its delicious sweetness, how much it would have meant to her; was it likely that a man like Major Verney was likely to have remained single for so many years for the sake of a woman who had married within six months after his departure from India? And if so, what did it mean to her now? The Elizabeth Mallard he knew had been drowned in the *Hibernia*; she was a stranger, and could only meet him as a stranger. 'And yet,' she said to herself, 'it *would* make a difference—it *would* make me happier—if I could only know that he had loved me once. I get hard and heedless to every one but Elys; I believe I should be a better woman if I could bring myself to think it had been my folly, not his faithlessness. Dr. Enderby says you never lose the eternal part of anything that is worth having; if that is true, and if I have had it, then it must be a possession to me still. If I could only trust myself so as to dare to find out!'

While Bessie dreamed thus over possibilities, the present seemed

to float away from her, and she became again the gay wilful girl, Bessie Mallard—rich, joyous, and beautiful—endowed with all gifts of nature and fortune, and believing herself designed for all the possible delights of life. But Elys's step and her gay childish voice recalled her to the present; and the bitterness of the reality seemed all the greater for the glamour that floated over the past.

'To find him again, and hear that he is looked upon as booked by Alda Hughes!' she said bitterly to herself. 'Decidedly I had better kept out of the way in that case.'

That very afternoon, however, her resolution was again altered. A servant from the Red House brought her a note, which ran thus—

'Dear Mrs. Maynard.—My cousin Major Verney is staying with us, and I want to get a few neighbours to meet him. Will you excuse an informal invitation, and come and dine with us on Tuesday at seven? It will be very kind of you if you will. Yours very truly,
'ALDA M. HUGHES.'

The temptation was too great for Bessie to resist. Prudence and everything else were thrown to the winds.

'I will put on my oldest cap,' she said; 'but go I will and must. After all, what least possibility can there be of his recognising me? If I see any suspicion in his looks or words, I will take Elys abroad for the rest of his leave, so that he shall have no chance of following up the clue: but practically, what danger can there be? I must learn to control my nerves and not think that I am such an object of interest to everybody that I cannot be seen without their trying to ferret out all my past history.'

And so with such apparently common-sense reasonings backing up her own imprudence, Bessie took up her pen and wrote—

'Dear Miss Hughes.—I shall have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for Tuesday. Yours very truly,
'ELIZABETH MAYNARD.'

'At least,' she said to herself, 'my handwriting has altered since I was eighteen, so that there is no fear of his recognising *that*.'

CHAPTER XIII.

On Tuesday evening Bessie, with two red spots upon her smooth brown cheeks, attired in black velvet and lace, entered Alda Hughes's drawing-room. Dr. Enderby was there, Mr. and Mrs. Bruton, and one or two more of the Hornbridge gentry; but none of them in any degree suspected how when Bessie made that magnificent sweeping bow towards Miss Hughes's Indian hero, her heart was beating so as almost to choke her, and her head was giddy with excitement and the sense of her desperate risk. Only Dr. Enderby, with whom she shook hands last, said—

‘How cold you are, Mrs. Maynard; your hands are like ice. Sit here and warm yourself.’

Bessie was glad to sit down, and summon up her composure; and by the time dinner was announced she had attained perfect outward control of her nerves. Major Verney took in Mrs. Bruton, and Bessie followed with a Mr. Copsley, known in Hornbridge society for being a remarkably silent man and a lover of his dinner. However, her place was set at Major Verney’s left hand, for Alda had not intended her to be entirely dependent for amusement upon Mr. Copsley, and had promised her cousin Russell that if he would sacrifice himself to conventionality sufficiently to take in Mrs. Bruton, she would give him the handsomest woman in Hornbridge on his other side.

He did his duty for awhile towards the Vicar’s wife, who, to tell the truth, had no great flow of ideas beyond her nursery and parish, and then turned to Bessie.

‘You have not been living in England very long, my cousin tells me,’ he said.

How well she recollected the tones of his voice—the little downward inflection at the end of the sentences, and the steady purposeful gaze of the bright grey eyes—eyes which had once said so much to her! But she only answered—

‘No; I returned from America eight months ago.’

‘Then you are not altogether a stranger in this country, I imagine,’ said he, ‘as you speak of returning.’

‘No,’ she said; ‘I lived in England when I was young.’ Somehow, with Russell Verney’s eyes looking at her, the falsehoods which her position involved seemed more distasteful to her than usual.

‘I wonder whether I ever met you?’ he went on, looking scrutinisingly at her. ‘Your face and voice seem so familiar to me somehow. If you will allow me to ask the question, what was your name before you married?’

‘Smith,’ said Bessie, though with a terrible pang at her heart that the luxury of freedom from deception was not to be permitted to her, even at this moment. She forced herself to look at him as she spoke, but he was too unsuspecting to discover the blank look with which the eyes contradict the lips.

‘Ah,’ he said, shaking his head and smiling, ‘I fear that throws no light; I suppose it must only be some accidental likeness. Your family was not connected with the Mallards, was it?’

Bessie shook her head, afraid to trust her voice to answer.

‘I used to know a Miss Mallard at one time, who I think would have grown up very like you, and if you had claimed cousinship, it would have accounted for the likeness.’

‘Perhaps I shall meet her some day and study my double,’ said Bessie, driven by the extremity of the danger to the use of all her powers of dissimulation.

‘No, you won’t; she had a very sad fate, poor thing. I don’t know

if you remember the loss of the *Hibernia*, which went down with all her passengers in a collision off the Irish coast? She was on her way out to the West Indies, where she had some property, with a little niece; and they were both drowned.' Major Verney spoke in a low tone with a good deal of feeling, which comforted Bessie's mind somewhat; and she was going to ask a further question about Miss Mallard, when Mr. Bruton said, 'Was not that the case which I remember reading of in the papers—the poor woman was travelling with her family diamonds, and they all went to the bottom too?'

'Ah,' said Alda, 'I remember hearing that Sir Wyndham Ellis mourned more for his diamonds than for his sister or his child.'

'He always was an ill-conditioned brute,' said Major Verney, and Bessie felt grateful to him for the remark. She was losing her nervousness now; the plunge had been made, and she had regained her breath, and was even capable of playing with the edge-tools of the remembrance of Mrs. Mallard and her diamonds.

'What age was Miss Mallard?' she asked; and Major Verney explained that she had married young and kept the name belonging to her estate. 'But I never saw her after she was eighteen,' he added, 'when she was out and out the most beautiful girl I ever saw.' Then he was silent for a few minutes, and Bessie knew that he, too, had not forgotten the past. Suddenly he roused himself, and began talking to Mrs. Bruton, who through this conversation had been feeling herself slightly neglected.

Nothing more was said about Miss Mallard, and Bessie began to feel that she had safely surmounted a great danger. After all, if you are quite sure a person is dead, and see some one who reminds you of him, it is more natural to put down the fact to the accident of a chance likeness than to imagine that the person you thought dead was alive. Her spirits rose, and she put out all her social powers to make herself agreeable—a task which Bessie had often omitted in her old days at Kensington, for she had a habit of showing when she was bored.

Major Verney was very pleasant, but disappointed Alda in one respect; she wished to draw him out about himself and his work at Parandabad, and he refused to be drawn out in any way. He did not make a good lion, he was too modest, as Dr. Enderby said afterwards. But when Mrs. Bruton was playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' with variations by Thalberg—a performance by no means novel at Hornbridge dinner-parties—Major Verney came and sat on the sofa where Bessie and Dr. Enderby were talking, and was drawn out by Dr. Enderby into a description of his natives—their hardihood, their fidelity, and their inexorable blood-feuds; and Bessie recognised with a curious feeling of pride that the man she had loved was one of those who, when put in command over other men, are able to sway them by affection more than by force. Not that Russell was a rosewater sentimentalist, he

had had nerve enough to quell an incipient mutiny by the prompt execution of the ringleader; but the fact remained, as Dr. Enderby observed to Bessie as they walked home together that night across the Green, that he was one of the kind of men who make our Indian Empire a possibility.

Meanwhile Alda and her cousin were standing together by the drawing-room fire for a few moments after their guests were gone, and he suddenly said, 'You never saw Bessie Mallard, did you, Alda?'

'No, never; but I remember how wild you were about her just before you went to India.'

'Yes; if it had not been for your sense of propriety I should have spoken to her then. Poor girl, I wonder if it would have been better for her if I had.'

'She could not have cared for you much, considering.'

'No, I suppose not. But I did for her.'

'I hoped you had forgotten it in new scenes, when I wrote and told you she was married and you took no notice.'

'No, I never forgot her; but I could not write about her marriage, I was too sore. Afterwards, when I saw her husband's death in the paper, and knew she was free, I had visions of trying my fate again the next time I came home; but I could not get away, and then came the news of her death. Poor Bessie!'

'What has brought her so much to your mind just now?' said Alda.

'Mrs. Maynard reminds me so much of her. She must be older, for Bessie's hair could never have got so grey yet; but hers is one of those extraordinary likenesses one comes across sometimes, with no family connection to account for it. I remember two fellows at school whom strangers always took for brothers, they were so like.'

'Are you sure there is no relationship?'

'Mrs. Maynard told me her name was Smith before she married.'

'Mrs. Maynard is a mysterious person,' said Alda, laughing. 'I have a theory that she has a husband living somewhere who ill-treats her, and that she is hiding herself and her child away from him here.'

'What are the grounds of your theory?'

'Well, I am afraid I am bound to confess that they are not such as would carry conviction to any other mind, nor do they exactly to my own. One is that curious watchful guarded way she has of looking at you, especially if you ask her any question about the past; and she told me once that her marriage had been a failure, and she did not care to talk of it; and the other is that I saw her turn distinctly pale once when I told her that some woman, who it appeared had been her nurse once, was looking at her as if she knew her. I feel sure that there is some secret about her; and at the same time she does not strike me in the least like a person with a disreputable secret of

any kind—a wolf in sheep's clothing, whom we should wish to have avoided some day.'

'No,' said Major Verney, 'I think your penetration is true there, Alda; and I should be more inclined to trust it, because I should not like to think ill of a woman who was so like Bessie Mallard.'

He said it in the tone of one who wishes to drop a subject, and Alda took up her candlestick and said good-night, while he went into the little back parlour which she had fitted up for him as a smoking-room and proceeded to indulge in long whiffs of his hookah, and dreamy recollections of Bessie Mallard and the old days when he was last in England, which seemed suddenly to have grown familiar and near.

It was not without intention that Alda had thrown out the suggestion of her own theory that Mrs. Maynard was in hiding from an undesirable husband. Her keen eyes had quickly perceived that whether from her likeness to his lost love, or for her own beauty and stateliness, Russell Verney felt distinctly attracted by Mrs. Maynard; and she was extremely desirous that this attraction should go no further. The sense of property in Russell which she had always had as a girl still remained with her; she considered herself bound to look after him, she said to herself, and to see that he got into no undesirable entanglement which he would repent. 'And though I do Mrs. Maynard justice enough to know that she is not the designing widow of fiction, for I don't believe she has as much capability of flirtation in her as I have, if you come to that,' said Alda to herself, with a sensation of extreme candour, 'I don't wish to see Russell's prospects spoilt by being caught by a woman whose relations and whose past life, supposing the husband is a delusion, must still be something to be ashamed of. He had far better marry nobody now, and wait till he gets further up the tree before he thinks of marrying any one. If he gets accustomed to think of Mrs. Maynard as a person with a possible husband in the background, he will be much less likely to fall in love than if he merely looks upon her as a beautiful widow like his old love.'

Alda, keen and penetrating as her observation was, perhaps did not analyse the secrets of her own heart quite so plainly as she did those of other people, or she might have found another motive besides Bessie's ineligibility at work in her heart in her desire to defend Russell Verney from matrimony.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE mild winter sunset was dying down from gold into grey, and bright squares of ruddy light were beginning to shine out from the Hornbridge houses, when Mrs. Maynard, accompanied by Denzil and Elys, who had been for a walk, turned down the road which led off the hill towards the town below. At the same time a manly tramp

of footsteps echoed along the path behind, evidently quickening their pace. Mrs. Maynard turned round and beheld Major Verney.

'I suppose you and your little party are going homewards? And so am I,' he said. 'May I join you?'

'Certainly,' said Bessie. 'Have you been for a long walk?'

'Ten miles or so.' And then after a little casual conversation: 'Mrs. Maynard, it is the strangest thing how you remind me, both in your face and voice, of that poor girl I was telling you about the other day. Whenever I see you I think of her.'

'Likenesses are strange,' said Bessie, in a slightly constrained voice.

'I am afraid people don't much like to be told they are exactly like some one else; they prefer their own individuality,' said he, catching and misinterpreting the tone of her voice; 'but I have an excuse here. She was dearer to me than any one else when I left England, and though it is fourteen years ago now, England reminds me of her far more than I suspected it would.'

'Were you engaged to her?' said Bessie, daring under cover of the dusk to say more than she might have dared in broad daylight. Her voice trembled a little; he took the tremulousness for sympathy.

'No; I often wished I had been,' he said, simply. 'It happened this way. I was going off to India for an indefinite time, and she was an heiress. I wanted to say to her that though of course I could not bind her in any way, I should always feel the hope of being in a position one day to come forward and speak as the strongest incentive I could possibly have to make my way. I meant to have written to her mother and asked her to give Bessie the note I enclosed. Well, then it was put before me that even that would be binding her, and that it was far more honourable not to say anything; and though I now think my adviser was mistaken, I thought then her view of honour, considering our positions, must be right, and mine wrong; and I went without a word.'

'It was a terrible pity,' said Bessie, in a low voice; while to her also the dim winter evening faded away, and the image rose before her of a girl waiting feverishly day after day for the post to bring her a token that never came.

'You think so?' he said. 'I have so often wondered since what she thought of it. She did not wonder long, though; she married a man old enough to be her father six months afterwards.'

'What else would you expect to happen,' said Bessie, vehemently, 'when a girl thought she had given her heart away to a man who did not care for her?' She was going on, but broke off before she had betrayed herself.

'Ah!' he said, with a little catch of pain in his voice; 'but I hope that was not it. I have always tried to believe she did love the man she married. She is dead now, I think I told you,' he went on; 'I comfort myself with thinking she must know all about it now, and that I was not playing fast and loose with her.'

‘Yes,’ said Bessie, in an odd, half-choked voice; ‘I am sure she knows now.’

They were both silent for a little, and then Major Verney said—

‘It is odd to find myself talking to you, whom I have known so little, about her; but it is your likeness to her, I suppose, that makes me feel as if the preliminary part of our acquaintance might somehow be waived. Please forgive me for troubling you with my own story like this.’

‘There is no forgiveness in the question,’ said Bessie, in a voice still somewhat moved; ‘it is always an honour to be thought worthy of confidence.’

Then they talked of other things; of Denzil, of Elys, and the little Verneys and their mischief; and before long they came to the gate of the White House. Bessie shook hands with him, and then with the sensation of his touch still fresh on her hand, went up into her own room, locked herself in, and burst into a flood of tears.

There was a curious complexity in her mind made up of elation and misery. Whatever the future might be, she could not help being glad and proud that Russell Verney had not been unworthy—but then how bitterly she felt that she had wrecked her own life! Why had she not trusted him and waited? ‘If I had known, if I had only known,’ she said to herself over and over again; and then the past days once more became vivid, the days when life was all bitterness and mad rebellion, when every word and look of her mother’s had seemed to her morbid mind like a wilful pressure upon an open wound, and a life under new conditions, however unpromising, had seemed to her the only alternative from insanity. Then she thought of her marriage, of her discovery that she had not acquired by it freedom, but slavery to a man of coarse-grained nature, who found it natural to put into words ideas, the bare hints of which were sufficient to make her feel outraged in her soul; of the years in which existence had been utter misery, so that a few more, she always believed would have killed her; of her liberation by her husband’s death, and of her coming back to the ordinary lot of mortal women to find that the alternative to wretchedness was not always happiness, but might be dreariness unspeakable. Then she thought of the gradual crystallizing of all her capacities for happiness and peace round Baby, and her thoughts had reached the time when Baby’s clinging touches and Baby’s smile seemed the only thing that made life endurable to her, when an imperious childish knocking came to the door, and a voice cried ‘Mother, mother, when are you coming? I do so want my tea!’

Bessie rose, bathed her eyes, and came down to the pretty drawing-room where the rose-tinted lamplight shone on the white cloth and silver of the tea-table where Elys’s meal was laid out for her. In a short time the hungry little girl was appeasing her healthy appetite with substantial slices of bread and honey, and Bessie opposite to her

was sipping her tea silently, almost wondering which of these phases of her life was the dream, and which was the reality.

Tea had not long been cleared away when the door-bell rang, and Dr. Enderby came in.

'I came to ask if you would spare Elys for an hour this evening to keep Denzil company,' he said. 'I have to go off to Newborough to attend a case there by the seven o'clock train, and he thinks that Elys's company will make up for the loss of mine.'

Elys sprang up dancing with delight, as she usually did at any proposal that pleased her fancy.

'Go and get on your hat then, little one,' said Dr. Enderby, when Bessie had signified her consent, 'and you shall walk back with me.'

Bessie issued commands respecting further attire than a hat for this winter evening with its glimmering puddles underfoot, and Elys ran off. Dr. Enderby, sitting down in the comfortable fireside chair, said, 'What a pleasant evening we had on Tuesday. It is a great pleasure to meet a man like Verney.'

'Did you know him before?' said Bessie, for want of something to say.

'No; Miss Hughes was not living here before he went to India. But he is a man that you have not to know for a long time before you see that he is thoroughly high-minded and true. I should like nothing better for Denzil when he grows up than to work under such a man.'

Bessie made some trifling response of assent.

'Very good, too, it would be for Denzil, who is inclined to be dreaming, to be put under a man who is thoroughly practical, like Verney. And yet he has not the hardness that the practical nature seems to bring with it to some people, judging at least by his tone in talking of his Parandahs.'

'It is an exception to find men who are not hard,' said Bessie.

'Yes; especially successful men. But I gather from Miss Hughes that this man has had his private troubles, though his outward career was so prosperous. He was attached to a girl—did she tell you? who married and became a widow; and the attachment had been so strong that when he heard of her widowhood he intended to try his fortune again, for he had never cared for any one else; and then, poor fellow, he heard of her death——'

Bessie was only dimly conscious after this of Dr. Enderby's voice going on, of Elys coming into the room wound up in a crimson shawl, of mechanically shaking hands with Dr. Enderby and saying, 'Eight o'clock, please,' in answer to his question as to when Elys was to be sent back. Then, when she was alone, she lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes, trying to make her mind as blank as possible till she had recovered force to face this new shock. Had she indeed wrecked her life not once but twice?

After a few minutes, however, she felt that she could not lie still. She got up and walked about the room; but the furniture seemed to

be in the way, and the light oppressed her. She went out into the hall, took up a cloak and a hat that hung in the entry, and let herself out into the mild winter night. A south-west wind was blowing freshly enough to have swept the sky free from clouds, and the stars were shining mistily in the depths of blue. Bessie felt better here; the air and the motion revived her, and she walked on and on, out of the town and up on the hill, where the trimly cultivated fields and closely clipped hedges gave way to short common grass, with tufts of heather and furze. Here she reached a felled tree, which she had passed that day with Elys, and Elys had used as an appliance for impromptu gymnastics. She sat down on it, for the first time feeling glad to rest.

Poor Bessie! for the first time it came across her that the power of being able to carry out her will into action, and not being fettered by circumstances like other people, had been the curse of her life. But it did not strike her even yet that it was her own impatience that was the cause of all her misery—that the instinct that was in her to try to carve out some easier lot for herself by some definite action, whenever suffering came upon her and endurance was difficult, was parallel to the physical impulse which had driven her out now into the winter evening instead of staying within the house to endure her lot in stillness.

‘I have done for myself,’ she said aloud, ‘I have spoilt my life, and I shall never have another chance of making it what it might have been. Never—never, to all eternity!’

Perhaps this is the chief difference between the early and latter sorrows of life; that when we are young, however much the sorrow and the suffering of existence may fill up our horizon, there still remains with us the sense of its boundless possibilities—like the limitless capabilities of the unbounded world before Columbus discovered America. But when we are no longer young, we have a juster sense of the limits of life; we have found that our world can be travelled round in eighty days, and know that whatever else may be done with our career, this or that is absolutely impossible to us, now and for evermore.

To do this poor Bessie justice, however, she was not so entirely absorbed in the sense of her own loss as not to feel the share of it that her action had entailed upon Russell Verney—a share that she might have spared him. This added to her trouble, and increased the kind of elemental whirl in which everything seemed to have dissolved itself. In the midst of it all a sudden thought caused her to give a bitter little laugh.

‘Dr. Enderby says he has never known trouble that had no bottom; I wonder what he would make of mine!’

And then she rose up and slowly took her way back down the hill home again to the White House.

(To be continued.)

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE Lyster, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER VI.

ART AND KATE KEARNEY.

At breakfast next morning Clare announced that she was going to give a morning party, to introduce Miss Thorold to the little Southerton world; and the matter having been duly discussed, Lettice was sent off to write the invitations. Lettice, I may observe, had not paid Katharine a visit, as she had been asked to do, and no further conversation had taken place between them.

Presently Theodore rose from the table so briskly that none of the usual ceremonies attended his movements, and said—

'Have you breakfasted, Miss Thorold? Then will you come to the studio with me?'

'With pleasure,' said Katharine, rising also; and so did Clare, with less than her wonted slow grace, but she spoke quite pleasantly.

'What an impatient boy you are still, Theodore! You must know, Miss Thorold, that he has been doing some pictures from the "Lord of the Isles," and having quite used me up as Isabel, he wants you for Edith of Lorn.'

'Can you spare time?' said Theodore.

'Oh, yes! I have nothing particular to do,' Katharine said, with a sigh. Clare gave Theodore the support of her arm, and away they went, Katharine following.

At the end of the wide passage into which the dining-room and drawing-room opened there was a double door, covered with crimson cloth; and through this Katharine was now led into the suite of rooms occupied by the two St. Aubyns. The first room was a large study, and here they found Lettice writing notes industriously. Anything like the luxury of that room Katharine had never seen. Thick soft carpets, velvet curtains, easy chairs of every imaginable form; books in tall ebony cases, statuettes on brackets, and one or two pretty landscapes; the light subdued, the temperature delicious; Clare's basket, with a half-made calico frock half seen, stood beside one of the chairs. But this was evidently not the studio, for the brother and sister merely passed through it. The studio, however, when they did reach it, was only less luxurious than the study. It was matted with soft Indian matting, lighted by one large, high window; a large carved press occupied one wall, and the variety of easels, stands for pictures, and easy chairs was wonderful to behold.

Theodore released Clare's supporting arm, and went over to the window. There was a heavy blind, and it was drawn down. Taking the crimson rope in his slender, useless-looking hands, he pulled the blind up with perfect ease, and then turned to Katharine, saying eagerly—

'You said the other day that you had often wished to learn drawing; that shows that you have a natural taste for it. If so, I shall think myself very fortunate. No one here cares for art except Clare, and I know that is only for my sake. So that I seldom get a really unprejudiced opinion of my painting; and cut off as I am from all means of improvement, it would be a great advantage to me.'

'But I really know nothing at all about it,' Katharine hastened to say. 'I can only tell what pleases or displeases me. I don't think I know why.'

'But you *do* care, and you will be frank?'

'Oh, that's easy,' she answered, 'carelessly. She fancied she caught a fleeting smile on Clare's face as she said it, but next moment decided that she had made a mistake. Miss St. Aubyn sank gracefully into an easy chair, and took up a book.

'Do not tire yourself, Theodore,' she remarked, and then seemed to be absorbed by her book.

'I prefer figures,' said Theodore, 'though I have attempted landscape.'

And as he spoke he brought a picture from the big press and placed it carefully in the proper light, on a tall easel. It was a half-length likeness of Clare—and it was really like her. Katharine had only told the truth when she avowed her ignorance, and though very conscious that the picture was unsatisfactory, she could not have said why.

'Your sister—and very like her,' was all she said.

'What do you think of that drapery?—the veil—have I caught the transparent effect well?'

In good truth he had not, the veil in question being about as transparent as a piece of stout calico.

'Why did she wear a veil?' asked Katharine, feeling very proud of this device for getting out of her difficulty. Yet if Theodore had been less pre-occupied, the device was just what the veil was not!

'This was a study for "Isabel"—the Lord of the Isles, you know. Here is the picture.'

And raising a small canvas to the easel he repeated the lines:

'One single glance of glad surprise
Just flashed from Isabel's dark eyes.'

One flash, indeed! the absurd idea came into Katharine's head, that if her flashes so terribly resembled red-hot pokers, as the specimen depicted in that work of art did, it was well that the lady did not indulge in many of them.

‘I know the passage,’ said Katharine—and then stood with wide-open eyes staring at the picture.

‘What do you think of the accessories?’ inquired Theodore.

‘What does that mean?’ said she.

‘Why—the cell—the furniture—the ivy at the window,’ he explained. Katharine looked on in despair. There was so much detail in the picture that the figure seemed to be almost unnecessary—yet there was a certain prettiness about it, and the girl’s attitude was graceful.

‘It is very pretty,’ poor Katharine said with an effort. Theodore looked at her inquiringly. ‘You know,’ she went on, ‘I said honestly that I was no judge. Very likely there are a hundred merits in it that I don’t see; but,’ her usual candour forced her to continue, ‘but it does not take me in. I know it’s only a picture. I couldn’t feel very sorry for her!’

Theodore stared, first at her and then at his picture. Clare looked up and said: ‘You certainly are no judge, Miss Thorold.’

One or two other pictures were shown. Katharine said as little as she possibly could; but at last a small one—a military-looking personage in the act of mounting his horse—was placed before her, and the poor girl, forgetting everything in the surprise which that horse was calculated to excite, exclaimed—

‘Oh, good gracious!’ in a tone of lively horror.

‘Yes,’ said the artist, with a somewhat mechanical smile, ‘I know there is something wrong with the horse; can you tell me what it is? Do you recognise the rider?’

‘General Falconer—yes, the face is very like. As to the horse, Mr. St. Aubyn, I cannot say what is wrong—but it is wrong. No horse turns his head that way—and none of his feet are on the ground. Oh, I don’t know what’s the matter with him.’

Clare got up, deliberately lifted all the pictures from the easel and said—

‘You look worn out, Theodore; I think this will do, for to-day. Miss Thorold, can you find your way to the double door? and will you kindly tell Beatrice that we shall not drive until after luncheon to-day? My brother must lie down for a while.’

‘I am not tired, Clare,’ said Theodore; but she assured him he was, and Katharine gladly made her escape. She found Lettice still writing notes.

‘Why, are you going already?’ said she; ‘I thought Theodore was going to paint you?’

‘My dear,’ said Katharine, ruefully, ‘I have been dreadful. Indeed, I tried hard to find things to say, but I didn’t like the pictures, and I could not say I did.’

‘No, of course,’ said Lettice, without raising her eyes from her writing. Katharine did not derive much comfort from this, so she went on to the drawing-room to give Beatrice her message.

‘What is up?’ said Eleanore, laughing. ‘Have you had your ears boxed, Katharine?’

‘Nonsense, Eleanore!’ said Mrs. Craven, sharply; ‘a question like that is calculated to create a false impression of Miss St. Aubyn.’

‘My dear Henrietta, who mentioned Miss St. Aubyn? I merely mean that Katharine looks as if some party or parties unknown had boxed her ears—figuratively, of course.’

‘A note for you, ma’am,’ said Smiles, coming up at that moment.

‘For me!’ exclaimed Katharine, ‘how very odd; who can have written to me?’

Eleanore was sitting at a small table in the window, working; and Katharine had passed her and was standing in the window, where the servant could not easily get at her. Eleanore took the note off the little tray, glancing at it as she did so—and when she handed it to Katharine she looked startled, or vexed; but in the excitement of the contents of the note Katharine forgot all about this.

‘Oh, how kind—how very kind!’ she said. ‘I suppose—Aunt Florence, do you think I may go?’

‘Go where, my dear? what can you mean?’ cried Aunt Florence, fussing up to the window, the bantam hen to the life.

‘Yesterday evening,’ said Katharine, ‘I said something to General Falconer about riding—about being very fond of it, and he says here, that he has a horse that carries a lady nicely, and he will call here after luncheon, bringing the horse, in hopes that I will ride with him. It seems to me very kind.’

A short silence followed this speech, but Katharine was looking over the note and did not notice it. Then Marcia, her keen little face sparkling with mischievous amusement, said—

‘Of course you’ll go, Katharine. What a kind old darling the General is. I know the horse, such a pretty creature, Kate Kearney her name is. The General has so often regretted that none of us can ride.’

‘Oh, dear—that wild Irish horse?’ exclaimed Aunt Florence; ‘dear Katharine, don’t think of it. How the General *can* think—I know you’ll be hurt, dear.’

‘I am not afraid of that,’ Katharine answered. ‘I can ride any horse that General Falconer will let me mount; you may be sure he knows there is no danger. There is nothing to prevent my going, then? I must run off and get out my habit and hat. I almost vowed I would never ride again, but then you see, I never expected to have the chance.’

She left the room, and Mrs. Craven remarked, in a tone of satisfaction—

‘I trust you are satisfied now, Florence? I cannot say that I pity you. It is exactly what you deserve.’

The poor little woman looked ready to cry. She whispered to Eleanore—

‘Shall I follow her, and say she had better not?’

‘Certainly not,’ Eleanore answered aloud and with decision. ‘I don’t know why there should be any fuss about so simple a matter. It is perfectly natural—don’t be absurd, Florence.’

Katharine soon had her riding gear in order, even mending a tiny hole in her glove. She was not sure that her excitement was all pleasurable, yet she could by no means resist the temptation. She determined to dress at once and go down to luncheon ready, as there was no saying how soon the General might call. And as she went downstairs in her dark blue habit, with hat, gloves, and whip in her hands, Peter or Madge Marland would have said that she looked like their Miss Kitty again. Poor Katharine, if she had heard the remarks made in the drawing-room after her departure, it would have made her uncomfortable, but her feeling would have been far worse if she had heard what Clare said when alone with her brother.

‘My dear boy,’ she began softly, ‘I am so sorry! You have wonderful command of your temper, I must say. This girl can have neither taste nor feeling—and she is so very brusque and odd—almost rude, in fact.’

‘Not rude, Clare—and she was in a very awkward position. I wonder——’

He stood gazing, with a slight frown, upon ‘Isabel,’ which he had replaced on the easel.

‘My dearest, do not allow the crude remarks of an uneducated young woman to influence you. Your health prevents all regular study, and therefore of course there may be technical faults—but there can be no faults that are visible to Katharine Thorold and invisible to me; in fact, I know more about it than she seems to know, and I, too, have the use of my eyes.’

‘But then you are not as impartial as she is.’

‘Dear boy, if I saw faults, do you suppose I would not tell you candidly? It is a matter of feeling. I remember when I showed that very picture to Beatrice Craven—the one of General Falconer—she said, “Oh, how spirited the horse is.” And the Cravens are really well educated; it makes me quite angry to have this girl— But there! I will not talk of her. Only, I greatly fear that having her here is a mistake. I fancied she was much younger, and would amuse you—a little variety is so good for you.’

‘Well, it is a variety,’ said Theodore.

‘Certainly; but whether pleasant or not, is the question. Now, dear boy, you are quite worn out, come to your room and lie down. I will read to you, and Lettice shall bring you some soup. Why, you are shaking and shivering all over, love; this young Yorkshire woman is quite too much for you.’

Theodore submitted, although he declared that he was not shaking and shivering. In fact, his most distinct feeling at the moment was

a wish to get Katharine alone, and hear her true and candid opinion of his painting, and as this was impossible at the moment, he let Clare have her own way as usual. He took his soup and biscuits, too, when Lettice brought them, and Clare's reading soon sent him into a gentle doze. When he awoke he was alone, Clare had gone to luncheon. He got up and went back to the studio. One by one he examined his pictures, and some spark of talent he must have had, for a profound discontent took possession of him. For the first time, eyes not determined to see no fault had looked at his paintings, a tongue that knew no flattery had spoken of them. They never looked the same again to the luckless artist. Clare never succeeded in her attempt to 'medicine him to that sweet sleep that he knew yesterday' on this subject. For years she had persuaded him that only his bad health prevented his being a great artist; she had found it desirable to provide him with some semblance of a pursuit, because as he grew towards manhood, mere petting and coddling did not satisfy him, and he was restless under her sway. And he had always been exceedingly fond of drawing. Since then, how often had he heard her say, 'This poor boy of mine, you know, is devoted to his art. When he has had one of his terrible feverish attacks, I know that he is really better in a moment, because as soon as he can stand he is at his easel. He works too hard; but some day, if all goes well, the world will hear of him.' And from hearing her say it, he had come to believe that he worked hard—he was always intending to do so. But so far it may be doubted that he knew what work meant.

Clare had gone to the dining-room, where she found the whole party assembled.

'Theodore is not coming,' she said. 'He is so very tired, and he wants no luncheon, Aunt Florence.'

Sympathetic murmurs from Aunt Florence, though as she knew all about the soup and biscuits, she ought not to have been surprised.

'What was he doing that has tired him?' inquired Marcia.

'He was showing Miss Thorold his paintings, and sometimes there is no harder work. My dear Miss Thorold, Nature plainly did not intend you for an artist.'

'I told him so, you know,' said Katharine.

'Will he drive to-day?' asked Beatrice, her vacant face lighting up with sudden interest.

'Yes, in about half an hour,' was the reply; and Beatrice looked as usual, only a trifle sulky. Marcia gave her a reproving glance.

Luncheon was hardly over when Smiles announced that General Falconer was at the door, and would Miss Thorold ride? Katharine, forgetting herself altogether in her delight, sprang up without a word of apology, and put on her hat, saying—

'Marcia, is it quite straight?'

'Quite. Will you excuse me, Clare? I want to see how the Irish creature comports herself.'

‘What is it all about?’ inquired Clare; and Mrs. Craven explained, for her two daughters and Florence had followed Katharine to the hall. Eleanore alone did not move.

‘Ah, Miss Thorold! this is most kind,’ said the General; and he was off his horse in a moment.

‘I think the kindness is on your side,’ she said, looking at him gratefully. ‘Oh, what a perfect beauty! Let me talk to her a little. What is her name?’

‘Kate Kearney—a pair of Kates,’ said the General, with a smile.

‘My dear General, are you sure she won’t bite? Oh, it cannot be safe for her!’ exclaimed Aunt Florence, distractedly. ‘Katharine, dear, don’t go.’

‘Indeed, I would not go if I did not know it was quite safe,’ said Katharine, quite touched by her aunt’s anxiety. ‘I have ridden every kind of horse all my life. Come, Kate Kearney, stand still for one moment. Thank you; I am all right.’

‘Is your habit all right?’

‘Oh, yes. Quiet now, Kate! Don’t frighten my aunt, you naughty Irishwoman! General Falconer, the stirrup-leather is too short.’

This was soon rectified, and with a wave of her whip to the party on the steps, Katharine was off. General Falconer’s groom, who was to wait at the Priory to take the mare home, said admiringly—

‘That there is a lady that *can* ride. You need not be frightened, mum. Kate will go like a lamb with a hand like that over her.’

He walked off towards the servants’ door, and poor little Florence, in her misery, was weak enough to look to Marcia for sympathy.

‘Oh, Marcia! is it not dreadful?’

‘You would not listen to mamma, you know,’ said Marcia. Aunt Florence wrung her hands and departed. Beatrice, staring after her, said—

‘What’s the matter with her, Marcia?’

‘Never mind, my dear. What is of much more importance to us than Aunt Florence’s trouble is, that Katharine will be out of *your* way, if the General takes her up. And now, Bee, mind me. As mamma told you last night, your future is in danger—and Clare is no fool. If you indulge in such looks as you put on at luncheon to-day, good-bye to the Priory, my good child.’

‘It is so dull, driving with them,’ said Beatrice; ‘but I don’t mind so very much; only I promise you, I won’t have it so by-and-by. Clare shall go away; I don’t mean to be ordered about by her.’

Marcia laughed, and said—

‘Don’t make that too evident till all is safe, I advise you,’ and led the way back to the dining-room.

How Katharine enjoyed that ride! She had not felt so full of life and spirit since her last ride on poor Aurora.

‘Where shall we go, Miss Thorold?’

‘Anywhere—it is all new to me. Can you tell me if there has been any alteration here? I mean about this gate. For Maurice said that there was a long approach, and there is really very little.’

‘I can explain. Until these St. Aubyns came here, all the land on which the villas stand was in the Priory grounds. Miss St. Aubyn had the villas built. The church stood in the grounds until then, and there was a road to it, but it cannot be traced now. It was a wise step; the property was of very little value—changes had taken place. Long ago there had been a great earthenware factory on the estate—not here, but on the other side—and the earth necessary for the finer kinds got used up, so that only flower-pots and coarse pans are made now. It nearly ruined Mr. St. Aubyn, your grandfather. But Miss St. Aubyn will bring matters round if any one can. She is very clever.’

‘Does she manage everything?’

‘Oh, yes. St. Aubyn is, as you may see, not fit for much, so far.’

‘He has always been so delicate,’ Katharine answered.

‘Yes, a sickly boy, and now he has fallen into invalid ways. Yet I suspect there is something in him if he were free from—— Do you see that neat row of cottages behind the church? Those are the St. Aubyn almshouses.’

‘I see them,’ said Katharine, laughing. ‘Were you going to say petticoat government, General Falconer?’

They were now clear of the village, and the General proposed a canter, which turned into a gallop presently; then came a rough, stony piece of road, over which they had to walk the horses.

‘This is dreadful!’ said Katharine presently. ‘Might we not get into the field? The sheep won’t mind us.’

‘Certainly; but the gates are generally locked, I fear.’

‘Gates! Do you mean to insult me? It is many a long year since I asked whether a gate were locked or not. Both the Kates are offended;’ and turning Kate Kearney with one dexterous movement, she was in the field in a moment. The General was at her side again without delay.

‘Dear me, Miss Thorold, you are a very great charge to me! I have known you only for a few hours, and this is the second time you have given me the slip, and left me to follow as best I may!’

They were nearing the road again, after a delicious scamper, when a low pony-carriage appeared in the distance.

‘There are your cousins. Let the carriage pass before we jump the fence,’ said the General.

‘Why, that is General Falconer,’ said Theodore, raising himself a little; ‘and who has he with him? I never saw him in the fields before.’

‘It is Miss Thorold,’ answered Clare, who was driving. Beatrice, sitting on the low seat in front, watched the pair as they crossed the

field quietly. Theodore turned to watch too. They saw them jump the horses into the road, and after a moment, ride after the carriage. Katharine came to Theodore's side, bending down her face, to which pleasure and exercise had brought the loveliest colour, and saying in her sincere, frank way—

‘I'm so glad to see you out, for your sister said I had tired you dreadfully, and I really was very sorry.’

‘I am quite rested,’ he said dreamily—he was gazing at her, and it really seemed as if the sight of her vigour and bloom put strength into him, for he sat upright, and his eyes brightened.

‘You ride beautifully,’ he said.

Clare was distracted between her desire to hear what passed, and the necessity for minding her ponies, which were fidgetty, not being used to the company of the two horses.

‘I ought to ride well—if practice maketh perfect. Beatrice, don't you ride? It is so delightful.’

‘Thank you, I prefer driving,’ said Beatrice, crossly.

‘Pray ride on,’ said Clare; ‘these ponies are getting unmanageable.’

‘Don't pull so at the curb,’ said Katharine; ‘you are jerking their heads off.’

Clare gave her a broad stare of surprise, and bowed slightly. Katharine, who was nettled by her manner, did not care, but rode on after the General. Presently he observed that she was put out.

‘Something has vexed you, Miss Thorold?’

‘Yes; I was rude, and that vexes me. You see, I am not used to be ordered about and considered a bother; but I am sorry I was rude.’

The General looked at the frank, vexed face, and said quietly—

‘I can sympathise with you. Miss St. Aubyn is too much the queen for my taste; but, my child, it is better policy to be courteous. You will have to learn to govern your tongue.’

‘Yes; and it will be good for me,’ she said, thoughtfully. ‘I have always had my own way too much. Thank you, General Falconer; I'll beg her pardon when I see her again.’

Which she did, greatly to Clare's surprise.

Two remarks were made at exactly the same time when Katharine left the carriage and rode on.

‘What a Goth that girl is!’ said Clare.

‘What a handsome creature that is!’ said Theodore. ‘So full of life,’ he went on, not catching what she had said; ‘one seems to catch it from her. Clare, I must try to paint her.’

Clare said nothing; but Beatrice, who had heard both remarks, burst into a laugh—and she had a singularly unmusical laugh—not to say that it was an idiotic sounding one. Theodore looked at her, and wondered why Clare preferred her society to that of Eleanore or Marcia, or even little Lettice.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXVI.

1649-1651.

KING OF SCOTS.

THE consternation excited by the King's trial and death was great, and seemed to paralyse all for the time; but although the first thing done by the poor fifty or sixty members of the House of Commons who remained, was to put forth a proclamation declaring it high treason to proclaim any person whatsoever King of England; still in one place, Pontefract Castle, Charles II. was proclaimed, and papers declaring him King were handed about everywhere. In Scotland, as soon as the tidings arrived of the execution, on the 5th of February, 1649, Charles II. was proclaimed at the Market Cross at Edinburgh; but there was at the same time a strong determination among the Scots that he should only reign as a Covenanter, for, as Carlyle says, 'they were pedants in conduct, not poets.'

However, the Rump proceeded to abolish the name of Lords and office of King, and to appoint a Council of State, with Bradshaw for its president to carry on the Government—a Great Seal being made representing the Commons instead of the King. Six judges upon this resigned, and the others only consented to continue their functions on the pledge that the fundamental laws of the kingdom should continue. The first measure of the Council was to bring to trial the Royalists in their power, namely, the Duke of Hamilton, who was an English peer as well as a Scotch one, the Earl of Holland, the Earl of Norwich, better known as Lord Goring, the Lord Capel, and Sir John Owen. Hamilton could plead orders from the Scottish Parliament, and, indeed, had already compounded for a fine of £100,000. Lord Capel demanded to be tried by his peers; but these had been abolished, and the Court was declared to be of supreme authority. All received sentence of death, subject to the decision of Parliament. Lady Holland and Lady Capel pleaded for their husband's lives in vain, but Goring, though the disgrace of his party, was to every one's surprise, saved by the casting vote of the Speaker, and Sir John Owen was also spared, at the intercession of Colonels Ireton and Hutchinson.

Holland had been a feather-pated intriguer, and had done much mischief to the cause he espoused. Capel was one of the bravest and best men of his time. To Hamilton, Charles I. had once said on his greeting, 'My dear master,' 'I have been a *dear* master indeed to you.' His love had indeed been costly, but national and family jealousies had

confused an intellect not sufficient for his position, and he too had been a mischievous supporter. They were executed on the 9th of March, 1649, to the grief and indignation of the Scots; who on their side had taken the staunch Royalist, the Marquess of Huntley, and put him to death a week later.

At the Hague, where the little exiled Court then was, the tidings were heard with horror and dismay, but no one's grief seems to have equalled that of Montrose, who was at Brussels at the time he received them. He broke forth into an oath that he would henceforth live only to revenge the royal martyr and to reinstate the heir, and then shut himself up for two days, during which he neither saw nor spoke to any one. Dr. Wishart, his chaplain, was the first to be admitted and shown the lines in which Montrose's agony of indignation found outlet.

He soon after set forth for the Hague, where there was the strongest feeling of sympathy for the bereaved family. The Prince of Orange sent at his own expense mourning for the new King and his suite, and ordered the payment of all the members of it to be defrayed out of his own revenues; and the feelings of the Dutch citizens were so stirred that the parliamentary commissioner Strickland durst not stir out of his house, and his windows were broken by the mob, amid shouts of 'Long live King Charles and the Princess Royal.'

The States condemned these tumults, and tried to silence the ministers who preached fiercely against the murder; but the excitement was greatly increased by the arrival of the brother of the Duke of Hamilton with tidings of his death. A day or two later came the Earls of Lauderdale and Callander, who had been negotiating with the Parliament to save the late King's life, and rapidly following them arrived the Earl of Cassilis, with formal proposals from the Estates of Scotland to receive and crown Charles on condition of his taking the Solemn League and Covenant. They also wanted him to banish Montrose and bring only one hundred persons with him.

The counsels of the little Court were divided. Hamilton and Cassilis were utterly hostile to one another, but they equally hated Montrose; and on the other hand the Covenant was detestable in the eyes of the loyal English, and not much less so in those of Montrose, Presbyterian though he was. While the matter was under consideration, an envoy from the Parliament to the States of Holland arrived, Dr. Dorislaus, a Dutchman by birth, but a professor at Gresham College, and who had been employed in drawing up the indictment against the King.

On the very evening of his arrival, as he was sitting at supper, six men in masks rushed into the room, bidding the rest of the company not be alarmed, as they only sought the agent of the English rebels, and then dragging the unhappy doctor from the table, they plunged their swords into his body, withdrew, and escaped from the Hague.

The Dutch seem in general to have thought the vengeance was deserved for thrusting himself into the city inhabited by their bereaved Princess; but the States-General were greatly displeased, and forced upon William of Orange the conviction that the residence of his brother-in-law would only bring trouble on them. So Charles was advised to quit the Hague, and instead of going at once to push his cause in Ireland or Scotland, he listened to an entreaty from his mother that he would come and visit her at Paris on his way.

The murderers of Dorislaus were believed to be Scotsmen, some of them attached to the following of Montrose. The King seems to have made up his mind that the best chance for himself was to send Montrose off to the Highlands with a commission as Lieutenant-General of Scotland. If the same extraordinary success as in the first campaign should be gained, then Charles could come in with a high hand, unfettered by the Covenant; but if he should fail, there would be an end of a person whom it was impossible to disown, but whom no Covenanter would ever endure.

So he encouraged the Marquess to set forth on an expedition he must have known to be desperate, making him a Knight of the Garter. Montrose and his friend, the Earl of Kinnoul, got together such Cavaliers as they could, and obtained leave from various sovereigns to enlist their subjects. Sir John Urry, who had changed sides more than once, also joined him. The young Queen Christina of Sweden gave them 1500 stand of arms. But heavy storms arose, and when the two friends landed at Kirkwall, they had only about seven hundred men, whom they managed to raise to a thousand, carrying a banner with the words 'Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!' the same motto that had been used after the murder of Darnley. But their recruits were chiefly fishermen—bold enough by sea, but little fit for battles on the main land—and where they landed in Scotland, the ravages instead of the victories of Montrose's former expedition were remembered, and the inhabitants fled from him.

He was denounced at Edinburgh as belonging to the 'viperous brood of Satan,' and an army of 4000 men was soon collected under Leslie. Colonel Strachan, who had been detached to watch Montrose's movements, when at Corbiesdale, on the borders of Rosshire, learnt that the Marquess was only two miles off. He called his men together, under the cover of the long broom on the moor, and after a psalm and prayer, divided them into several bodies, and proceeded to the attack at a pass called Invercharron. It was thought that the whole of Leslie's army were upon the little troop. The Orkney fishers fled, the foreigners made a show of resistance, and obtained quarter, the few Cavaliers fought bravely, but in vain; Montrose's horse was killed under him, and throwing away his cloak with the Star of the Garter, he and Lord Kinnoul fled together on foot, and wandered for several days, enduring terrible privations, so that Kinnoul was left exhausted on the way, where he probably died, for he was never

heard of again. Montrose had put on a peasant dress, when, meeting one M'Leod of Assint, who had once served under him, he hoped to have found a protector, but was given up to his enemies for the reward, it was said, of four hundred boles of meal. Sir John Urry was also taken, and several other gentlemen.

Leslie conducted the Marquess from place to place in the mean garments he had put on, till at Dundee the inhabitants, though they had once suffered from his army, came forward to supply him with clothes, money, and necessaries. While lodged in the house of the Laird of Grange, the lady almost effected his rescue. She made his guards drink, supplied him with female attire, and had got him out of the house, when he was met and recognised by a half-tipsy soldier, who was wandering about the grounds.

Bitterly was Montrose hated by all the opposite party, far more than if he had never been a Covenanter. Their exultation in his failure was great, and their only fear was that the King might interfere on his behalf. Therefore the Estates resolved that the old attainder passed against him in 1644 should hold good, and that he should thereupon be executed, not by beheading, according to his rank, but by hanging, and further that his limbs should be gibbeted in each of the chief towns, unless before his execution he should profess repentance, and be released from excommunication.

All the magistrates of Edinburgh in their robes came out to meet their prisoners at the Water Gate. Twenty-three Cavaliers were first marched in in pairs, with bare heads and chained hands, and then came the hangman, riding a horse which drew a car where sat the Marquess, with bare head and arms fastened with ropes. Thus he was conducted to the jail, amid shouts of triumph and vituperation from the populace.

Sunday was quiet, except for the sermons; but on Monday he was brought before the Parliament, bearing himself as ever, gallantly, and listening calmly to the invectives poured on him by the Lord Chancellor. He was allowed to make answer, and he thus explained that though he had taken the first Covenant, he had never accepted the second, which he held as disloyal. His wars had been under the King's commission, and as to the cruelties of which he was accused, he had never spilt the blood of a prisoner, and had done his best to mitigate the violence of his followers.

Nevertheless, the savage sentence was read without moving him. As to having his head set on a pole on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, he said he held it as a greater honour than to have his picture in the King's bed-chamber. He only wished he had limbs enough to disperse to every city in Europe, to plead for the cause in which he died, and the book of his wars, which was to be hung round his neck, was a more glorious decoration than his collar of the Garter. When taken back to the Tolbooth he wrote these lines on the window with a diamond—

‘ Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
 Then open all my veins that I may swim
 To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,
 Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
 Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air.
 Lord, since Thou know’st where all these atoms are,
 I’m hopeful Thou’lt recover once my dust,
 And confident Thou’lt raise me with the just.’

In the morning he was wakened by the drums and trumpets calling out the guards who were to escort him to his place of death. ‘ I have given these good folk much trouble while alive,’ he said. ‘ Do I remain a terror to them on the day of my death ?’

Several ministers came about him, entreating him to profess such repentance as would relieve him from their excommunication ; but he said that though it gave him pain, he could not repent of having done his duty to his King and country. Sir Archibald Johnstone of Warriston, the same who had drawn up the Covenant, came in while he was combing out his long lovelocks, ‘ and rebuked him for such an idle employment at such a time. ‘ My head is mine own to-day,’ said Montrose, ‘ to do as I please with. To-morrow it will be yours, to deal with as you list.’

He arrayed himself in a rich dress and scarlet cloak, and walked firmly and with a stately step to the Grass-market, where a huge gibbet, and scaffold covered with black cloth, were erected. The ministers again pressed him to profess repentance for his wars, but in vain. He made a grave and dignified speech, explaining and justifying his conduct, and his last words were, ‘ May God have mercy on this afflicted country.’ He was in his thirty-eighth year when he thus died on the 21st of May, 1650. Argyle and his son Lorne were spectators from a window, and a letter of the former shows him scandalised at the absence of visible praying. He writes of Montrose : ‘ He got some resolution after he came here to go out of this world, but nothing at all how to enter into another, not so much as once humbling himself to pray at all upon the scaffold.’ Probably Montrose’s high spirit could not brook kneeling in prayer with all his enemies watching each gesture.

A day or two later was executed Sir John Urry, and three more of Montrose’s officers shared the same fate. Happily the great Marquess did not know that the master for whom he died had written to the Parliament protesting that Montrose’s invasion had been expressly forbidden by him, and begging that the Parliament would do him the justice to believe that he had not been an accessory to it in the smallest degree, telling Argyle at the same time that he felt no regret for the defeat of a man who had presumed to draw the sword without, and contrary to the royal command. No doubt Charles would have preferred to come in as a conqueror with Montrose and the Highlanders, but this failing, it cost him little to say *væ victis*.

After a visit to his mother at Paris, and lingering in Jersey with a

view to joining the insurrection in Ireland, he had moved to Breda. There he signed a treaty, binding himself to accept the Covenant, to declare null the peace with the Irish, and never to permit the exercise of the Catholic religion in Ireland or any other part of his dominions. Then the Prince of Orange lending him a small squadron, he embarked and actually took three weeks in reaching the mouth of the Spey on the 3rd of July. Argyle came to meet him, also commissioner from the Scottish Parliament; but they would not let him land till he had signed the Covenant, and they insisted on the dismissal of all his English attendants. With great difficulty he obtained the attendance of the young Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and a few servants on their taking the Covenant.

There were three parties in Scotland. First, the loyal, who were chiefly Roman Catholics and Highlanders, but numbering several nobles, such as the Marquess of Huntley, and Lord Ogilvie; secondly, the Engagers, or moderate Presbyterians, the same who had become involved in the Duke of Hamilton's attempt, and who considered his brother and successor as their head; and lastly, the rigid Presbyterians, with Argyle for their leader, and these had at present the mastery. They hated the Engagers almost as much as the Highlanders, and excluded them from all approach to the King.

The object of these strict Covenanters was to educate that young gentleman into being a worthy covenanted King. So they inflicted on him a continual course of the longest of sermons, on the sins of his father, the idolatry of his mother, his own propensities to malignity, and the judgments on his paternal house. Amusements were shocking in their eyes, even music and dancing. A lady from an opposite window beheld the King actually playing at cards! The kirk was stirred up to wrath, and appointed a minister to carry a rebuke; but their choice fell on one who was more of a man of the world than they intended, and after duly administering the admonition, he finished it by recommending that next time the window should be shut.

Never was prisoner more closely guarded and restrained, or more impatient of his bondage, than the so-called King; but his presence in Scotland was sufficiently alarming to bring Cromwell back from Ireland. The English received him with joy; the palace of St. James's was allotted as his residence, and therewith a large grant of lands, while he was to go as lieutenant-general of the army to Scotland. Fairfax was at the same time, as commander-in-chief, called upon to proceed thither; but he considered this as contrary to the English treaty with the Scots. He said his conscience was against it, and on being further urged, laid down his commission, ceased to be General, and retired to his estates in Yorkshire, where he lived as a country gentleman.

The field was clear before Oliver Cromwell, who became the Lord General, and speedily raised 16,000 men, mostly his own tried soldiers.

There was great alarm in Scotland, where the people expected, though quite without reason, to be treated like the Irish at Drogheda. A very large number of Scots rose to join the army; but the Covenanters were absolutely determined to endure no assistance from any one tainted with what they called malignity, and actually expelled 4000 men, old soldiers, the best in their army, as not being sufficiently staunch Presbyterians. Moreover, they did not think the young King himself enough purified and devoted to bring a blessing on their arms, so he was sent back to Falkland Palace. It is impossible not to be struck with the stern, strong faith and devotion that endeavoured to go forth to war in the spirit of Joshua and the Israelites, and to feel it a strange mystery that such feelings should have been so misdirected as to become superstition. Fully did these stern Presbyterians believe themselves the Divinely commissioned host, viewing Cromwell's 'army of the Sectaries,' as they not unjustly called it, as little better than Canaanites, and greatly exaggerating the violences that had been committed in Ireland. The General was, as usual, the old Earl of Leven, with his nephew, David Leslie, as his right hand. Their tactics were the old ones of depriving the English of sustenance by desolating the Border; and the population, although their homesteads had not seen a 'fire-raising' for a century, were quite ready to flee and leave a desert behind them; for they believed Cromwell to be in the habit of having every man between sixteen and sixty put to the sword, depriving all boys between six and sixteen of their right hands, and piercing every woman's bosom with red hot irons.

So when the English army crossed the Tweed on the 16th of July, they found nothing but ruined villages, where one or two old women, clothed in white flannel, crawled out, threw themselves on their knees to implore mercy, and said that all the men were with the Barons' army. Cromwell led his army along the coast, where provisions were supplied from the fleet; and the perfect discipline of the Ironsides soon proved that there was nothing for peaceful Lowlanders to fear from them.

The Scottish army was strongly entrenched between Edinburgh and Leith. By the advice of Lord Eglinton, Charles was allowed to visit them on the Links of Leith. His winning manner and gracious courtesy charmed the men, who chalked 'R' for 'Rex' on their facings. This alarmed the Zealots, and by way of further purification of the cause, a document was drawn up, and published in the name of the young King, who had never seen or heard of it, condensing all the iniquities imputed to either of his parents, and devoutly declaring that Heaven had revealed to him the great evil of the ways in which he had been hitherto led by wicked counsel.

Very naturally Charles showed his displeasure at having such an avowal put into his mouth; but this almost broke up the army, some proposing to go home, and others to make terms with the English.

The dominant powers, however, drew up a still more offensive declaration, and sent it off to be signed by the unfortunate King, who was, by a strange coincidence, at Gowrie House, where his grandfather had been in such peril of his life. He was to bind himself to extirpate not only Popery, but Prelacy, heresy, schism, and profaneness, and to tolerate none in his dominions; besides which he was to profess himself desirous to be humbled for all the sins of the Royal family and his own, and to manifest his loathing by a public fast-day of abstinence from all but prayers and sermons!

Charles agreed with his two companions, Buckingham and Wilmot, that absurdly impossible, as well as impolitic, as were these pledges, he was as one in the hands of madmen, and must submit both to the signature and to the fast-day. He hoped thus to be allowed to join the camp, which must have appeared to him as likely to be as great a relaxation as it was to the ancient Spartans. But no such thing. The new ministers did not think him safe company. They were too shrewd to trust entirely to his sincerity in the pledges they had extorted, and they thought his presence might, like Achan's, bring defeat. So they obliged him to remain a prisoner, as it were, at Dumferline, being indeed the more afraid of his presence because the soldiers regarded him so affectionately. The fine army that Leslie had raised seven years before was exhausted; many of the best men remaining had been dismissed, and the present one was officered by ministers' sons, clerks, and others chosen for their Grace, or appearance of it, instead of their military qualities.

Still the younger Leslie was equal in fame to Cromwell, and like him, had never been beaten. He had an excellent line of defence, along the heights between Edinburgh and Leith, and when Cromwell tried to reach Edinburgh by a circuit over the Pentland Hills, Leslie met him, and a successful skirmish forced him to fall back on Musselburgh, 'so tired and wearied for want of sleep,' wrote Cromwell, 'and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the enemy to make an onfall on us.' This accordingly happened between three and four o'clock of the summer morning; but the English being on the alert, many Scots were killed, and there was what Cromwell called 'a sweet beginning.'

In the end of August, Cromwell moved to Dunbar, perched on one of the headlands nearly at the southern angle of the Firth of Forth, forming a peninsula with an isthmus about a mile and a half broad. The castle and town were his, and his fleet was at hand to receive his sick, or, as the Scots hoped, what might remain of his army.

Leslie had followed to the outmost spur of the Lammermuir heights, called the hill of Doon. He was 23,000 strong, and confidently expected to wash the English out of the country, if not out of the world, for they were said to be in a worse ground than the King had Lord Essex in Cornwall. Cromwell himself was aware of his dis-

advantages. 'Our men lie sick beyond imagination,' he wrote to Sir Arthur Haslerigg, who was Governor of Newcastle, and whom he warned to be prepared, 'whatever may become of us.' Oliver himself was sleeping at the Earl of Roxburgh's house, Brocks mouth, at the mouth of a little burn falling into Belhaven Bay, after flowing along a narrow grass-clad ravine at the foot of Doon Hill, thus separating the two armies.

At a little hut near this stream Leslie's horse had a skirmish with some of the English and took three prisoners, one a musqueteer with a wooden arm and a hook at the end of it, who had fought very bravely. He was brought to old Lord Leven, who asked if the enemy intended to fight.

'What do you think we came here for? We came for nothing else!'

'Soldier,' said Leven, 'how will you fight when you have shipped half your men and all your great guns?'

'Sir,' said the man, 'if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too.'

An officer rebuked him for answering the General saucily.

'I only answer the question put to me,' he said.

Leven released him, and he made his way to Cromwell with his report, adding that he had lost twenty shillings by the business, having been plundered, upon which the Lord-General gave him two gold pieces, amounting to forty shillings.

There were only two places where the banks of the stream sloped enough to be easily crossed by troopers, one high up, one near Brocks mouth, and if Leslie could secure the last, the victory would be his.

For a full month these two great rivals, the only real Generals in Britain, watched each other. From Arthur's Seat, Leslie could see whatever Cromwell did with his forces, and meet them at every pass, where the inferiority of the Scots would be compensated for by their position. It seemed inevitable that the English would either be starved into surrender or have to force their way back through the Lammermuir passes, where the Scots would cut them off.

A flaming sword was seen in the sky, which the Scots thought presaged fire and sword in England. Sunday came, and each host devoted it to prayer and preaching. Cromwell felt an enlargement of the heart such as he had always found to betoken victory, and very early on the Monday, while it was still dark, after sleeping at Brocks mouth Castle, when he looked out with his glass, he exclaimed, 'They are coming down. The Lord hath delivered them into our hands.'

In fact, the ministers, weary of Leslie's delays and of the field-camp had raved all Sunday about going to meet the Philistines at Gilgal and Johnstone of Warriston and the other commissioners were so worked upon as to overrule Leslie's caution, and absolutely insist on

his moving down from his point of vantage. So says the account of Burnet, Warriston's nephew, though Leslie's letter does not blame the minister, only the subordinate officers, for not standing firm; but he may not have dared to be so profane as to blame these clergy! Possibly the men, excited by the preachers, rushed on the enemy, and their leader could only follow, or he may really have intended to seize Brocks mouth.

All night—a wild, stormy one—the armies watched. By three A.M. the Scots' right wing had moved down to the sloping corn-fields between Doon Hill and the brooks, waiting for daylight to secure the passage and make the attack, and sheltering themselves meantime under the shocks of corn.

Another reaper was soon among them. Cromwell had espied the movement, and at four o'clock Lambert was upon them. These were Leslie's best troops, and the fight was very sharp, and the Scottish horse, charging down in the midst, were breaking through the English. Cromwell had been standing near a regiment of Ironsides from Lancashire, whom one of their number was preaching up to enthusiasm. The General was listening, but watching all the time; and just as the sun rose above the horizon, he shouted aloud, 'Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!' and hastened his men to the charge with levelled pikes. They carried all before his men. The mist which had filled the narrow valley began to draw up, and the Scots on the hill saw the defeat of their best men, their banners gone, their horse falling, or driven from the field. About 3000 were slain in this ravine; the others were seized with a panic. 'I profess they flee!' exclaimed Cromwell. He halted his men to sing the victorious 117th Psalm, in the rugged metre of Rous—

'O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people, all accord
His Name to magnify.

Far great to usward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures for ever more,
The Lord, O do ye bless.'

And then they rushed upon the pursuit, which continued for eight miles. Two hundred colours, 15,000 matchlocks, thirty cannon, all the baggage and stores, and 10,000 prisoners were taken. Half of these being wounded, were allowed to return to their homes; and the other half were 'driven like turkies' into England, many dying of a pestilential disease, and the rest being sent off to be sold as slaves in the American colonies. The battle of Dunbar took place on the 3rd of September, 1650. It was perhaps the battle of all others where there was most religious feeling on both sides, each host regarding itself as the army of the saints, and, alas! both alike were sincere and mistaken fanatics.

Cromwell, however, really wished for toleration. He occupied the

City of Edinburgh, but sent a message to the Ministers who had taken refuge in the castle, that they had better come out and attend to their flocks. They answered that they could not venture out into a land infested with Sectaries and blasphemers. To which he replied, 'No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel, nor hath any minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the army.'

It was true, except that he did not hold what he called Popery and Prelacy to be the Gospel. He took possession of most of the Lowland towns, including Glasgow, where our old friend Baillie fled to the Isle of Cumbrae, leaving his wife and goods behind him, but they suffered no hurt, and he confesses that Cromwell's men 'did less displeasure at Glasgow nor if they had been in London, though Mr. Zachary Boyd railed on them to their very face in the High Church.'

While this railing was going on, an officer seated next to the Lord General was seen to be whispering more than once to him, and as often silenced. As the congregation broke up, Cromwell called to a poor artizan by his name, Wilson, so terrifying him that he ran away, but was presently captured, and brought to the General's quarters. He was the son of a servant who had followed the suite of James I., and he had been apprenticed to a shoe-maker in Nottingham, where he had sometimes played with the young Oliver, and had made leathern straps and balls for him; and Cromwell had been pleased to meet his old playfellow, gave him a present, and talked in so kindly a manner that he ventured to ask what the officer was whispering about. He called the minister an insolent rascal,' said Cromwell. 'and asked my leave to pull him out of the pulpit by the ears; but I commanded him to sit still, telling him the minister was one fool and he another.'

One portion of the Scots began to think there was more agreement between them and the Sectaries than with the King, and some began to negotiate. On the other hand, Charles, who could not help being glad his tormentors were beaten, had a correspondence with Murray, Huntley, Atholl, and the other real Royalists in the Highlands, and on the afternoon of the 4th of October, he galloped away from a hawking party to join them; but he had been too impatient. He found nobody at the appointed meeting-place, a miserable hovel on the braes of Angus, and after wandering about alone for a day, was captured, and with ignominious deference carried back to his place of durance at Perth.

The Estates made up their minds to strengthen the allegiance of those who still held to the idea of a covenanting King by crowning him at Scone. The ceremony was fixed for the 1st of January, 1651, but it was to be one after the fashion of the Covenant, all fast, humiliation, and sermon, no anointing. The Marquess of Argyle was really the representative of the family who were wont to crown the Kings of Scotland and place them in the regal chair, and this was

done so soon as he had sworn on his knees to observe the Covenant and the laws of Scotland. Afterwards, all the lords and lairds present swore allegiance to him, and likewise to the Covenant, and Mr. Robert Douglas, who had been chaplain to the Scots under Gustavus Adolphus, preached a sermon of portentous length on the sins of his parents.

The coronation, however, strengthened his hands. Many persons flocked to his standard. He had more liberty, and Royalists were actually permitted to serve under him. David Leslie entrenched the army on the heights between Stirling and Falkirk, and resolved not to lose his vantage-ground there.

Meanwhile Dundas, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, had surrendered it to the English, and Tantallon had been taken by storm; but Cromwell had been so ill with ague that he had been on the point of going to England to recover, when he suddenly grew better, and marched towards Stirling. He tried in vain to tempt the Scots down from their heights, but while they were watching him, he had caused a fleet of boats to be brought to Queen's-ferry, and troops were taken across under the command of Lambert, who was victorious in a skirmish at Inverkeithing, and thus secured the passage of the rest, who thus gained possession of the county of Fife, and in a few days had taken Perth.

A gallant idea now occurred to the young King. Cromwell was indeed behind him, but England was in front of him, the way was open. Why not make a bold dash for his throne at once? He felt convinced that the English Cavaliers would flock to his standard, and at any rate he should be free from intolerable trammels of the Covenanters. He found a ready response to his proposals—Argyle and a few other chiefs chose to return to their homes—but about 14,000 cast in their lot with the King, and swiftly and silently marched southwards and entered England.

Cromwell knew that no one could cope with David Leslie save himself. He hastened off in pursuit, leaving Monk in command in Scotland with only 5000 men. Even with that small number, the whole of the Lowlands were at the feet of the English. Castle after castle, town after town were induced to surrender. Dundee, where a good many gentry and their families had taken refuge, tried to hold out, but was taken by storm, its defenders taking refuge at last in the tall church tower, where they were smothered out by the burning of straw. The place was plundered, and given up to the soldiery, as was the custom with cities taken by assault. These were horrors enough to abide long in the Scottish mind, though nothing approaching to the cruelties at Drogheda and Wexford.

The regalia of Scotland had been placed in Dunnottar Castle in Kincardineshire, a noble fortress on a headland jutting out into the sea, the walls rising sheer from the rock, so as to be absolutely impregnable, and belonging to the Earl Marischal. The English

blockaded it by sea and land, and the Governor, Sir John Ogilvie, saw he should be forced to surrender; but he was resolved to save the crown. The wife of the minister of Kinneff, Mrs. Granger, was in the castle. A report was circulated that Sir John Keith, brother of the Earl Marischal, had carried the jewels abroad, after which a pass was requested for Mrs. Granger with some hands of lint, i.e. linen yarn in bundles. In these she concealed the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, and bravely carried them through the camp. The General saluted her courteously and assisted her to mount on horseback, little guessing what she carried. She took the treasure home, where her husband buried them under his pulpit, visiting them from time to time to change their wrappings. When the castle was taken and the regalia missed, both Ogilvie and his lady were questioned, imprisoned, and even tortured, as were also the Grangers; but all kept the secret faithfully until better days should return, or, as sang the English Cavaliers—

‘The King should enjoy his own again.’

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXXI.

CATECHISING.

Susan. Catechising comes next in order.

Aunt Anne. Closely connected on either hand with Baptism and Confirmation. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of our Church (as a real Church) to make instruction a preparation, especially for Confirmation. The Roman Church works up instead to the first Communion, and the Greek to the first Confession and conscious Communion. The Continental Protestants make a great point of Confirmation and its preparation, and we seem to have been influenced by them.

S. Everywhere there must be some point to work to, I suppose, to mark the change from childhood.

A. And a definite form of instruction was devised. The Jews, as we know, had a sort of catechising in one of the chambers of the Temple, to which their sons came at the turn between boy and youth.

S. Yes; I remember reading that it was in that place of instruction that our Blessed Lord was found among the doctors.

A. And after that example the Primitive Church instructed her children, as several of the Fathers show. When Confirmation began to be separated from Baptism, the rule was that the children should be examined in the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the Angelic Salutation, and the Ten Commandments. But these canons were much neglected and slurred over in the mediæval times. It was an uncommon thing to find a Bishop careful about Confirmations. One or two are said to have confirmed on horseback on a journey. Instruction was very uncertain, and in the sixteenth century there was a general sense of the need of authoritative forms of instruction in the vulgar tongue. Our own Church, the Roman, and the Reformed bodies, all felt the necessity. The Council of Trent drew up a Latin Catechism; but that, being too difficult for ordinary use, there are an immense number composed, and licensed by Bishops for their own sees. The Lutherans likewise have one of their own, which is taught in the German schools.

S. And so have the Scotch.

A. Theirs, curiously enough, was drawn up at Westminster, in 1644, when the English Parliament had consented to take the Covenant, and the Scotch expected their form of Calvinism to prevail

all over the island. A committee of ministers were invited to London to make full arrangements, and draw up rules; but by the time they had done their work, Independency was getting ahead of Presbyterianism in England; and the most lasting effect of their labours has been the two Westminster Catechisms, the shorter of which every Scottish child in the Kirk was, or is, taught as soon as it can speak.

S. Yes; in all Scotch tales of home life one hears of the 'Shorter Carritch.'

A. And I think the effect of such, through the teaching of a definite form of words, has been shown in the very strong faith that belongs to the Scottish nature.

S. Did not Cranmer write a Catechism?

A. I believe it was not Cranmer's own, but only approved by him, and really composed by Poynt, then Bishop of Rochester, and afterwards intruded on Winchester, while Gardiner was imprisoned. It was published with Edward VI.'s forty-two Articles. Our real Catechism, as far as the explanation of the Lord's Prayer, is certainly chiefly Dean Nowell's, though some think the two summaries of the Commandments were by Goodrich, Bishop of Ely. In his old palace at Ely, there are two stone tablets inscribed with these and bearing the date 1552.

S. I do not see that this proves that he composed them.

A. Nor do I. It is more as if he thoroughly approved and sanctioned them. The latter division was added in 1604, by Bishop Overall, then Dean of St. Paul's, and sanctioned by the Bishops. He seems to have translated it from a Latin book, called the 'A B C, with the Catechism,' drawn up for the boys of St. Paul's School, so that perhaps it comes from the great and good Dean Colet.

S. It is much more difficult than the rest.

A. Partly from the wonderful compression of ideas in the second answer, and partly from a deficiency in the rhythmical grace that most of the Prayer-book possesses.

S. It wants a great deal of explanation.

A. Some fifty years ago, an old woman told Mrs. Augustus Hare that this part of the Catechism had seemed to her 'most like nonsense.' It is the more to be regretted that so many schools defer teaching even the words till the children reach the higher standards, and thus they sometimes miss it altogether. And there really is no impossibility to a painstaking person in so explaining it to even a child of eight or nine years old, as to prevent it from ever seeming 'most like nonsense.'

S. I know you care a great deal about the Catechism.

A. Partly as my duty as a Churchwoman, and also because there is nothing that so thoroughly teaches what we ought to believe and know to our souls' health. Its only lack is of more distinct teaching on the claims and constitution of the Church.

S. But that is involved in 'the Holy Catholic Church ; the Communion of Saints.'

A. So it is ; but it requires a person of some understanding to draw it out. I imagine, however, that the writers of the Catechism expected the clergy to expound it and dwell on the meaning.

S. So the rubric directs—the first of those at the end.

A. In accordance with the 59th canon, which directs that 'every Parson, Vicar, or Curate, upon every Sunday or holy day, before evening prayer, shall, for half an hour or more, examine and instruct the youth and ignorant persons in his parish in the Ten Commandments, the Articles of the Belief, and in the Lord's Prayer, and shall diligently hear, instruct, and teach them the Catechism set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. Then follow nearly the same directions as in the rubric to parents and masters and mistresses to send the children.

S. Dames in the Prayer-book.

A. *Domina*—the same as mistress.

S. That was instead of Sunday Schools.

A. It is the Church's regular rule for instruction. At Milan, ever since St. Charles Borromeo's great revival, there has been catechising in the nave of the Cathedral on a large scale and with very good effect, I believe.

S. Is it everywhere much kept up on the Continent ?

A. There is always some preparation for the First Communion, but the amount depends greatly on the earnestness of the priest. St. Vincent de Paul protested against the examining whole sets of boys together for their first Confession ; and yet in neglected parishes the custom went on.

S. And here, how was the rubric observed ?

A. I believe the clergy almost universally heard the Catechism rehearsed by the children in Church in Lent. Some would give a Bible as a reward for the perfect repetition. The custom is referred to in old books, so as to show that it was general, and I have a dim recollection of seeing the children standing up to be catechised. But it was (as a rule) only done in Lent, and there was no explanation or further questioning. Then Sunday Schools were held to make it unnecessary, and the custom was little observed. Indeed, even now it is hardly sufficiently practised, for it is not every one who can catechise.

S. And when we teach it in schools we are acting as the instruments of the Church in training her children.

A. I hope so. All who have any influence should be urgent in keeping up the repetition of the good old Catechism, so as to have this short summary of what a Christian chiefly needs to know and to have indelibly impressed on their memories.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

‘There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.’

Not a sleep and a forgetting—not a stagnation, but—a rest.

Now, at this time of the year, when the harvest has been gathered in, we are apt to think about rest. There is a stillness—a repose over the face of all Nature, when the corn is carried, the stubble ploughed up, and ‘the old brown earth’ lies smiling in the sunshine—waiting.

‘There remaineth a rest for the people of God.’

‘There remaineth.’ What is left now? What remains? we ask sometimes in some of life’s pauses, even in some of the so-called commonplace ones.

Which of us does not know the natural craving for compensation when a sudden blank stares us full in the face? A season of refreshment and recreation comes to an end, and with the eager looking forward to a future renewal of the same, is always the equally eager scanning glance around, to see what, in the meanwhile, remains.

We part from our nearest and dearest, and although we feel the mockery of trying to place in an empty niche another, where *that* other used to be, still human nature again comes to the fore, with its infinite craving to grasp at what is still left; even although we cannot have the best, we grasp at the second best that remains.

‘There remaineth a rest. . .’

I suppose any one who is old enough to have thought at all about the meaning of life, in however vague and selfish a way, must in some moments have felt the need of rest from some of its worries, its perplexities, its tiresome everyday details. I suppose any one who has lived long enough to have struggled and fought, ventured and suffered, lost and won—has risen, in some moments, to something like a Divine aspiration at the ring of those words: ‘There remaineth a rest.’

It is not only for the old, for the worn-out, for the unhappy, this thought. It is for all who work—this desire for rest—that they may work still better.

There is no necessary apathy in connection with it. In the deepest idea of rest there is something more, even, than a waiting quiescence. In the companionship of one between whom and ourselves is a thorough understanding and a perfect love, there is something higher than relief from a strain and tension. To turn from a superficial intercourse that continually jars our finer susceptibilities—from a society that perpetually misunderstands and censoriously criticises, to turn from these into the presence of that one soul who knows us at our

best and at our worst, and loves us through it all—*there* is a rest of mind and heart which from an earthly point of view cannot be excelled.

‘For the people of God.’

For those, that is, who lead an upright life—doing the things which is right and speaking the truth from their heart; striving after this—not by living out of the world—not by standing on a Stylites monument of exclusiveness, wearing the phylactery, ‘Stand aside, I am holier than thou’—but, by working their religion through their daily life. ‘Doing justly—loving mercy—walking humbly with God’—not condemning the good and sweet things of this life, but making them so much more good—so much more sweet, as they realise God’s hand in all; and being thereby so much the braver to strike uncompromisingly at what is really evil, and to give it no other name.

For these people there remains *now*, in this nineteenth century, a rest. And hereafter—the rest where work will be without the wear of anxiety, and love without a shadow of self.

ALICE WEBER.

PARSIFAL AT BAYREUTH.

ABOUT fifty miles to the north-east of Nuremburg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, stands the town of Bayreuth.

A casual visit would reveal, to the ordinary traveller, scarcely anything of even ordinary interest to tempt him to stay. It boasts castles and a palace, pleasant gardens and fine statues, and its broad streets and spacious houses show that at one time it must have led a more active life than now; but for years the palaces have been deserted by their royal owners, the streets are quiet, and the town can be as sleepy for eleven months out of the twelve as though it had never known greater excitement.

Nor is there anything in its situation and surroundings of remarkable attraction. Seeing it under a bright summer sky in the harvest months, when the barley and rye stand in sheaves on the sloping fields which surround the town on all sides, one can admire the vast extent of country offered in one direction to the eye, and the changing colour on the low-wooded hills which bound the horizon in the other. In the foreground the scene all round is a quietly industrious one, enlivened to the foreign eye by the picturesque dress of the peasants, with their prettily-coloured oxen standing by them as they work in the fields and drawing the laden carts through the wide streets at a slow and sleepy pace, all in keeping with the general aspect.

Bayreuth, however, has been roused during the last ten years to an unwonted state of excitement for one month of the dull year, and the Bayreuthers have had a subject of affectionate interest presented to their feelings, to which they seem to have responded with a warmth by no means to be despised.

Ask any stolid citizen what may be the use and purpose of the solitary red brick building so conspicuously placed on an eminence about a quarter of a mile beyond the last villa beside the Jäger-Strasse, which you may have noticed on approaching Bayreuth to the right of the railroad, and learn that it is an edifice of more value to the lovers of music who crowd to it on the hot July and August afternoons than the empty residences and courts can ever have been in their palmy days to the visitors of Bayreuth.

‘It is the Richard Wagner Theatre.’

Founded in 1872—the funds for its erection being gradually collected during the next four years by the various Wagner Societies scattered through the musical world—this wonderful building has

been from time to time since 1876 the scene of the triumphs of the musical and dramatic genius of this century, to whose sole use it is appropriated, and whose works let us hope to see presented year by year on that stage which has been consecrated to his creations.

After the first great performance in 1876 of the cycle of musical dramas styled the 'Ring of the Nibelungs,' there was a cessation till 1882, when a yet greater work was produced, and repeated in July and August of 1883, 1885, and of this year. 'Parsifal' is a work of such unique stamp that any attempt at an account pretending to be full of the whole range of feeling to which it appeals must fail, but a revision of the comparatively simple story which Wagner has adopted for his marvellous musical illustration will not be found difficult to follow; at the close the readers must judge for themselves separately what might be the effect of witnessing such a presentation of this wonderful legend combined with Wagner's music as has so lately been shown to be possible to the enthusiastic performers at Bayreuth.

* * * * *

This, then, is the legend of the 'Grail' and its 'perfect knight,' which Wagner has selected for musical and dramatic adaptation, and these are the marvellous characters who play their parts in the mystical story.

The brotherhood of the Holy Grail have their abode in a castle named 'Monsalvat,' buried deeply in one of the thick forests in the 'northern mountains of Gothic Spain.' Around them lie valleys where dwell heathen magicians and enchanters, enemies of the brotherhood, between whom deadly and incessant warfare must be waged. It is the duty of the sacred brotherhood to preserve their pure name and fame spotless from contamination with the foul swarm who never cease to vex them. But Klingsor, a mysterious enchanter whose den lies not far from Monsalvat, has wrought them an injury through the use of his baleful arts from which they cannot recover themselves; to none of them, be they never so zealous in the service of their house, is it granted to win victory over this evil power, and restore the brightness to their dimmed shield which in happy years long ago they knew it to have. They sigh for the fulfilment of a promise of a deliverer from the state of semi-bondage out of which they cannot raise themselves, a hero who will bring back to them with their lost relic, their lost honour, unsullied.

ACT I.

THE Prelude has been played, and to the expectant eyes of the audience the curtain, dividing in front and sweeping back on either side, discovers the first scene, on the territory of the guardians of the Grail.

Morning is breaking; clouds resting above a mountain in the

background are tinged with the rays of the rising sun, and by the faint light we see a clearing in a thick forest, with paths leading out on either side; a huge tree stands on the edge of the clearing to the left in the middle distance, and at the foot lie, still wrapped in sleep, two young serving-boys, on either side of a reverend knight of the Grail. For a minute they still repose, while we notice their dress of long blue tunics, with leathern girdles and sandals. Gurnemanz also wears the scarlet mantle of his order, a white dove with outstretched wings embroidered on the shoulder.

The morning call now rouses Gurnemanz, who with some hasty words awakes the two boys, and the three kneel in silent morning prayer. As the call ceases Gurnemanz bids them rise and await the King at his bath, for he sees messengers preceding his sick couch. As he speaks two knights step into the clearing from a path on the left, whom Gurnemanz greets with eager inquiry after the sick King.

‘The healing weed, which Gavan
With cunning courage won for him,
I trust has brought him some relief?’

But their dejected looks tell that they have only the sad oft-repeated tale to give of returning pain; after a sleepless night of agony the King is now early on his way to seek the refreshment of his bath.

GURNEMANZ. ‘Fools all, to look for relief when healing only brings it! Seek every herb and every medicine through the world.

One alone will help him—
One alone.’

FIRST KNIGHT. ‘Then tell us who?’

Gurnemanz evades the question.

‘See to the bath.’

The two lads have just entered a path leading into the forest on the right, when one catches sight of something which makes him turn—

‘See there the wild woman riding!’

They both excitedly exclaim as they see a strange apparition riding headlong towards them. Her steed falls with its mane to the ground, and she swings herself off. The knights recognise her:

‘Ah! ’tis Kundry!’ She now hurries in—a wild savage—her dress caught up in a red girdle with a snake belt twisted round her waist; her dark face and gleaming eyes looking out weirdly from the tangled mass of her black hair.

She looks round her as she stumbles in, and rushes up to Gurnemanz, pressing a flask into his hand.

‘Here—take it—Balsam!’

GURNEMANZ. ‘From whence hast thou brought this to us?’

KUNDRY. ‘From farther than you can guess;

Is it of no avail you’ll find nought more of health for him
in Araby.

Ask no more! I am weary.’

With this she staggers with gestures of complete weariness, mingled with strange despair, towards a corner of the stage, where she throws herself face downwards on the ground, and so remains. Gurnemanz turns away, for approaching steps are heard. A train of knights draw in from the left, and in their midst, carried on a litter by serving-men, is Amfortas, a man of regal appearance, though wasted by months and years of suffering from a wound which Time will never heal, the pangs of which fill him with as much shame as suffering. Well may the faces of his brave knights be clouded with an expression of sorrow and humiliation as they group themselves behind his couch, which they have laid for a short rest in the front of the stage.

He raises himself on his elbow and thanks his bearers; the sight of the morning glories give him hope. After a night of pain he thinks the fresh waters of the forest lake may soothe his wound.

He calls Gavan, and hears that Gavan's disappointment at the failure of his herb to bring relief has driven him out on a fresh search. Amfortas is uneasy—

‘Without permission? May he atone for thus lightly setting aside the rule! Alas for him, should Klingsor's clutches seize him!’

Then falling back on his cushions he adds—

‘Let no one disturb my peace:
I await him whose advent I have learned.
“Wise through compassion”—
Ran it not so?’ (*turning to GURNEMANZ*).
‘You taught us so.’
“The Fool unlearned”—
I ween I should know him
Came he as Death!’

GURNEMANZ.

AMFORTAS.

Despair shows itself in the gestures and faces of his attendants, when Gurnemanz steps forward with Kundry's flask and urges him to try its effect. On Amfortas asking whence and by whom it came, Gurnemanz points to Kundry's prostrate form; but she makes no response to his call to her to rise. Amfortas's face wears a new expression as he turns to her.

‘Thou, Kundry? must I once more thank thee, thou restless, timid maid? So be it! I will use thy balm as thanks for thy faithful service.’

Kundry turns uneasily towards him, and deprecates this speech: No thanks will she have, what good will it do? Then she waves him away towards the lake. ‘On, on, to the bath!’ So Amfortas gives the sign to his bearers and the melancholy procession continues on its road.

Two young serving-men linger behind with Gurnemanz, one of whom, passing near Kundry, speaks roughly to her, receiving a bitter answer. His comrade joins in with a hope that the Master may not

be poisoned with her witches' juice. Gurnemanz's speech reproaches them with Kundry's former services ; has she not helped them in their worst need, carrying messages to distant brethren at critical times when they had no judgment left? Without receiving or asking reward, danger has ever found her ready and eager to serve. As they unwillingly urge her heathenish origin and most malevolent appearance, he hints at a sad reason for her eagerness.

'Yes, accursed she may be. If by such helpful deeds she works expiation for her guilt, verily good indeed she does, in serving us and helping herself.'

They ask—

'Perhaps our many misfortunes may be laid to that guilt of hers?'

GURNEMANZ. 'Yes; when she often stayed afar for long, misfortune surely came upon us. I know her of old, and Titurcl yet longer. He found her sleeping here in the wood, stiff, lifeless, well-nigh dead. So I found her once lately, soon after the misfortune happened which that wicked one yonder over the mountain so shamefully wrought us. (To KUNDRY.) Tell me, then, where wentest thou roving, when our lord lost the Spear? (KUNDRY is silent.) Why wast thou no help to us then?'

Kundry turns as if compelled against her will to an answer, which she gives with the emphasis of a curse—

'I—never—help!'

The men seize on it—

'She tells us so herself. If she is so bold and faithful in arms let her go after the lost Spear!'

But Gurnemanz gloomily answers—

'That is another matter: to everyone it is denied.'

Then breaks forth in a strain of passionate regret in which he gradually loses himself—

'O holy Spear of marvellous wounds! Thee I saw brandished by unholy hand! Amfortas! too bold! who could hinder thee when armed therewith from attacking the enchanter? Close to the castle our hero was snatched from us—decoyed by a fearfully fair woman—in her arms he lay senseless, the Spear fallen from his hand;—a deathly scream! I raged in; Klingsor laughing disappeared—he had carried off the Spear! I fought to help the king's flight, but a wound rankled in his side. It is the wound that will never close!'

The men have listened in wonderment to the tale of so much sad interest to their ears, and now eagerly ask: 'Thou knewest Klingsor then?'

Gurnemanz for awhile puts them off, and the two young serving-boys at this moment returning along the path from the lake, he asks how the King fares, to which their joyful answer is that he is refreshed, and eased by the healing balm. Gurnemanz repeats sadly—

'It is the wound that will never close!'

The men persist in their inquiry, and with gentle coaxing now

persuade the old warrior to unfold to them the history, so far as he or any one knows it, of the unhappy being who is the mortal enemy of all holy things. Gurnemanz seats himself at the foot of the tree where we first saw; him the two boys and the men gather close round him, listening intently.

Amfortas now reigns in the place of his father Titurel, who abandoned the leadership of the brotherhood as old age crept on, and now rests from his labours in his grave, but yet alive to the welfare of the brotherhood, and will live, so long as Amfortas fulfills the duties of his post. Titurel, the godly hero, was the founder and protector of the brotherhood, who gathered round him, a handful of pious warriors, in a time of great religious distress; their precious relics, the sacred Cup and Spear, they had jealously guarded in the splendid temple built for them by Titurel. Only to the pure in heart and life was entrance to the brotherhood open, and they eat and drank strength for their high mission at the solemn feasts of remembrance when the Grail was unveiled to them by their King.

To Klingsor then, admission was denied; his offence was not known, but whatever it might have been its punishment drove him to mad despair. In the desert land beyond the mountain he made himself a retreat, and the witchery of his enchanted castle and flower-garden, where bloom maidens of pernicious charms, has already been proved of fatal fascination to the weaker brethren of the knighthood. Amfortas, having come to the head of the Order, could not rest from attacking this stronghold of the enemy. How it fared with him there, Gurnemanz has already told.

His listeners have drunk in every word of his tale; one springs to his feet as he pauses, exclaiming—

‘Before all else the Spear must be brought back!’

while his companion wistfully rejoins—

‘Ah! for him who should bring it what praise and happiness!’

But Gurnemanz has not ended; there is a ray of hope which he will point out to them, faint though it has often appeared to him—hope so long deferred he hardly knows if he now dare trust in its fulfilment.

‘Before the desecrated shrine
Amfortas lay in heartfelt prayer,
A sign of grace imploring:
A blessed ray lit up the Grail, and clear
A holy vision born of faith
And contemplation to him speaks
In signs and symbols clear perceived:
“Wise through compassion
The Fool unlearned,
I send—to him
Thy faith be turned.”’

The four clasp their hands, and repeat after him with rapt faces,

these words of cheer and comfort, though, as far as they can tell, their day of fulfilment may be as distant as that on which Amfortas received them.

Suddenly the peaceful scene is rudely disturbed. Shouts and the sound of running come from the direction of the lake. Gurnemanz and his companions spring up and turn in time to see a strange sight. A wild swan, flying heavily as though mortally wounded, crosses the clearing, and has barely fallen among the trees on the left when there follow it with cries and exclamations of pity and indignation the company of knights and serving-men who were in attendance on the King. They answer Gurnemanz's startled questions half incoherently, but when the swan, now dead, has been carried back and laid, amid the gestures of horror of the knights, at their feet, one begins to relate how, as it was circling over the lake, greeted by Amfortas as an omen of good, an arrow from an unseen bow had flown—when his tale is interrupted by a yet stranger event. The knights divide into two bands, and between them come hastily a few serving-men, bringing in more or less roughly a youth in hunting dress, who if not caught red-handed in the act would be self-convicted by the weapons he holds.

He is greeted with shouts of accusation by all, who point to his bow and quiverful of arrows, winged like the fatal shaft; but, half-resentful, half-amused by a scene of which he plainly understands nothing, he frees himself from the grasp of the men, and stands looking round on them with a wholly puzzled expression. To Gurnemanz's grave question, whether it is indeed he who is guilty of the death of the swan lying between them on the ground, he gaily gives answer that it was indeed—everything that flies he hits on the wing, and only looks the more perplexed at the renewed cries for vengeance that this confession brings forth from the excited crowd, and the bitter reproof with which Gurnemanz begins to address him.

But as the words of reproach become more and more grave, a change passes over his face; the look of good-humoured wonder it has worn changes gradually to a conscience-stricken gaze; and when Gurnemanz, who has examined the poor dead bird, rises and asks if he is now conscious of his crime, he takes his bow in both hands, and with the sudden impulsive penitence of an untutored mind, he snaps it with one blow across his knee, and hurls it with the quiver among the bushes.

GURNEMANZ. 'Say, boy, is thy deep guilt brought home to thee?'

Turning away, he passes one hand over his face and stretches out both with a fixed gaze of earnest imploring, as though something within him were striving for utterance that would not come.

GURNEMANZ. 'How couldst thou do it?'

At last he speaks, and his words are but—

‘I knew it not.’

‘Whence camest thou here?’

Gurnemanz asks.

‘That I know not.’

GURNEMANZ. ‘Who is thy father?’

‘That I know not.’

GURNEMANZ. ‘Who sent thee this way?’

‘I know not.’

‘Thy name then,’

demands Gurnemanz, with increasing impatience. A pause, while the youth seems to try to recall it to his mind, then his answer is—

‘I had several, but I know none of them now.’

‘There is nothing then that thou dost know,’

replies Gurnemanz, with natural anger; and he adds to himself—

‘So stupid as that I have yet found Kundry only.’

Then turning to the crowd, now larger than before, he bids them begone and not let the King await them longer. Two men have improvised a bier of leafy twigs and boughs which they bring forward, and having reverently laid the swan thereon they carry it away through the wood, followed silently by all the rest in procession. Our hero follows his victim with regretful eyes, but without turning. When the last scarlet mantle has disappeared among the trees he is left alone with Gurnemanz and Kundry, who has scarcely given any sign of consciousness since she last spoke. He is roused from his meditation by Gurnemanz taking him by the sleeve, and somewhat peremptorily beginning—

‘Now tell me! thou knowest nothing that I ask thee of, let me hear what thou dost know! something that thou knowest there must be.’

His history begins thus—

‘I have a mother; Heart Sorrow* is her name;

We lived in the forest and on the wild plains.’

‘Who gave thee thy bow?’

Gurnemanz next asks.

‘I made it myself, to scare the fierce eagles from the forest.’

Gurnemanz seems to have been struck by some thought. Looking narrowly at the strange youth, who is wrapped in his recollections, he murmurs—

‘Yet is thine own air noble, and thou seem’st of high birth; why did thy mother not teach thee to use fitter weapons?’

The boy does not understand. Kundry at this moment turns and

* Germ. ‘Herzeleide.’

raises herself on her elbow; she takes a sharp look at him and cries—

‘The mother bore the fatherless one,
As Gamuret fell in fight.
To shield her son from such early fate
She reared him far from the sound of arms,
In the desert she reared the Fool—
The foolish one!’

and she laughs her harsh laugh.

The youth starts, and with growing excitement hurries into an account of how once on the edge of the forest he had seen pass shining men seated on beautiful animals; then he left his home and followed them on foot, though never overtaking them, over hill and dale, with his bow for his only protection. Kundry interrupts—

‘Yes, murderers and giants felt her strength,
They all feared the light-hearted boy.’
‘Who fears me? Say!’ he cries.
KUNDRY. ‘Wicked people.’
‘They who now threaten me—are they wicked?’

and as Gurnemanz laughs at this, he adds—

‘Who is good?’
‘Thy mother, whom thou hast left,
And who for thee now weeps and mourns?’

says Gurnemanz, gravely.

Kundry springs up, and with flashing eyes points at the youth, crying—

‘She mourns no more! his mother is dead!’

This blow strikes home. In fearful distress he cries—

‘Dead?—my mother? Who says so?’
KUNDRY. ‘I rode past, and saw her die:
She bid me greet thee—a Fool.’

He turns and with one spring clutches her by the throat; his whole uncivilised nature is roused, and his strength is so great that Gurnemanz can scarcely pull him back and free Kundry, who is now in despair at what she has done; she had spoken as though forced to utterance, but would now give worlds to recall her cruel words. But they are spoken, and have taken their effect. The youth’s sudden strength fails, he totters, and with a murmur of ‘I—am fainting!’ falls backward into Gurnemanz’s arms.

What Kundry can do is quickly done; a brook running near fills her horn with water, which she hands to Gurnemanz; then while he busies himself tenderly over the youth she turns away, transformed into a picture of despair. She wrings her hands in misery, and clasps them wildly over her head—remorse and anguish pictured in every line of her face. The scene seems to fade from her mind, which becomes clouded; she mutters some words of weariness—then

of pain—gives a half-stifled groan—then staggers towards the back of the stage, and falls unheeded behind the bushes in a state of torpor.

Under Gurnemanz's care the patient has gradually revived; he stands up and looks round. A change has passed over him. We see already that we have no longer before us the unlessoned boy, scarcely more than a child in thought, who first entered the scene. But he has still much to learn and must begin.

Gurnemanz sees in the distance the train of knights and servants accompanying the return of the King's couch. To the youth he says laying his arm round his neck—

'Now let me lead thee to the holy meal;
'Then—if thou'rt pure—
The Grail will be thy meat and drink.'

Supported by Gurnemanz he turns and steps slowly with him towards the path leading into the forest on the left. He asks about the Grail, and receives a mysterious answer. No one may be told the path. He looks overhead. It has grown darker unperceived. Where does the path lead? He has hardly moved, and yet trees are now all round him. In a dreamy voice he speaks with face upturned—

'I scarcely walk,
Yet think I have come far.'

GURNEMANZ. 'See thou, my son,
Time changes here to space.'

Another step and they are lost to sight among the trees, which in increasing gloom are being slowly drawn across the stage from left to right. While he spoke they were already in movement. Between them we dimly discern from time to time huge cliffs of rock, then a wall pierced with narrow windows—a low door. The trees have gone and tall pillars are following them. Through the darkness we now see that they are ranged in rows on either side of a large space in the centre. As the light grows clearer the space is seen to be a vast hall of great height, circular in shape, with a domed roof; an altar stands in the centre, raised on broad steps; round it run stone tables, semi-circular, with a space left for entrance between them in front of the altar; benches are placed behind the tables, which are set with tall silver cups on a white cloth; aisles run up to the background on the right and left between the ranks of the polished marble pillars.

Bells are solemnly ringing; their peal mixes with the orchestra into a solemn march tune, which is of an extraordinary impressiveness.

Through a door near at hand on the right come Gurnemanz and his companion. They stop at the nearest pillar on the right, in full view of the whole edifice. The youth gazes blankly round, standing with his back to the audience. He speaks no word, and seems lost. Here Gurnemanz leaves him with a final injunction—

‘Now take good heed, and let me see,
If thou’rt a Fool and pure,
What wisdom may be granted to thee here.’

He has hardly departed than a sound of men’s voices singing in chorus strikes on our ear. Then down the aisle on the right come the knightly train in gorgeous procession, arrayed in scarlet mantles and hoods. On they march with slow step, singing their office. As they reach the opening between the benches their chant ceases and is taken up by younger men who are invisible to us, their voices appearing to come from some height above the altar. During their hymn the knights, still keeping their solemn pace with the march, pass between the altar and the tables, dividing on either hand into single file. On reaching the farther end they return between the tables and the benches, and stand each in his place, fourteen on each side, a goodly sight.

Now the hymn is taken up by the fresh voices of boys far out of sight above our heads. The knights had sung the holy feast spread day by day for the pure in heart who alone may approach; the youths hymned the sacrifice set forth in the feast spread for them; the boys bid them partake in faith of the wine and bread. As their hymn proceeds another train comes slowly down the aisle on the left. It is headed by a boy in the blue tunic of the servants of the Grail, carrying a shrine covered with a crimson veil; behind him are two bearing tall silver jugs, and again two more with baskets of small loaves; then the melancholy *cortège* of servants in charge of the couch where lies the sick Amfortas. His brow seems clouded with a fresh weight of sorrow as they bear him to his seat on a raised dais behind the altar. The boys have reverently laid down their burdens; the shrine stands alone on the altar, the jugs and baskets on the steps below, and they fall back to the tables, behind which the knights are standing in expectation.

All seems now ready, and all eyes are turned on the central figure of the King, who sits with his face shaded by his hand, alone in his dejection. The hymn is over—it is a moment of suspense. Then a deep voice is heard as if coming from the recess of the hall behind the King’s couch. Amfortas raises his head. The voice asks—

‘My son, Amfortas! art thou at thy post?’

He makes no answer.

‘Shall I again behold the Grail and live?’

Still he offers no response, and for the third time the appeal is made, with a ring of sadness—

‘Must I die, deprived of this salvation?’

The whole assembly are gazing at Amfortas, who is in some great internal struggle. He rises from his seat, and stretching out his arms in wild appeal for deliverance, he cries in anguish—

‘Woe, woe for this my pain!
My father, do thou once again
Perform this sacred work!
Live, live, and let me perish!’

As the expectant knights are thrown into deep distress the voice of Titurel is again heard—

‘Entombed I live by grace divine;
Too weak am I to serve our Lord;
In service expiate thy fault!
Uncover the Grail!’

Amfortas cannot summon strength to fulfil this command. In terrible despair he throws his arms wildly around, crying in heart-breaking tones for mercy and release. The celebration which it is his duty to perform, which is the stay and strength of the brotherhood under his care, is the most terrible ordeal he can pass through. Their comfort is his torment, their food his poison. He, the one sinner among them, must implore the signal of the Divine presence in the elements he may not taste, must pray for peace and comfort he can never more know. He bewails his unhappy fate with increasing passion, and with a final cry for pity and the respite of a merciful death, he sinks back overpowered on his seat.

(At this moment the unobserved youth makes a single movement of distress; he puts his hand to his heart as Amfortas gives way to the pain of his wound, and then stands motionless as before, a silent and unnoticed witness of the hallowed scene about to be enacted.)

The youthful voices are raised again; Amfortas listens, and hears them sing the message of hope he received from the Grail; the knights softly breathe a few words of encouragement and entreaty, and for their sake he tries to master his despair. Once again Titurel’s command is heard—

‘Uncover the Grail!’

The King rises—the boys look to him for the sign, which he silently gives; they approach and remove the covering of the shrine and the lid which encloses the crystal cup, and place it on the altar.

Darkness descends on the hall; Amfortas and the body of knights and servants fall simultaneously on their knees. Titurel calls for the blessing; this is sung by the invisible choir of boys from the dome, and to the adoring eyes of the worshippers the answer is sent by a ray of light descending on the Grail, which glows with a fervent crimson.

Amfortas alone rises, and lifting the Grail, he turns with it to either line of the kneeling company, who silently adore.

Titurel speaks for the last time in ecstasy of thankfulness.

Daylight returns; the mystic ray wanes before it, and finally dies; the boys replace the Grail in the covered shrine, and taking the jugs from the altar steps they fill in turn with wine each silver cup, and place a loaf beside it. Amfortas, on the re-covering of the Grail, has

resumed his seat on the dais, and remains thus, his face covered during the rest of the ceremony. Antiphonal hymns are sung in celebration by the boys and youths, to which the knights respond, rising to their feet.

KNIGHTS. 'Blessed in Faith!
Blessed in Love!'

YOUTHS. 'Blessed in Love!'

BOYS. 'Blessed in Faith!'

The sound of bells is again heard, and the march gives the signal to return; the boys lift the Grail and the vessels from the altar, and the King's couch with his attendants fall into procession; when they have left the hall, the knights leave their seats, each couple meeting with a salute at the entrance, and so pass out in their turn. The youths and little blue-frocked children of the house march through from side to side, and the solitary figure stands by the pillar, the only one remaining of the splendid throng who lately filled the hall.

Gurnemanz returns and finds him still standing in a dream; he makes no response when pulled by the sleeve, and when Gurnemanz impatiently asks—

'Why yet standing here?
'Dost thou know what thou hast seen?'

his old look of perplexity returns, and he merely shakes his head. Gurnemanz's impatience becomes anger, and exclaiming, 'Thou art then nothing but a Fool!' he opens a door and thrusts the youth out into the forest alone.

* * * * *

He has just pushed the door close, and turned to leave the hall himself, when he is stopped by a voice which sings the half of those mystic lines of promise—and is interrupted by the chant from the dome—

'Blessed in Faith!
Blessed in Love!'

The curtain closes on the First Act.

ACT II.

THE scene which the curtain now discloses is a weird and strange one, which at first sight fills us with some presentiment of coming horrors.

We are in the stronghold of the evil magician, the hall of Klingsor's castle; Klingsor himself stands at a table reading in an inverted mirror.

KLINGSOR.

‘The time is here,—

E'en now my wonder-palace charms the Fool,
Whom, shouting boyishly, I see approach from far,
Sleep's deathlike chain holds by my curse her fast
Whose strength I well know how to loose.

Up then! to the work!’

In the floor of the hall there is an opening leading down to invisible depths; Klingsor approaching it makes some passes with his hands over the abyss, calling with imprecations on Kundry, and retires. Smoke rises, and through it ascends slowly a white figure, whose features are undistinguishable through the misty cloud of drapery covering her from head to foot, but who we can see is still struggling with the ‘curse of sleep’ which it is her fate to be under submission to when Klingsor wills. As when we saw her last in her capacity for faithful service to the Grail Knights she was slowly sinking under its influence, now she is being summoned from it to her slavery to their worst enemy.

A terrible dialogue ensues between them.

Klingsor mocks her efforts to escape from his ban, she mocks him in return; he revenges himself with his fiendish exercise of command over her by telling her he has enticed a formidable adversary into his domain for the purpose of being won over by her enchantments to his cause. Kundry twice makes a vain though frantic attempt at refusal of her aid, but it only brings to light Klingsor's worst and most fiendish powers in his terrible mockery of her efforts by reminding her of like former scenes when his mastery over her had wrought through her the worst evil to the brotherhood she had spent so much labour and pains to serve.

Kundry's bitterly remorseful answer is the most tragic point of this dreadful scene.

Klingsor leaves her to ascend a flight of steps leading to a window, through which a glare of yellow light pours in; thence he descries the arrival of his intended victim at the castle walls, and shouts back to Kundry the events of a hasty skirmish held with the guards, having overcome whom the invader clambers on to the parapet and looks down for the first time on the wonders of the enchanted flower-garden lying as yet deserted at his feet.

Kundry hears but little after the first words of wicked triumph; she gives peal after peal of weird laughter, and with one piercing wail is carried rapidly down the black abyss. Klingsor turns—

‘Ha! Kundry!

What? already at work?

Ha, ha! well I know the spell

That binds for ever thee and me in evil.’

Now Klingsor's hall is carried down below the stage, he disappearing with the whole fabric, and another more wondrous scene is before us. From the top to the ground is one mass of flowering vegetation; plants of tropical growth, bearing blossoms of wondrous

size and brilliancy, spring up in every corner. Huge creepers run from tree to tree, monster ferns fill every space between the crowded rose-bushes, intermixed with every sort of luxuriantly blooming shrub of fabulous size. There is a space in the centre, and by a low flight of steps our eye is led back to where, on the nearly hidden wall, stands the figure of the Fool, almost invisible against the background of a peaked mountain—his back is now turned on Monsalvat.

But we have hardly time to observe all these details, for suddenly the silent garden is alive with wild figures, who are pouring in helter-skelter from all sides, as delicate and fanciful as the flowers around them, and much resembling them in their fantastic dress of flower petals. On they flutter, and the air is filled with a witching chorus of lament for their lovers whom they have seen worsted in the fray at the walls. No words can describe the effect of their silvery voices uttering piteous cry upon cry of distress—

FLOWER MAIDENS. 'Here was the tumult! Clash of arms, and wild cries!' 'Woe, vengeance, up! Where is the villain!' 'My beloved is wounded!' 'Where then is mine?' 'I was left all alone! Whither then fled he?' 'There in the hall? They bleed! Ah, woe!' 'Where is the enemy?'

They turn simultaneously, pointing with angry gesticulations at the youth's motionless figure.

'There stands he! See!' 'The sword of my Ferris?' 'I saw it, he stormed the great wall!' 'I heard the Master's horn!' 'My hero ran to its call.' 'They ran one and all, and each he received with murderous weapon!'

Then with concentrated wrath they cry all together—

'Thou there! thou there!
Why wroughtst thou us such woe?
Accurst, accurst shalt thou be!'

when down into their midst, scattering them like petals blown by a sudden gust, leaps the youth with playful air, finding nothing but amusement in their wrathful gestures and threats.

FL. MAIDENS. 'Ha! thou bold one! dost thou defy us?
Why didst thou slay our lovers?'

'Ye pretty children, what else could I do?
To you, sweet ones, they barred me the way.'

This propitiates them, and they turn towards him with more graciousness—

'Thou camest to us? Saw'st thou us, then?'

The flattering speeches he makes in answer work wonders. Their astonishment turns to laughter; they draw a little nearer; and soon finding that they have in him a willing playmate, their anger evaporates. Some hastily deck themselves with head coverings of leaves and flowers, others follow their example, and then forming a double ring round the admiring youth, they begin a slow circling step, at the same time singing a melodious invitation of a fascination in-

sidious enough to bewitch the most sober minded. They caress him gently with flattering words and playful gestures, then suddenly break the ring and close round him in half earnest sport, each trying to win his favour for herself. His reception of their attentions is unexpectedly cool; he evades their grasp, and makes himself breathing space by gently repelling the most forward of the damsels, who now all in much alarm draw back and gather into a knot on one side. With injured air they make him many reproaches for his want of gallantry, but soon change them to mischievous and coquettish questions, which amuse him; but yet he keeps them at a respectful distance, and when they once more try to take him prisoner in their midst by rapidly surrounding him in a still closer crowd, he shows evident symptoms of an intention to take flight altogether.

But no sooner has he laughingly cried—

‘Leave me now, you will not catch me!’

than he and the merry crowd are rooted to where they stand by a voice, which, coming from the bushes on the right hand, proclaims in a tone of gentle command—

‘Parsifal! Stay!’

The whole aspect of the scene is changed; the half-frightened maidens collect themselves on the left hand, some gazing in the direction of the silvery voice, others inquisitively eyeing our hero, who, left alone in the centre of the stage, seems to have forgotten them altogether. Indeed, he appears in a manner overcome by the shock; clasping his hands over his breast, he murmurs to himself—

‘Parsifal ?

So once in my dreams my mother spoke my name.’

The voice interrupts him again; it again bids him stay where he will find pleasure and happiness indeed; then bids the maidens be-gone and leave him, for he was not meant to be a plaything for them.

Poor flower-maidens! but they take their revenge. Stealthily they creep round him, who heeds them not, singing him farewell; as the foremost reach a short flight of steps on the left, they turn and point—

‘Farewell! farewell!

Thou sweet one! thou proud one!

Thou *Fool!!*’

They vanish among the bushes, their rippling laughter dying on the ear. He is bewildered. Has it all been a fantastic dream? No, he wakes, and, though his late playfellows have deserted him thus suddenly, he is not alone. Almost imperceptibly the bushes on the right divide, and, to his wonderstruck eyes, a couch of flowers glides in, bearing a fair woman, a woman with a fatally fair smile, who reclines gracefully, draped in a white dress decked with flowers and a flowing white veil. It is Kundry, but he knows her not. She answers his question whether it were she who thus named him, the

nameless one, by smilingly telling that so his father had given his name to his mother, when he left her for the distant land where he lost his life. 'Fal parsi,' 'foolish pure one,'—'Parsi fal,' 'pure fool'—so she sings it to his unlessoned ear, and tells him that she has come hither to give him this knowledge; was it not to learn it that he came?

But, indeed, Parsifal knows not his own errand, and has understood nothing of all he has seen. He asks her of herself, what and whence she is; but she only gives him a few mysterious words in answer, and then, assuming an air of sorrowful reproach, she speaks to him of the anxious care and tender love that his widowed mother Herzeleide bore him, which she says she knew of and watched unperceived from the time of his first infantile lisp at her breast to her sad heart-broken death at his desertion. He listens, and becomes more and more touched by her pathetic narration, as she paints in telling colours the tearful anxious life that watched over his with so much solicitude; her agonized search for him, her weeping turning finally to dumb despair and hopeless waiting for him who never more came; and her gradual yielding to the mortal blow in her mother's heart.

At Kundry's final words Parsifal is fearfully overcome. His blinded ignorance can warn him of nothing of the insidious danger that lurks beneath her mask of false words of tender interest; he sees only the picture of his dead mother, slain, murdered by his guilty folly and forgetfulness. He strikes himself, tearing his hair, and with bitter self-reproach he falls at the feet of the sorceress, who triumphs over her first success.

Parsifal is not thinking of her. His conscience is awaking; still it is not roused to the full recognition of his neglect. Dimly he perceives that he has fallen in some way short of duty—a weighty task for which he cannot yet feel himself fitted, but only knows, by the merest instinct, that he is not now treading the right path to its fulfilment. Once, only once, something had knocked at the door of his closed mind, but he had no light within himself to show what stood without, and the summons passed by unanswered. There is yet something to be learnt before he can rightly grasp the weapon of human sympathy with which he must fight his divine battle. Who, or what, will teach the Fool? In the deepest anguish he says brokenly—

'Mother! my mother have I e'en forgot!
Ha! and to what besides have I been blind?
What have I e'er remembered?
Mere empty fooling in myself I find!'

He sinks lower on the ground. If this is Kundry's opportunity she does not let it slip. She tells Parsifal that repentance and confession will lighten his burden of guilt and turn his folly to insight. If he has never known sorrow he can never have tasted the sweets of consolation; this she now offers him, and still masking her design

under a veil of compassion for his bereavement of a parent's love, she stoops to embrace him.

We must remember while watching in bewilderment Kundry's conduct in this portion of the strange drama, that she is indeed only acting a part laid on her by a stronger will than her own; in fact, in any capacity Kundry may be said to be only obeying an uncomprehended impulse for good or evil. She is now wholly in Klingsor's hands; he is acting through her, and her imperfect nature, where the good and evil are seen so strangely side by side, yields itself as unconditionally to his will as she would fain give herself to the higher impulses she feels from time to time within her. Kundry's nature needs completion as much as Parsifal's; strange and mysterious fate which unites these two widely sundered souls in a common destiny, each to find salvation by the other's aid in dark and incalculable ways.

The crisis in the drama is reached as Parsifal, after a few seconds of apparent unconsciousness, springs from Kundry's side—an altered man.

With gestures of intolerable anguish he now clasps his hands over his heart, and staggers a few paces away; then, with an intensity which must pierce the heavens, he cries:—

‘AMFORTAS!
The wound—the wound!
It scorches in my heart.
Oh—wailing—wailing!
Fearful wailing!
It cries from my most secret soul.
Oh—oh!
Miserable!
Most wretched one!
The wound which I saw bleed
Now bleeds within myself—
Here—here!’

Kundry has risen aghast during Parsifal's frantic delivery of these words; he heeds her not, but breaks forth in a fresh torrent of half-delirious raving. The tortures of his heart he now thinks are the pangs of base, earthly love, and fearful to hear is the flood of remorse he pours forth. With fixed abstracted gaze he sees in vision the solemn ceremony of the Grail—the desecrated shrine stands there, and amidst the devout joy of the believing multitude who kneel before the elevated Cup, he hears the cry for deliverance ‘from the hands of strange children’ which rings in his now unsealed ears as it has rung in Amfortas' since the fatal day when the Spear was won from him;

‘And I—the Fool—the Coward?
To childish folly hither fled!’

bowled with grief he sinks on his knee—

‘Saviour! Deliverer! Lord of grace!
How shall this sinner seek Thy face?’

While he is still wrapt in silent anguish Kundry, not daring to

think she has been hopelessly repulsed, approaches him as he kneels on one knee, his hand to his heart, gazing before him as though the swiftly following visions of his brain were clearer to his sight than the glaring brilliancy of the surrounding garden. But as she once more seeks to win him with caresses he gradually rises to his feet, feeling the fever of Amfortas' wound course through his veins ; and when she tries finally to make him yield to her kiss, he springs erect, and thrusting her from him with loathing cries—

‘Destroyer! Turn thee from me!
Ever—ever—from me!’

She sees she is lost, her efforts vain and utterly fruitless, and given over to despair, she breaks into a passionate speech: pleading for mercy—if he knows what others suffer let him feel what her suffering is; is he a deliverer—what forbids him to save her?

The rest of her utterances is full of an unearthly mystery, unfolding darkly her character and life; she has mocked the true Saviour and is condemned to a life of hideous mockery; her own efforts towards freedom from her curse are mocked with deeper and deeper falls into the toils of sin and madness. But she, too, waits for a Deliverer, a Healer, whom she sees in Parsifal, and now painfully entreats him to rescue her.

But her wish for deliverance is not as yet pure from earthly alloy. Parsifal replies to it that the sacred river of life alone will quench that impure source. For that river the brotherhood have thirsted, and spent long years in austere searchings. It is as yet hidden. When she, unheeding of his words, repeatedly implores his present grace, he turns to her with the answer—

‘Love and deliverance shall reward thee
If thou to me
Wilt show the way to Amfortas.’

Kundry's fury again breaks out at this denial. She herself mocks at her previous prayers, she mocks Amfortas' fall with horrid laughter, she tells Parsifal that Klingsor's curse is her strength, and that she will summon the aid of the weapon which caused Amfortas' wound against himself should he bestow compassion on that sinner. Madly she returns to her first effort to win him, and when he hurls her from him with condemnation, she shrieks loudly for help, then turns on Parsifal and curses him with what power she has.

If he escapes from these unhallowed precincts yet the road which he seeks will be barred to him; he may wander through the world in paths of error and darkness—she has known them herself, and curses them for leading him from her.

At this point we see a figure advancing on the terrace among the bushes on the left; it is Klingsor: ‘Halt there!’ And Parsifal turns and fixes a steady gaze on this prince of evil. Klingsor raises his arm, in his hand he balances the Spear, and with an imprecation he hurls it across the garden at Parsifal, who stands unmoved. It

quivers in the trunk of a tree above Parsifal's head. He lifts his arm and withdraws it, turns towards Kundry and Klingsor, and with a glance of unspeakable triumph he makes the sign of the cross upon them.

PARSIFAL. 'With this sign do I thy magic ban:
As by it the wound will close,
Which with it thou openedst,
In mourning and in desolation
Let thy false glories fall.'

No sooner has Klingsor fallen on his face than, as shaken by an earthquake, the whole of the flowery fabric is carried to the ground. Kundry utters a piercing shriek and herself sinks to the earth. As she does so, there drop from overhead the lifeless withered blossoms which so lately were invested with fleeting human life and girlish form. They lie like the ruins of the plants and trees around them; the garden is decayed to a desert.

Parsifal's solitary figure alone stands among the ruin. He turns and mounts the wall from which he first gazed on the wondrous scene, and there breaks the dead silence with this warning to Kundry—

'Thou know'st—
Where only once again thou wilt behold me.'

And as he disappears

The curtain closes on the Second Act.

ACT III.

AFTER the strain of impressiveness in the first act and of excitement in the second, the peaceful loveliness that the parting curtain discloses in the third is rest and refreshment.

Again it is a clearing in a thick forest that presents itself in the foreground; the trees part in the middle distance, and behind are meadows, bright with spring-flowers, watered by a still brooklet, and shining freshly under the morning sun. We do not need the recollection of the gaudy glare of the witch garden to impress on us the beauty of this secluded forest plain, where Nature, undisturbed, has arrayed herself in all her glory. In the centre of the clearing is a spring of water which flows out into the wood on the right, past a bank which has been hollowed into a seat. On the left hand are some broad flat stones, behind which stands a modest hermitage, the only sign of human life in the scene.

Suddenly and strangely the peace is jarred by a groan which comes from the bushes on the right—a few seconds silence and it sounds again, yet more mournfully. Through the doorway of the hut comes

an old man, white-haired and bent with years; his long blue tunic shows that he is one of the sacred brotherhood, but at first we do not recognize in him the reverend Gurnemanz, so aged and altered is he.

Proceeding to the spot whence the melancholy sound came, he peers among the branches, wondering what, or rather who, can have uttered on this most hallowed morning such painful sounds; yet he thinks he knows the voice. Again the weary moan is heard—then Gurnemanz pulls away some dead boughs which have matted thickly together, and there finding the sufferer, he supports her to the bank near the spring, and busies himself in restoring her, though greatly fearing that she is past his care, this time.

It is Kundry. We see her again in her wild brown robe, with tangled locks, but her face is worn and pale, and a much-frayed rope girdle is round her waist; she is no longer the wild savage we first knew. With a little care she recovers life, and, rising, she recognises her old friend with mute looks of gratitude, and hastily arranges her dress and hair. Then with bowed head and clasped hands she turns to enter the hut; this brings down on her a reproof from Gurnemanz, that she has not thanked him for his kind offices. She answers in dejection—

‘Service—service.’

He watches her fetching a pitcher to fill with water, and wonders if the holy day has worked some good influence for her, so softened is her demeanour; but of service he says she will find but little to do—the herbs and roots on which they now live they find for themselves in the forest.

As Kundry is stooping by the water-side a mysterious sound of footsteps in the forest path near the spring startles her. She motions to Gurnemanz, who gazes in wonder along the path; it is the heavy and hesitating tread of some mailed warrior.

GURNEMANZ. ‘Who draws near to the sacred spring,
Clad in such gloomy war array?
A stranger to the brotherhood.’

Clank—clank—clank! Clank—clank—clank—it draws nearer, and through the trees behind the spring there steps out into the open a figure clothed from head to foot in black armour. Unconscious of the presence of spectators he walks as in a trance, speechless, the closed visor of his helmet clanking at each step; on his left arm he carries a long shield, in his right hand a spear.

Kundry rests her eyes on him as he passes her, and disappears into the hut, carrying her pitcher of water.

Gurnemanz watches in silent wonder. The black knight advances with slow step, his head erect, across the clearing; when he has reached the low rocks on the other side, he sinks down as if weary, leaning his spear on the ground and drooping his head. Now Gurnemanz approaches and courteously greets him, inquiring if he

shall direct him on his way? He turns, but only slightly shakes his head. On being asked if he has no salutation to offer he mutely inclines his head. Gurnemanz then tells him that he is here on hallowed ground, where no man may come with weapons,—helmet, shield, and spear. And on this of all days! Is he not aware what sacred morn has dawned? He shakes his head.

GURNEMANZ. 'Whence cam'st thou then?
With what heathens hast thou dwelt,
Not to know that this day
Is ever-blest Good Friday?'

The stranger only bows his head lower. Then Gurnemanz bids him doff his armour; it is a desecration which must surely be an offence to Him who was slain by man for man.

He rises and plants his spear upright in the ground, resting his shield against it; then removes his belt and sword; then unfastens his visor, and, after a second's pause, throws it back; and when he has lifted off his helmet and placed it on the ground, we see the face of one in early manhood, his head, lip, and chin covered with abundant fair hair. His gaze is rapt and visionary. Without a word or sign he kneels down before the spear in silent prayer, with bent head.

Gurnemanz watches him narrowly, then beckons to Kundry, who comes to the doorway of the hut, and as the warrior lifts his face in adoration to the spear, he softly asks—

'Dost thou know him?
'Tis he who long since shot the swan.'

Kundry nods her head gently.

GURNEMANZ. 'Tis he, indeed!
The Fool whom I in anger turned away.
'Ha! by what path came he?
The Spear—I know it!'

Then in a burst of deepest emotion he cries—

'Oh! holiest day!
That I should live to see it dawn!'

Kundry has turned away, and leans against the post of the doorway with averted face.

The knight rises, and for the first time takes cognizance of his surroundings; he clasps Gurnemanz's hand with calm gravity, and thankfulness that they have met again. The old man eagerly asks how he has found the way to this region? His tale is one of pathetic suffering in body and soul. He has wandered in error and darkness and despair, and endured many things seeking the path to him to whom he has been chosen to bring healing, him whose cry of distress he once heard in ignorant wonder. A curse has been on him to drive him astray each time he hoped to have found the path he sought. Despair seized him, having to guard in many conflicts the sacred

weapon he bears; for he would not use it in battle, but carried it through all dangers unprofaned by bloodshedding, and has now brought it safe home. With grave exultation he points to where it stands—shining clear and nobly—the sacred Spear of the Grail.

Gurnemanz is overcome with devout joy; he exclaims brokenly in adoration of the restored relic; then when he can turn to Parsifal he assures him that the curse must now be broken, for he is indeed on the hallowed territory of the Grail, and the brotherhood are, as ever, awaiting him. Now he unfolds a sad history.

The sorrows of the brotherhood since Parsifal's disappearance have brought them to a sad state of necessity. Amfortas has purchased relief from the tortures of his soul by the deprivation to the brotherhood of their spiritual sustenance, in hopes that thus he may hasten his own end, for which he longs desperately. The Grail, then, has remained enshrined, and no prayers of his knights can move him to unveil it to them. Thus their heroic strength has failed; they have done no deeds of valour, have been summoned on no errands of Christian warfare. Gurnemanz himself has withdrawn into the solitude of this forest nook, where he patiently awaits Death to end his sorrows. And finally Titurel has fallen a victim to the imprisonment of the Grail's life-giving light, and has died—a man like others.

For the first time Parsifal's emotion breaks through the armour of his chastened self-restraint. The thought of his having been the cause of these miseries through his ignorance and folly, of his having wasted years in fruitless wanderings, who had been taught of his election to bring salvation to that very hapless sufferer whom he has so neglected—these bitter thoughts are too much to bear, and having spoken his remorseful self-contempt, he falls half-swooning.

Gurnemanz supports him to the seat beside the water-spring. Kundry has hastily entered the hut at Parsifal's fall, and now humbly brings towards them a basin of water for his restoration. But as she approaches timidly, Gurnemanz lifts his hand to forbid her, and though she mutely entreats him, says—

‘Not so!—
The sacred spring alone
Must be our pilgrim's refreshment.
I ween there is to-day
A holy work before him,
A sacred office to perform:
Then must he be immaculate,
The dust of toilsome error's path
Must now be thoroughly cleansed from him.’

They remove one by one the pieces of Parsifal's armour, and while Kundry washes his feet with the water of the spring he recovers consciousness, and opens his eyes to ask in a weak voice—

‘Shall I to-day be taken to Amfortas?’

Gurnemanz assures him that in the castle the knights await their coming; indeed, he is himself bound thither to attend the funeral

solemnities of Titurel's interment; and on this mournful occasion Amfortas has sworn to unveil the Grail for the last time.

As Gurnemanz ends, Parsifal's armour has been laid together on the ground. Clad in a white tunic, he reclines at rest on the grassy seat.

He looks down on Kundry at his feet, and says to her—

‘Thou hast washed my feet;’

then to Gurnemanz—

‘Now sprinkle thou my head, my friend.’

Gurnemanz dips his hand in the spring, and empties it on Parsifal's head with the words—

‘With pureness be thou, pure one, blessed!
May every grief of guilt
Be lifted from thy heart.’

Kundry draws a flask of ointment from her bosom and anoints Parsifal's feet, then dries them with her hair. Parsifal takes the flask from her and gives it to Gurnemanz, bidding him likewise anoint his head—thus Titurel may to-day hail him as King. Gurnemanz does this, and proclaims him their promised King—compassionate in endurance, beneficent in wisdom.

Parsifal stoops and draws water in his hand, and to the kneeling Kundry he says—

‘Thus my first office I fulfil;
Baptized be
And believe on the Redeemer!’

He sprinkles her head; she sinks on the ground and remains appearing to weep bitterly.

Parsifal turns from her. The scene is one of peaceful and radiant happiness, but for her dejected figure. Gurnemanz awaits his next words; he looks at the smiling meadows spread beyond the forest and rejoices in the beauty of the lovely sight, and speaks of wonder-flowers which he passed, which entangled him in their rank growth, and looked and spoke winningly in his ear.

GURNEMANZ. ‘That must be Good Friday's spell, my lord.’

PARSIFAL. ‘Alas! that day of deepest woe!
I ween that then the blooming flowers,
And all that breathes, and lives, and gives back life
Should only mourn, alas! and weep.’

Gurnemanz, in a beautiful and mystic speech, tells him that it is not so with Nature. Tears of sinners' repentance bedew her face, which she joyfully lifts to now redeemed mankind; peace reigns in her bosom, spared on this hallowed day from desecration by purified man. Thankfulness for the Divine sacrifice is thus felt by all creation, and the day is consecrated to one of innocent joy.

Gurnemanz and Parsifal are wrapt in the solemn thoughts to which the old man has given utterance in words of inspired beauty, while

Kundry slowly lifts her bowed head, and, still kneeling, gazes at Parsifal with prayer in her tearful eyes. Gurnemanz rouses himself and turns to enter his hermitage, while Parsifal seems conscious of nought but the high and holy joy around and within him. The imploring figure at his feet, the sole witness there of sin and sorrow, still kneels and mutely prays, till his eyes turn and rest on her. After a pause he speaks—

PARSIFAL. 'I saw them wither who mock'd me erst:—
Do they now for redemption thirst?—
'Thy tears in blessing's dew will rise:
'Thou weep'st—the earth smiles to the skies.'

With his hand on her head, he stoops to kiss her on the forehead.

A sound of distant bells brings Gurnemanz back from his hut; it is the midday summons to the temple, and thither he will lead Parsifal; he has brought with him a scarlet mantle of the Grail knighthood, with which he invests him. Kundry rises, and, when Parsifal has raised the Spear, she follows him, Gurnemanz leading the way to the forest path.

As they move slowly out on the right it grows darker, and soon the trees are seen to be crossing the stage to the left. Mysteriously the pillars of the temple are arrayed in order, and the light returns to show us the hall. The altar alone stands in the centre; for the rest the space is free of tables and benches. Now to the solemn march there draw in on the right the knightly train, helmeted, bringing with them a bier, on which lies the covered body of Titurel. On the left the procession, headed by the boys bearing the Grail and the holy vessels, brings Amfortas and his servants. The knights have arranged themselves in two rows on each side of the altar, the King is borne to his raised seat, and the younger men and children of the house, whose ranks extend to the front of the stage, complete the most impressive assembly ever drawn up in their hall.

They have finished their funeral hymns, in which their sorrow for their late chief is mingled with even wrathful expressions of Amfortas' guilt. Now, having laid Titurel's bier before the altar, they turn to Amfortas, and wave their hands imperiously to him where he lies behind the shrine, and demand to have the Grail unveiled to them, 'for the last time.' But as they echo these words in mournful chorus Amfortas rises with a face of anguish. Well may they cry, 'Woe, woe for him!' what is their need to his pain? Will they not rather slay him? he will willingly take Death at their hands, and think it the mildest expiation of his sin. He stretches out his hands towards the bier where lies his father, slain by his vain endeavour to slay himself, and implores him to pray that his son may receive death at last.

As he sinks down exhausted with the passion of his own prayers, the knights advance, and gesticulate threateningly at him. Their

anger is roused by his weakness, and they are determined that he shall not deny them their promised celebration.

‘Unveil the shrine!
Thou must—thou must!’

A terrible scene ensues. Amfortas, goaded by the tortures he feels, and the threats of his knights on the other hand, in a frenzy of despair springs down into their midst, and madly cries—

‘No! nevermore! Ha!
Already the shades of death fall round me,
Shall I return now again to life?
Ye mad ones!
Who can force me to live?
Would that ye gave me death!’

Tearing open the breast of his tunic, he continues—

‘Here am I, here my wound bared!
That poisons me; here flows my blood.
Out with your weapons! Plunge your swords
Deep—deep within, to the hilt!
Up, ye heroes!
Slay the sinner with his pain;
The Grail may then unveil itself again.’

As he strides down the hall the horrified company draw back on each side, and he stands alone in the front. All eyes are fixed in dread on his wild figure, and none but the children who are standing on the extreme left, and who make way in respectful awe, are aware of the three who have slowly entered the hall during the King’s last words. Not till Parsifal has reached the clear space where Amfortas stands in agony do they suddenly start, and look, and point him out to one another with wild hope and fear in their eyes. He carries a spear—what spear? With its point he touches the wound Amfortas has bared in his breast. Amfortas has been nigh swooning; a shock goes through his frame as he feels the spear, and he stands upright again as Parsifal says—

‘One weapon only serves:—
The Spear alone
Which struck the wound will close it.
Be whole, redeemed, and purified!
For I will now perform thine office.
Healed be all thy sorrows,
Which pity’s noblest power
And purest wisdom’s strength
Gave to the timid Fool.’

Gurnemanz supports his royal master while Parsifal now turns to the eager knights who are straining in expectation. With inspired gaze he treads a few steps in front of the altar, waving the Spear over his head in majesty.

‘The sacred Spear
I bring to you again.’

In devout joy the silent throng adore their priceless relic; as they

all and Parsifal gaze upward its point flushes crimson—deepens—then gradually fades.

Now all motion Parsifal to the altar. He sinks the Spear, and slowly mounting the steps, lays it behind the shrine. The serving-boys unveil the Grail, and fall back with the rest into the ranks. Kundry prostrates herself before the altar.

Darkness descends.

As Parsifal raises the Cup all sink on their knees; the hymn is softly chanted from the dome, and a shaft of light pours brilliantly over the sacred relic. For a moment Kundry receives its benediction, and sinks silently lifeless to the ground.

Parsifal turns the Cup from side to side of the adoring crowd. His figure, illuminated with the golden ray, is the last that impresses our strained sight as—

The curtain closes on the last Act.

H. J. H. S

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Spider. What have you there? Oh, what a beautiful map of Palestine, 'Pictorial Map.' It is not quite like the one described in Miss Keary's *Oldbury*, with little pictures of all the events.

Aimar. No. Nor the still more curious ones in old Fuller's *Pisgah View*; but as he gives each tribe a folio page map to itself, he has ample room and verge enough to give Samson killing the lion, and Absalom hanging in the tree.

S. This only aspires to mountains and cities and forests; but it will be delightful to use in school. I see all the New Testament names have lines under them. What price is it, and how do you get it?

A. The price is 7s. 6d., if you get it from the author, Miss Wood, Elmwood, Bromley Road, Beckenham, and as maps go, I do not think that is very dear. I only wish the colouring were lighter, so that the names were more distinct.

S. But the children will like it better so, and their eyes are good. Have you any more to tell me of?

A. As a serious book here is Hugh Macmillan's *Olive Leaf* (Macmillan). It has beautiful chapters on Symbolism, both of Scripture and Nature. There is a sentence here and there with which one cannot wholly agree, but these are very few, and some of the chapters are perfect, especially that on the Veronica, the true image, and that on apples of Sodom.

S. I remember your reading to me a chapter on the 'Trees which the Lord hath planted,' in his *Bible Teachings in Nature*, about the cedars of Lebanon, which I have never forgotten.

A. I should have mentioned, when we were on the Sunday School subject, Miss Croome's *Systematic Teaching in Sunday Schools* (John White, George Street, Strand), a little 2d. pamphlet, but with excellent hints in it, especially where the Board School throws all the Church teaching into the Sunday.

S. I know Miss Croome's *Children at Church*. It is very useful with the little ones.

A. By the by, there are some pretty little stories for reading to the tinies in *Please tell me one Tale More* (Skeffington). The two most amusing, 'The Queen of the Dentists' and 'Wow Wow,' are Mr. Sabine Baring Gould's, and above their level; but the 'Red Ball,' and some others in the book, are excellent for the small children.

S. I read to my class *Little Hinges* (Cassell), a little while ago. It is not about poor children, but that does not matter, and it is a capital

lesson on disobedience, because one does not see why; and on 'to obey is better than sacrifice.' What do you think of those wonderful stories that Cassell publishes, *Treasure Island*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and *The Phantom City*? They are in the line of Jules Verne or Baron Munchausen.

A. A good deal. There seems to me no harm in their being read by people with a good strong appetite for wild adventures, and as works of art they are all capitally executed. I like *The Phantom City* the best, it is so carefully studied from the old American cities conquered by the Spaniards, and there is not in it—what I think a real disadvantage in giving *King Solomon's Mines* to boys—any reference to bad language. It is most undesirable for them to make them think such words manly, and though the book itself is free, the author goes out of his way to explain that his naval officer, the best of the party, was wont to indulge in them. No doubt he meant it for a touch of nature, but he might have done without it, without showing that he does not think it so much a sin as a want of good taste.

S. Have you seen Mrs. Green's *Bound by a Spell*? (Cassell). It is exceedingly interesting, but very weird, and I would not recommend it to any one who was nervous, though all comes right at last.

A. I think it is a little too painful, though fine in parts. These are months of few books, and I really have no more to mention to you now except Mrs. Mitchell's two books of *Meditations on Genesis and on Exodus* (Masters), very useful either for private use, or for reading at family prayers. Let me say, for the benefit of those who may wish to see old friends in a new dress, that the *Lot with a Crook* in it has come out, published by Gardiner, as *A Near Relation*, and that *The Quest of Ulysses* has been obliged to call itself *A Modern Telemachus*, and appears under the auspices of Messrs. Macmillan. Also *Eyes to the Blind* is published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and *Astray* by Messrs. Hatchard.

S. And I like *The Old Motto* (W. Smith). It is very tender and graceful in the picture of the good old lady.

A. A very pretty book for girls is Miss MacSorley's *A Few Good Women* (Hogg), charming biographies, especially of Charlotte de la Tremouille and Mme. de Lamballe. They are perhaps rather *couleur de rose*, and I cannot see why there is such a disregard of chronology, but they are quite worth reading.

S. Let me tell you of Miss Birley's two pretty books, the *Linen Room Window* (Wells Gardiner), and *Jessamine's Lesson Books* (Skeffington).

ST. MARY'S HOME, POONA.

THIS Home is a branch house of the Community of St. Mary the Virgin, Wantage. The Sisters have worked in Poona for the last eight or nine years, in connection with the Mission at Panch Howds (on the outskirts of the native city), of which the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley, now have charge.

The Sisters have just succeeded in obtaining possession of a suitable site at Panch Howds for their community house and native works, and the buildings are about to be put in hand. But in the meantime they are inhabiting three different bungalows, in what is called the 'camp,' i.e. the European part of Poona, about three miles from Panch Howds; and as each of these represents a different section of the work, they must be described in detail.

The large central bungalow is St. Mary's Home proper. Passing under the deep shady porch, with its manifold ferns and brilliant-leaved plants, we find ourselves in the matted entrance hall, where one or two slim dusky native girls in their picturesque 'sardies,' veil and skirt combined, sit on the ground busy with needlework. After a short visit to the Sister Superior, we are taken to see the Chapel, a large, quiet, devotional-looking place, with pillars forming side aisles, and shady verandahs full of greenery beyond. It has often had to serve as a church for all the Christian natives under the Sisters' care, in consequence of the three miles' distance from the remainder of the Mission. Thence we go up a short flight of steps to the embroidery-room, where more native girls are employed learning to help in the beautiful work. Orders for church embroidery are received and executed for all parts of India, and the work sent out is the same in style and as excellent in its way as that which is known in many parts of England as coming from the Wantage School of Embroidery.

Next we leave the Home, and pass to the Vernacular School, where between forty and fifty girls of all ages are being brought up. A glance round suffices to show the importance of this work, and we eagerly ask for information from the Sister in charge, who tells us that besides their five or six hours daily schooling, much useful industrial instruction is given; the elder ones do their own cooking, one girl having charge of the kitchen-hut, and four others being appointed fortnightly to learn under her; they also grind most of their own corn (an indispensable part of every woman's duty in that country), sitting cross-legged on the ground with the flat mill-stone between four of them, singing away merrily the while, some of their monotonous grinding ditties. They take turns in cleaning the house, and in

mending their own clothes, besides doing a great deal of such neat plain needlework in school as many an English maiden might be proud of. Each elder girl has charge of a little one, and is responsible for her neatness and cleanliness.

When meal-time comes all are arranged in rows round the room, each with her bright brass plate and 'lotie' (drinking pot) in front of her, grace is sung, and then they sit (according to the custom of the country for their class) on the ground, and eat their curry and rice with admirable dexterity with their fingers!

They learn up to the sixth Government Standard for Vernacular Schools with a native pundit and an infant mistress; those in the higher Standards learning English as an additional language; some who have passed through the school are kept on to assist as pupil teachers.

Early marriage is the rule in India, and it is a frequent occurrence for an elder lad from the excellently managed Boys' Industrial School at Panch Howds, to visit the Sisters with a request for a wife. Many young couples have thus settled round the Mission, and are now bringing up little Christian families, witnesses, as one hopes, in that land of darkness and discord to the love and peace of Christ's members, and to the sanctity of family life in His Church. Some of these children already attend the school as day scholars, and their number will doubtless increase as time goes on.

Having visited the schoolrooms, we go through the dormitories; these are too large, and to English eyes, bare rooms, for a few pictures and crosses on the walls seem to be the only adornments, and scarce any furniture is to be seen. The Sister, however, points to the striped blue and red rugs folded together in orderly rows against the wall, and tells us that when night comes every child will spread her rug, and lay herself down upon it, covering herself with her 'sardie.' After a visit to the playground, where we watch for a few minutes the graceful native games in which these lithe young creatures excel, and listen well pleased to their songs and merry laughter, or stoop to kiss some tiny brown maid who lisps out, 'Salaam, Mem Sabib, salaam, Sister,' we are led into the back of the large Home Compound to see ten or twelve 'dhobies,' or native washerwomen, busy beating clothes on big stones in the tank after their strange native fashion, and then to visit the long shed where they are ironing with busy hands, and not silent tongues, learning, some of them, to 'clear starch,' and clean curtains and lace in true English fashion; learning, too, what is more important, to control their hasty tempers, and forsake their idle ways, and live as Christian working women should, honest, industrious, modest, and useful lives.

Most of them are already baptized, others are catechumens, or again just beginning to seek after Christianity. And could we stop to learn the history of some, we should indeed wonder and thank

God, Whose Grace alone could have rescued them from such blackness of sin and heathen impurity as we in England can scarcely conceive.

We must now turn back into the Home before our visit to the third bungalow and its family, that we may learn something of the Zenana visiting, which takes one of the Sisters into the city for some of the hottest hours of the day. She tells of sad and heart-stirring sights seen in her drives through those crowded heathen streets: 'I think if our Sisters in England could drive one Sunday afternoon through the city they would *all* want to come to Poona,' are her words. But she tells us, too, of kindly welcomes in many a Brahmin or Mussulman house, not long since closely shut against Christian visitors, and of eager pupils in English, and sometimes, though as yet of course rarely, of earnest enquiries after the blessed Gospel news. She tells us of the wonderful movement among the High Caste Hindus, who till lately were so opposed to female education, to start a large school for Brahmin women. This school was organised by a committee of native gentlemen, who, when their scheme was fairly taken up by Government, and so arranged that what they considered a thoroughly advanced education could be secured, appointed as their Lady Superintendent one who had long been known in Poona as a devoted missionary lady.

Again she can describe the social gatherings to which many of her friends amongst the High Caste ladies now gladly come to spend a pleasant evening in music, singing, and games with the Sisters and the kind English friends who help them in their endeavours to break down the wall of separation between the races, and to raise the tone, and draw out the native refinement and courtesy of these high-born ladies. Very picturesque as well as interesting are these gatherings, assembled perhaps in some large old bungalow, bright with abundance of lights and flowers, and with the brilliant colours and rich jewels, and gold of the native ladies, whilst through windows open on to large balconies overhanging the water, the wondrous mellow tints of an Eastern sunset flush the sky with indescribable softness and splendour. And let no one say that what seems mere *play* should not find its place in an account of Zenana work.

English haughtiness and reserve, and Brahmin pride and exclusiveness are barriers which must be broken down before these ladies can understand that they can be treated as equals, and even as friends by Englishwomen, and thus can begin to feel attracted by the beauty of Christianity.

In this work perhaps more than in any other we need to remember that our Church is at present but *turning the soil*, and has scarce even reached the stage of casting in seed; or to change the metaphor, her armies are attacking as yet but the outposts of the enemy, and, till these are broken down, small wonder if the prisoners within remain bound, or at least are seldom released from their dark dungeons.

Here then as ever we must be content to say, 'Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy Glory.'

Zenana work leads us naturally on to the last native work to which we are to be taken, St. Mary's Anglo-Vernacular School for Native higher class children, which, unlike the other branches of work, has grown up during the last two years only, and which, though as yet in its infancy, is considered by experienced missionaries to be of the utmost importance to the future of the Mission.

As we draw near the little bungalow they inhabit, a pretty scene meets our eye, a large mat is spread in the shade, and three or four tiny little ones of one or two years old play and tumble about on it with their Ayah, or hold out their little brown arms with merry cooings to their Sister to be taken up and kissed, perhaps two at a time; whilst others a year or two older toddle after each other in baby races, screaming with fun, and as full of mischief as so many kittens; one of the merriest of all is little blind Johnnie, who, the Sister tells us, had been so neglected in his former home, that for weeks after his arrival he could scarcely do anything but moan and cry for food.

These little ones, for the most part, are orphans or destitute of homes, and it is hoped that, baptized in infancy, and growing up with no heathen influences to cling to their memories, they will imbibe the pure atmosphere and holy training of their Christian home. Within the bungalow, we are introduced to seven elder girls, daughters of native clergy and others, who are receiving the usual course of education for girls of the upper class in England, and are being carefully trained in habits of order, gentleness, refinement, and taste, so that they may grow up to be *true Christian ladies*, fitted to be wives of priests or catechists, or devoted Zenana workers amongst the women of their own class. The great importance of this work lies in the fact that it is one of the first attempts in this part of India to provide for the higher education of upper-class native girls, on distinctively Church principles. It is greatly in need of funds to give it a fair start, as it is of course a more costly undertaking than a lower class school. The bright, intelligent faces, sweet, gentle manners, and ready obedience of the children, promises well for the future, and their graceful native dress shows that due care is taken that the training given should not render them unfit for the ways of their country. We are shown into the large central room, which at present serves as schoolroom and general sitting-room; it has pictures on the walls, gay-coloured rugs on the floor, and a few tables and chairs; whilst a piano in one corner, and a blackboard and easel in another, suggest the learning both of accomplishments, and of more needful lessons.

One long room leading out of this is the dormitory, with its scarlet covered beds; through this again is the nursery, with cots swinging from the beams. At the back we step into a verandah, where the

humble clay cooking-stoves stand, and thus out into the compound, where seven or eight clumsy grey buffaloes are visible, most important, if not ornamental appendages to the Mission settlement, for not only do they supply abundance of milk for the children, but some of the Christian woman find employment in the dairy of St. Mary's Home, which has many customers in Poona for its English-made butter.

These, then, are the chief native works in which the Sisters are engaged.

They have besides a large High School for Girls, which helps to meet the ever-increasing demand for education amongst the large resident population of Anglo-Indians and Eurasians, and is made use of by those at a distance also, for boarders have come to the Sisters from many parts of India. The school is under Government, and sends up its annual quota of successful candidates for the Matriculation Examination of the Bombay University.

The Government of Bombay has lately requested the Sisters to undertake the nursing of the Sassoon Hospital for Europeans and natives built by the late Sir David Sassoon, and a bungalow is to be built for them close to the hospital, on the completion of which they hope to take up the work, which will be as valuable as a complement to the Mission as it will be useful to the inhabitants of Poona generally. It may be well for the benefit of any who have felt interest in this brief description of the work of the Sisters of St. Mary's, Wantage in Poona, to suggest a few ways in which help would be especially valuable.

1. Making known the different works and their needs to others, that more may be interested in them, and may be drawn to help by their prayers and alms.

2. Contributing to one or other of the schools, to the Building Fund, or to the general expenses of the Mission.

N.B. £9 a year is the cost of board and education for a girl in the Upper Class School, and £6 for one in the Lower Class School.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer of the Poona Mission Fund, St. Mary's Home, Wantage. Cheques and Post-office Orders to be made payable to Harriet Day, or to the Sister Superior, St. Mary's Home, Poona.

THE MOTHER'S MEMORY.

A POOR mother had ten children, and because she was so poor she had many cares. The clergyman's wife, who everybody said was such a good woman, used often to call and scold this poor mother because she did not come regularly to church, or attend mothers' meetings, or follow all the good advice given to her. The clever lady who preached to her poor neighbours was rich herself and had no children; so she never knew what it was to feel cross or tired. She had plenty of time to go about and tell other people their duties, and to teach them how to bring up their families, and how to be thrifty and put money in the Savings Bank out of fourteen shillings a week. Mrs. Vicars had, indeed, a great many clever ideas for others, and was very generous in bestowing her advice on other people, as all the parish very well knew.

'I'm downright sorry, ma'am, as I've such a poor memory for what you tell me. But all the children they do put things out of my head so that I forget the meeting days. I'll do my best to remember next month, and I thank you kindly for your good advice.'

And the poor mother sighed and looked anxiously towards her big work-basket, wishing that her visitor would go home to her Bazaar fancy work and leave her at liberty to darn a pile of socks, not one, she very well knew, without large holes. Little Joe, who sat quite still and silent in his wheel-chair near the fire, was old enough to remember the conversation that took place, and that evening at tea-time faithfully related all Mrs. Vicars' reproofs and advice as well as his mother's replies.

'Come, come, mother, that won't do!' said the father, smiling in a kind way over the heads of nine children—the tenth was upstairs in his cradle. 'We can't let you be telling Mrs. Vicars that you've a poor memory.'

The mother's pale cheeks got a little red, but she went on pouring out the tea carefully without any answer.

'It doesn't seem to me that you ever forget anything,' said Bill, who worked in the carpenter's shop with father—young Bill was usually very grudging in his praise.

'Mother, you don't ever forget to make the bread,' said Annie, as she cut a mountain of slices from the big loaf before her.

'And you always remember to call me earlier on washing days,' said Jack, with a sigh, because it was winter-time, and it was his duty to carry in the pails of water.

The mother's eyes were cast down.

'Mother always remembers my birthday,' said Lizzie, cuddling her new wooden doll, given only yesterday.

'Mother thinks on to write to me *every* Sunday when I'm away,' put in Alice, softly. Alice was only fourteen, but she was a little maid-of-all-work in the nearest market town. She was home for a holiday now.

'If mother is ever so tired and sleepy, she never forgets her prayers,' said little Joe, who slept in the mother's room.

'But she often forgets to put any sugar in my tea,' said Sally, stirring up the dregs of her cup with a wistful expression. At this there was a general laugh, for Sally was acknowledged to be the greedy member of her family.

'And, mother, you don't never forget to give us physic when we wants it,' said poor little Phyllis, who had still a clear recollection of a nasty dose taken yesterday.

'Shall I remind you, children, of all the other things that mother needs to remember every day? We aren't going to allow her to tell any one that she has a poor memory, when every hour of her day is taken up remembering something for us all. Did you ever know her to forget you in any pain or trouble? Your clothes are clean and tidy, your dinner is hot, your bodies are healthy, because of her constant care, her loving thought for all. Your home is happy and comfortable, because her memory for little things never fails.'

The mother reddened at all this praise, and then she sighed a little.

'Ah, but those things are easy matters,' she said; 'but I forget the advice and the prescriptions Mrs. Vicars gives me. And I sometimes put her tracts away and never look at them. I never can remember how many of those little white pills to give to baby when he's got a cold, and I always do and always shall forget mothers' meeting days. Not that I think them pills make much difference, and I've enough to do at home surely without going out to meetings. But Mrs. Vicars she means kindly, and it seems ungrateful like to let such things slip.'

Little Joe, who had eaten nothing all tea-time, got down carefully from his chair and came and leaned against the mother's knee. Her knee was ever the home and resting-place of sad or naughty children. They cried out their sorrows there, and said their prayers reverently there, and in all the years to come of life they never knew so sacred an altar. Joe was very delicate and he was lame. He had large blue eyes and a clear pale skin which flushed too easily.

The mother always touched his golden curls gently, and very often tears came in her eyes when she looked at him. He was quiet and thoughtful, so different to all the hungry noisy children there. And he seemed more loving than they all.

'Mother, I know you never forget our Molly who is in Heaven,' said Joe, in a low voice. But the others heard his words and hushed their talk at the mention of the dead little sister. She had been lost

in the snow one winter time on her way over the moor from school. Joe's clear voice went on—

‘Sometimes at night when all is quiet, I see you take her little slate out of the drawer—the slate they found in the snow, with her name upon it. And you kiss it so often—so often, and all the time you cry, oh! so much. It is always when father is asleep, but I watch you, and I know that your tears have nearly washed away the writing on it. When it is quite clean and you cannot see any writing, will you give it to me, mother?’

A silence fell on all the children. They listened to little Joe, who spoke with such a grave earnestness while his eyes kindled.

The father pushed away his plate and came and stood near the mother. She was pale now, and her lips trembled very much.

She stroked Joe's head fondly, while she said softly to him—

‘My little boy, why would you have Molly's slate?’

Then he lifted his blue eyes to her face (such clear blue eyes they were), and said—

‘If I was to go away, mother—some day—to Molly—if I did not leave any writing behind me, you might forget me.’

The mother fell to weeping bitterly and was speechless with her arms round the child's neck. But the father leaned over her and looked down into the depths of the child's wondering blue eyes.

‘Joe, my little lad, you are written on mother's heart—no tears could wash away the loved names that are there.’

And the child smiled and took comfort at this thought, feeling sure that now he could never be forgotten.

When he died, not very long after, the mother took little Molly's slate and buried it with him. And one day, the father put up a simple headstone, in the peaceful country churchyard, where his two dear children lay together. On it was written beneath their names, Mother Remembers.’

Once a great poet came there and saw that tombstone. He asked many questions about it, and said that he would write beautiful verses on it. But he never did, and I think that he knew that no poet can never write a poem tender and pure enough to glorify a mother's memory.

H. MUSGRAVE.

AN ARCH.

GREAT mind, God-gifted, who that arch didst plan,
Unknown, I thank thee for thy thought divine
Expressed in masonry in yonder shrine:
Upward I trace its ever-narrowing span,
And, as I gaze, I recognise how man
The longings of his heart must discipline
In aspirations, which at length combine
To end in God, from Whom all things began.
Downward I mark each now expanding curve,
And all my heart is flooded with the sense
They bring me of Divine munificence,
For this great doctrine they for me preserve,
That towards mankind the Almighty arms extend,
To raise, to strengthen, gather, and defend.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

CAN enough be gained by reading books, instructive but containing opinions which we have reason to consider unsound, to counterbalance the risk?

Chelsea China has received a great many good subjects for essays, but she would remind her readers that these subjects are supposed to be *debated*, and that therefore they must be stated in a *debatable* form. As for instance, 'What proportion should poetry bear to other studies?' should be put as, 'Is it well that poetry should or should *not* be the chief subject of study?'

Flittermouse's last paper was mixed up with the Greek history, and did not reach Chelsea China in time.

SUBJECT PROPOSED.

Is it, or is it not, a good thing for a woman (not forced to earn her living) to take up a definite line of her own in life?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher, before December 1st.

 OPINIONS.

Carlotta, while allowing that it may be the duty of some to read unsound books to refute them, says as to reading: 'Is it quite in keeping, when we pray to be kept from temptation, to put ourselves in the way of it, only for questionable gain? We cannot tell what effect such books will have on our minds till we have read them. It seems to me almost like "doing evil that good may come of it."'

Bluebottle thinks we should certainly avoid reading unsound books, on account of the danger. 'Even if we set our minds against the unsoundness of doctrine, we may be influenced by it without wishing to be so, and before we are aware of it, doubts may creep into our own minds and unsettle us so much that we shall be led to desire to make further inquiries into the views which we formerly considered unsafe.'

Fanciful thinks not. One of such books might destroy our happiness for ever. 'Let us first gain all we can from the good and clever books which contain no unsound opinions, and when these are exhausted (if we live to exhaust them), we shall be so very old, that our principles are not likely to be shaken by anything.'

Per Tenebras Luci writes a very good paper, for the whole of which

there is not space. She says that both for example and for our own sakes we should abstain even from the appearance of the evil of reading unsound books. She quotes that, 'to leave inquiry into the foundation of religion because inquiry might cause unbelief, is simply to avow that unbelief is true;' and thinks apparently that while an intentional study of the faith may be carried on, we should avoid books that, as it were, by chance attack or undermine it. She also thinks that there is too little time in life for safe reading for any other to be necessary.

Titania gives a decided negative. 'If a book of usefulness combines unsoundness, it should be avoided, for an equally good work could almost certainly be found without what is wrong. Were these doubtful books avoided more decidedly, their circulation would so considerably diminish, that their writers would give up publishing the miserable opinions that are generally the outcome of evil minds, who, when unhappily influenced against religion, try and make others equally miserable as themselves.' 'Surely it is better to avoid the storm (of doubt) by not reading anything against the faith; that is the one anchor that enables us to ride out the many miserable storms of this present evil world.'

Nell does not see how there can be any doubt on the subject; the writer's mind is tolerably sure to be stronger than the reader's, and so will influence it for evil. We can only gain 'the pleasure of acquiring knowledge,' 'the advantage of taking a higher position in the work we are to take up.' 'If we are to choose between rising in our profession here, and risking our faith here, and our hopes of eternal happiness hereafter,' *Nell* rightly thinks that anything that causes such danger should be avoided.

Madame la Baronne, in a very well written paper, while saying that unsound books would be like dangerous playthings to people of undeveloped and uneducated intellect, and that where the same information can be obtained, sound works should always be preferred, says, 'It is well to remember that when they were first discovered, nearly all the great natural and scientific laws were disbelieved and ridiculed, and unless some one had had the boldness to study the question, generally through the medium of books, our present stock of knowledge would be very much less.'

Thistle, in a long and interesting paper, answers the question with an unqualified 'No' to the young, and with much caution for every one.

Alys, on the whole, 'rather advocates that girls of a reflective and logical turn should be encouraged to examine seriously views different from those in which they have been educated, in order to foster breadth and liberality of opinion, and a spirit of charity.' On the whole she thinks the gain counterbalances the risk. 'There are exceptions of course; but it is in ignorance, not innocence, narrowness, not height, that the danger lies.'

Dorothea thinks that our opinions are not our own until we have made them so by weighing them against others; but it is not good to be in too great a hurry to weigh them, until we are quite sure what we really think, and then we may safely read books, even if we consider the opinions they contain unsound, as we can compare them with our own, and often by a careful and thoughtful comparison, may improve and ennoble our own ideas. 'But if our opinions are not based on sure foundations, while we think we are weighing them, we are simply going over to the other side.'

Wild Iris thinks the risk incurred depends upon the *religious faith* of the reader. People of formed character and firm faith may safely read doubtful books; to others the same book will be a snare.

A Learner, in a really beautiful paper, weighs the risks and the gains most carefully. She puts forward that false opinions are more dangerous if they are inconsistent with the writer's profession and public duties. But she points out that those who would not listen to new ideas have done much to stop the spread of truth, as in the case of Galileo. She shows that the 'pet unsoundness of the day' *must* be brought before us if we read at all. She thinks that there is 'danger lest we imbibe falsehood ourselves, lest we help to spread it, lest we doubt the existence of certainty by dwelling on uncertainty.' But, on the other hand, we gain 'a wider perception of truth by seeing it exposed at a different angle, a wider knowledge of ourselves and human nature from the rough handling pet theories may receive, a wider power of sympathy with the difficulties of others from puzzling over the same ourselves.' And she remarks that unsoundness is often a question of degree, as 'great truths made to appear small by the pettiness of the medium, faults condoned because they appeal to the writer's sympathies, may partake of it.' After much careful and serious warning on the prayerful spirit needed for the study of truth, she says, 'though grieved at the perception of many serious flaws, the name of many an "unsound writer" will rise to our lips when we number in gratitude those who have brought to our ears echoes of the Eternal Chimes.'

The Muffin Man thinks people ought to form their own opinions, and that, though harm is got from a doubtful book now and then, there is more good got with it. We have no right, she thinks, to be just mirrors of other people's opinions—if we don't face other people's difficulties, we cannot understand how to answer them—and strongly urges moral courage in reading and thinking out for ourselves.

Musti would suggest that there is in youth often a passionate anger with, and dread of, new ideas, rather than an attraction to them. This, if yielded to, hardens into prejudice.

Lisle, after cautions, goes on to say: Firstly. Those who have been brought up to see only one side very often feel in their hearts that they could not defend their position, if called upon, because they have not looked at it from all points of view. They have blinded

themselves to difficulties ; and then are suddenly confronted by them in such a forcible manner, that the old arguments seem quite powerless ; it is discovered that good *may* exist in the other party, and the faith is perilously shaken. Secondly. How very much is lost by keeping entirely to 'orthodox' reading. 'Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is everybody else's doxy,' might describe the views of most of us upon the subject.

We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that there *are* unsound opinions in the world. Is, then, our own faith so weak that at the slightest breath it vanishes, and we are tossed about? Or have we ourselves adopted that most unsound of all unsound opinions, that our creed, and our creed alone, embodies all God's teaching?

Let us use what has been given us, use the grand thoughts, the noble aspirations, the saintly deeds of those who have not learnt yet *all* God's truth, learning by the good we see in them how their Father's love embraces a wider sphere than the one we would fain measure out for Him, gathering help and counsel for ourselves from them, and praying to be kept from danger till we 'come to find a stronger faith than our own,' because 'we would not make our judgment blind, But faced the spectres of the mind, And laid them.'

Blackbird says, 'Does not Carlyle's whole-hearted devotion to truth and righteousness, 'George Eliot's' tender pity for the weak and erring, Shelley's passionate sympathy for the poor and the oppressed, Darwin's patient, truthful observation of Nature, put many an orthodox Christian to shame? Can we turn our backs on such teachers as these without great loss to ourselves? And if we do, surely we are bound in consistency to avoid conversation with all whom we have reason to think unsound in their beliefs ; and if all religious people do this, how are they to be brought back to the truth? Edna Lyall's books (exaggerated as they are) may well make us shrink from imitating those who treat unbelievers as social outcasts—all unconscious that it is the inconsistencies of us Christians that produce more scepticism than could all the atheistic writers from the time of Adam.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

May I object not to your question but the wording of it? If we come to any exhaustive definition of the word *unsound*, it seems to me to imply either that we, or the special party we belong to, consider ourselves infallible on the subject of theology. It appears to me that 'sound' or 'unsound' is fairly used when we speak of principles *universally* accepted, as those of logic or (perhaps) those of morality ; but that the subjects with which theology deals are so far beyond our human capacities of grasp, that such an assumption as the use of the word 'sound' or 'unsound' implies, is really preposterous. If the question was worded 'erroneous,' 'destructive,' 'unsettling,' 'un-orthodox,' or anything which does not imply that we are certain that

the truth we see is the whole truth, I should not object to it in any way.

I am inclined to think (as probably most of your correspondents will be) that the answer depends entirely on the condition of the reader. Vernon Lee's 'Baldwin,' for instance, is not a book I should suggest for the reading of any one who has not had unmistakable and unforgettable spiritual experiences of their own. If these are *really* 'closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet,' then I should say it would be well (supposing they are anxious to enter into the problems of the present day) to read 'Baldwin,' but not otherwise. So with a downward sliding scale, taking into consideration the capacity, experience, and atmosphere in which the reader has grown up. With the young, it appears to me that advice from a wise senior is very desirable with regard to such reading; but the senior should fully realise that it is better that the junior's mind should open gradually to take in the fact that good men are not all agreed upon certain points which each thinks essential, than that it should remain in the condition which in childhood we call affectionate loyalty, but in maturity prejudiced blindness.

W. X.

Æquanimiter.—The question asked is: 'How near the wind may I sail?' 'How much indigestible cake is it allowable for me to eat to get at the plums?'

Well, then, take down you best balances and judge fairly.

Knowledge versus Unsoundness.—What is Knowledge to fit us for? Our work on earth. What is our work on earth to fit us for? Our future life—the perfection of knowledge.

Where is the danger of Unsoundness? Ah, there's the rub! Who shall declare it; a positive danger we can see and understand, that is, the lowering of our moral standard, our depreciation of the cost of our salvation, and the value of the happiness secured thereby; but the general undermining of our Christian principles goes beyond this, so far indeed that we cannot see its extent.

When you read the clever language of clever men, are you sufficiently wise to declare which of their clever thoughts is true and which is not? Surely your discernment is not so cultivated as that. Can you defend yourself against errors, doubt, and bad reasoning of which you don't perceive the mischief? Or can you place your finger on this and that line and say: 'This is Truth, and this is Falsehood?'

It is a great pity certainly if the knowledge that you require is only to be found in unsound authors. Better get a little less knowledge, than a little more temptation.

Spermologos.—It is a provoking question, being really a branch of a much wider one, i.e. whether narrowness, in spite of all the abuse lavished on it, may not often be both the strait and the straight way that leadeth unto Life.

To my mind it is Charity that should settle the question. To read doubtful books simply out of curiosity or love of excitement is a meddling with the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; but to read them for the sake of others who may be perplexed, distressed, or what is worse, carried away by them, is another thing, and may be an act of true kindness, provided the reader has stability and good sense enough to deal with the fallacies, and do justice to possible beauties—remembering always that a half truth exaggerated is infinitely more dangerous and seducing than a whole falsehood, and praying for the Shield of Faith, and clear eyesight to perceive the truth. I should therefore say abstain, unless it be your duty to guide other minds.

CHELSEA CHINA.

The papers this month are very good and interesting on both sides of the difficult question. Too late for publication, the question was sent to Chelsea China in a much neater form. 'Is it always well to read both sides of the question?' As put it was *intended* to convey that some readers might possibly be unsound themselves to begin with, and therefore might 'have reasons to think' the most orthodox statements unsound from their point of view, as a Baptist would certainly consider the 'Christian Year'—a Unitarian, the Common Prayer-book—a Brahmin the literature pressed upon him by a missionary. This was intended; but perhaps the assumption that all readers are Church people, may make the answers more practical in the present instance. Books intentionally attacking the faith have been in some instances confounded with books otherwise instructive, but *containing* unsound opinions either as a study of character, or because the writer was, from the reader's point of view, partially unorthodox. To take an *extreme* instance. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' contains some very unsound teaching for Church people. (I believe it was once re-edited on this account.) Does the risk of undervaluing Baptism, counterbalance, for uneducated readers, the gain of an earnest faith, etc.?

This, in a more modern and practical form, was the problem intended to be presented. Chelsea China, speaking in her own person, and with much diffidence, sees the matter from the following point of view.

She does not think a general rule can be laid down, as the state of the reader's development makes all the difference (as many correspondents have stated); by development, meaning, not that she is quite certain to disbelieve the new ideas she encounters; but that she has judgment enough not to believe them just because she hears them stated. Therefore all advice to others should err on the cautious side.

What she personally thinks unsafe reading for undeveloped

young Churchwomen are books in which infidelity is not represented as a fact, nor even discussed, possibly with sympathy, but is taken for granted as the inevitable and matter of course state of mind of all sensible and fair-minded people. That is not the real state of the case anywhere, but young women, often from their own fears, are easily made to think so. It is an unfair begging of the question.

The Truth of God as regards the world at large, can only gain by any amount of daylight and discussion, and can never be spread or defended by ignorance or fear of what is commonly said against it. But, on the other hand, it cannot be supposed that the details, at any rate, of individual thought are not modified by knowing the thoughts of others.

Spermologos says that care for others should decide the point in each case. Chelsea China suspects that after all, the real difference of view between all her correspondents is the age and circumstances when, in 'these dangerous days,' the knowledge of the other side is inevitable; and the need of intelligently influencing others begins.

Chelsea China also sees how great is the difficulty of the discussion from the instances given to her, 'an unsound' book to one being the most innocent of reading to another.

Elsie's paper received too late. Her point is that novelty is more dangerous than knowledge.

Spider Subjects.

DESCRIPTION OF THE POETICAL AND OTHER ASSOCIATIONS OF THE TRIBE CAMPANULACEÆ.

FLORA'S BELFREY.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.'—*H. Smith.*

'Nature with folded hands seemed there.'—*Longfellow.*

After reading the Spider question about the Campanulas, either Morpheus or Memory took me to a resting-place by a mountain tarn and filled my basket with hare-bells of intensest blue, pale sheep's-bit, and the sturdy blossoms of Canterbury-bell. Involuntarily I recalled the legend, which tells—

'In those old mornings long ago,
The earth with flowers was thinly strown,
And, save a bunch of pearly snow,
Which on the hawthorn boughs has blown,
Nothing but grass and leaves were seen;
No flowers grew in the sunny glade;
The eye glanced round and all was green,
The hare-bell had not then been made.

Then Spring came down and made the flowers,
And first she formed the hare-bell blue,
But undecided stood for hours
Before she gave it that sweet hue;
Yellow and red first pleased her eye,
Then high o'erhead her vision ranged,
She caught the deep blue of the sky,
And instantly the colour changed.

"I'll have a blue-bell, too, for Spring,"
She said, and hyacinths she made;
"But summer shall my darling bring
To make a heaven amid its shade;
For, though I form ten thousand flowers,
And dye their buds of every hue,
The favourite in all my bowers
Will ever be the hare-bell blue."

Thereupon the Lady of the Lake stood before me, saying, as she took a hare-bell out of my basket—

'For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blythe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows;
And when I placed it in my hair,
Allan, a bard, is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.'

As she tripped away we perceived indeed that—

‘A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne’er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E’en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.’

And her chaplet brought to mind the words—

‘Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew.’

Scarcely had she vanished than a train of mounted pilgrims came into sight and the sound of bells into hearing. As I looked at each as he passed I saw that his horse wore bells, and I mused upon the question whether the flower which I carried in my basket was named from the pilgrim’s bell and from growing, as it did in Gerarde’s time, in such profusion near Canterbury, or whether the bells were fashioned in likeness of the flower. Who shall decide this point? After the tale of the pilgrims had been told and they had disappeared down a narrow mountain pass, a face lovelier even than Ellen’s came before me, and a voice like a silver bell bade ‘Come with me.’

From the ‘lady’s tresses’ on her head, the ‘lady’s mantle’ on her shoulders, the ‘lady’s slippers’ on her feet, the feathery wand of ‘Enchanter’s night-shade’ in her fox-gloved hands, I judged her to be Flora. She led me into a dell in which stood a church of flowers. ‘Aaron’s Rod’ buttressed it; ‘Solomon’s Seal’ mounted up for the spire; the porch was strewn with ‘holy hay;’ the pavement of the church was of ‘Herb Trinitie.’

Passion-flowers and lilies fair formed the altar; roses red and white, the choir; Star of Bethlehem shone for the East window; and rose-red lychnis formed the lamps. From a clock of yellow goat’s-beard, hawk-weed, dandelion, pink centaury, and the like, scarlet pimpernel struck the hour of twelve as Flora led me into the belfry where the wind was swinging the ten bells, so that they chimed perpetually for the continual service of praise and adoration which goes up from the flowers to their Maker and Lord. First the blue hare-bell gave forth her note (*Campanula rotundifolia*); next followed the slighter tinkle of ivy-leaved bell-flower (*C. hederacea*); the third was a rampion, with small blue-bells (*C. rapunculus*); the fourth bell sounded like an echo of the third (*C. rapunculoides*); but *Campanula hybrida*, as important fifth, gave forth a stronger sound as her robust looks led us to expect. Clustered Campanula (*C. glomerata*) uttered a full rich call; the seventh and eighth were round-headed and spiked Phyteuma (*P. orbiculare* and *P. spicatum*). Sheep’s-bit (*Jasione montana*) chimed in as if to warn and encourage all wanderers from the fold; and sweetly rang the rare deep blue spreading bell (*C. paluta*); but the richest and fullest voice of all was that of the tenor, our well-known and well-loved Canterbury-bell. And as that voice finished speaking the bell-voices ceased for me, the golden lights of Fancy’s land died down, reflected for a moment in Venus’-looking-glass (*C. specula*), and, ‘stepping westward’ into the light of common day, I awoke to number my dream among my own associations of the tribe Campanulaceæ.

SPINNING JENNY.

Only one Spider having answered again this month, Arachne perforce resigns.

She, however, would like to make her last question. Why people will not take the trouble to attend to directions. Why should a competition in letters be sent to the Editor, who has nothing on earth to do with it, and does not admire that mode of gaining money? When the right address is given in full, why should a list for Debatable Ground be sent too late to Spinning Jenny instead of Chelsea China. And above all, why do people persist in sending paid advertisements to the Editor instead of the Publisher, when they are warned to the contrary in every number.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for November.

- 41. Give some account of the rise of the Theban supremacy.
- 42. Narrate the first and second invasions of Peloponnesus by Epaminondas.
- 43. Describe the third Battle of Mantinea.
- 44. Write a short life of Timoleon.

August Class List.

First Class.

Moonraker	39	Mignonette	}	33
Lisle }	37	Cock-robin		
Bluebell }		Eva		
Kettle	36	Apia	}	31
Lia	35	'Αμύχανος		
Creag-an-Fitheach }		Apathy		
Emu		Fidelia	}	30
Speranza	33	Fieldfare		
Water-wagtail }		Bladud		
Marion		Cherry Ripe		

Second Class.

Philomela }	29	Latter Larimus	}	26
Countess }		Charissa		
Vorwärts }		Stanzerl		
Toby }	28	Deryn	}	25
Midge }		Actium		
Lob-lie-by-the-fire	27	Dun-Edin		24
		σκέπτομαι }	}	21
		Taffy		

Third Class.

Carlotta }	19
Robin }	
Trop-ne-vad }	16
Donna Pia }	

REMARKS.

29. In the study of complicated periods, such as that of the close of the Peloponnesian War, geographical details are very useful, in enabling us to realise the events, and understand their connection. It

would have been well, therefore, if all students had explained that, in B.C. 411, the Athenian fleet was stationed at Samos, the large island opposite Ephesus, near which was the city of Magnesia, where Alcibiades was residing at the Court of Tissaphernes; who was not 'King of Persia' (as *σκέπτομαι* says), but Persian Satrap of Ionia. The King of Persia at that time was Darius Nothus.

Trop-ne-vad, Taffy, and Donna Pia mistake the Four Hundred oligarchical conspirators for Solon's Senate of Four Hundred. This is rather careless reading.

30. Moonraker alone is aware that scholars differ as to the precise bearing of the Decree of Cannonus; the common opinion (sanctioned by Grote) being that it forbade collective indictments, while Thirlwall maintains that it made no provision for a plurality of prisoners, but was intended as a severe law against treason. Should the latter view be correct, 'the laws' which Socrates refused to disobey, would be simply the general principles of justice, embodied in Athenian law, which required that every case should be tried separately, and have a fair hearing.

Stanzerl: Cannonus was not a 'place,' but an Athenian citizen.

Latter Larimus: it was the Peloponnesians, not the Athenians, that were defeated at Arginusæ.

31. The reason why Lysander's victory at Ægospotami was decisive, was not the loss of the Athenian fleet, which had occurred before and been remedied, but the fact that it gave him the command of the Euxine, and thus enabled him to 'control the supplies of Athens' (Smith's Greece), and starve the city into surrender.

Bladud and some others do not make it plain that Ægospotami was on the *European* side of the Hellespont. Charissa says the Athenians got their supplies from Samos, instead of Sestos.

N.B. Never read history without the map.

Several writers omit the striking incident of Alcibiades coming down out of his lonely fortress in the Thracian Chersonesus to warn his infatuated countrymen of their danger.

Notices to Correspondents.

May. A translation of 'I Promessi Sposi' was published in two volumes, some forty years ago—probably by Burns.

N. P. M. This vexed question was discussed long ago—and has no satisfactory answer.

'Life is all thou hast to work in,'

is by Esther Wigglesworth. The poem is in 'Verses for Italian Children,' and published by Masters. F. E. S.

If *M. B.* will send her address there are the copies of 'Buried Life' for her.

R. V. H. The entire verse is—

'The myrtle wreath for Beauty's grave
Thou gavest to Chastity;
For surely they are most in love
Who love but only thee.'

It occurs in the first draught of the poem in the 'Christian Year' for the third Sunday in Lent.

Mrs. Livermore. On the sun-dial, in Beverley Minster: 'Now or when?' PANSY.

On that on the south side of the chancel of Checkley Church, Cheadle, Staffordshire—

'Memor esto brevis cævi.'

Mrs. H.

On a (modern) sun-dial—

'Dum Spectas Fugit.'

L. F.

We apologise for the mistake in the last number, observed but forgotten at the last moment, of *laborantes* for *laborantibus*.

Ethel F. Cope. The song for children, beginning 'Before all lands in east or west.' It is set to music in the 'Juvenile Songster,' by Lowel Mason. L. F.

The author of the following lines occurring in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott'—

'Pitied by gentle hearts Kilmarnock died;
The brave Balmérino were on thy side.'

HISTORICUS.

Wandering Jew will be much obliged to any one who can tell her the names, if such exist, of the *Avenging Angel* and the *Angel of Death*. She would also be grateful for the words of Jean Ingelow's poem of 'Persephone among the Daffodils.'

Can any one tell me of a good and trustworthy 'Introduction to the Study of Poetry,' especially English poetry? I mean a book which would explain the characteristics of the different kinds of poetry—lyrical, epic, etc.—the various metres used, and the best masters and works in each style.

G. S. C. (Clewer).

A Constant Reader is thanked for correcting Lake Horicon into Audiata-roc-te. The former name was given on the authority of Bishop Cleveland Coxe's poem of 'St. Sacrament.'

Loyal je serai. By the Divine right of kings, is meant the theory that when the throne is inherited according to the legal rules of succession of the country, it is by the appointment of Heaven, and resistance is wrong.

E. M. C. Palinure was the resolute pilot of Æneas. Some correspondent no doubt will explain.

Partenopex. Mystic love.

M. A. W. Clementina was the daughter of James, eldest son of John Sobieski. Particulars about her will be found in 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and more fully in Earl Stanhope's 'History of England.'

Grisigona asks where to find the lines—

'He will come to me in life's evening,
When I stand by the river waiting.'

They are not in Elijah or Ezekiel.

M. wants names and publishers of good Italian novels. Does she know *Ettore Fieramosca* and *Niccolò de' Lapi*, *Marco Visconti* and *Margherita Pusterla*?

We have three most urgent appeals on behalf of young women in business to assist in procuring for them lodgings, recreation rooms, and books or music for them there. We hoped to have inserted one at least, but unhappily space forbids. One at least shall appear next time, with particulars. Now there is only room for addresses, in case any one is moved to help. Superior, St. Gabriel's Home, 34, Mortimer Street, W.; Hon. Florence Dodson, or Miss Warry, 26, London Street, Ratcliff, E.; and Miss H. G. Utterton, Wykeham Place, Folkestone, who is very anxious for help in establishing a boarding house for shop girls at Folkestone.

Will any kind friends send some small contribution towards the expenses of a Lads' Club, lately started in the very poor mission district of 'Holy Cross in St. Pancras.' We need so many things. Help towards our rent; games, magazines, newspapers, books for our Library; comforters, socks, to give away at Christmas; old clothes. Every shilling helps. The smallest contributions most thankfully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Sec., Miss E. Bindon, 18, Wharton Street, King's Cross Road, W.C.

The Monthly Packet.

DECEMBER, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRYSEIS AND BRISEIS.

‘The child
Restore, I pray, her proffered ransom take,
And in His priest, the Lord of Light revere.
Then through the ranks assenting murmurs rang,
The priest to reverence, and the ransom take.’
—HOMER (*Earl of Derby’s Translation*).

For one moment, before emerging from the forest, looking through an opening in the trees, down a deep slope, a group of children could be seen on the grass in front of the huts composing the adowara, little brown figures in scanty garments, lying about evidently listening intently to the figure, the gleam of whose blonde hair showed her instantly to be Estelle de Bourke.

However, either the deputation had been descried, or Eyoub may have made some signal, for when the cavalcade had wound about through the remaining trees, and arrived among the huts, no one was to be seen. There was only the irregular square of huts built of rough stones and thatched with reeds, with big stones to keep the thatch on in the storm; a few goats were tethered near, and there was a rush of the great savage dogs, but they recognised Eyoub and Lanty, and were presently quieted.

‘This is the chief danger,’ whispered Lanty. ‘Pray Heaven the rogues do not murder them rather than give them up!’

The Sunakite, beginning to make strange contortions and mutterings in a low voice, seemed to terrify Eyoub greatly. Whether he pointed it out or not, or whether Eyoub was induced by his gestures to show it, was not clear to Arthur’s mind, but at the chief abode, an assemblage of two stone hovels and rudely-built walls, the party halted, and made a loud knocking at the door, Hadji Eseb’s solemn tones bidding those within to open in the name of Allah.

It was done, disclosing a vista of men with drawn scimitars. The Marabout demanded without ceremony where were the prisoners.

'At yonder house,' he was answered by Yakoub himself, pointing to the farther end of the village.

'Dog of a liar,' burst forth the Sunakite. 'Dost thou think to blind the eyes of the beloved of Allah, who knoweth the secrets of heaven and earth, and hath the sigil of Suleiman Ben Daoud, wherewith to penetrate the secret places of the false?'

The ferocious-looking guardians looked at each other as though under the influence of supernatural terror, and then Hadji Eseb spoke: 'Salaam Aleikum, my children; no man need fear who listens to the will of Allah, and honours his messengers.'

All made way for the dignified old man and his suite, and they advanced into the court, where two men with drawn swords were keeping guard over the captives, who were on their knees in a corner of the court.

The sabres were sheathed, and there was a shuffling away at the advance of the Marabouts, Sheyk Yaboub making some apology about having delayed to admit such guests, but excusing himself on the score of supposing they were emissaries sent by those whose authority he so defied that he had sworn to slaughter his prisoners rather than surrender them.

Hadji Eseb replied with a quotation from the Koran forbidding cruelty to the helpless, and sternly denounced wrath on the transgressors, bidding Yakoub draw off his savage body-guard.

The man was plainly alarmed, more especially as the Sunakite broke out into one of his wild wails of denunciation, waving his hands like a prophet of wrath, and predicting famine, disease, pestilence to these slack observers of the law of Mahomméd.

This completed the alarm. The body-guard fled away pell-mell, Yakoub after them. His women shut themselves into some innermost recesses, and the field was left to the Marabouts and the prisoners, who, not understanding what all this meant, were still kneeling in their corner. Hadji Eseb bade Arthur and the interpreter go to reassure them.

At their advance, a miserable embrowned figure, barefooted and half clad in a ragged haik, roped round his waist, threw himself before the fair-haired child, crying out in imperfect Arabic, 'Spare her, spare her, great lord! much is to be won by saving her.'

'We are come to save her,' said Arthur in French. 'Maître Hébert, do you not know me?'

Hébert looked up. 'M. Arturé! M. Arturé! Risen from the dead!' he cried, threw himself into the young man's arms, and burst out into a vehement sob; but in a second he recovered his manners and fell back, while Estelle looked up.

'M. Arture,' she repeated. 'Ah! is it you? Then, is my mamma alive and safe?'

'Alas! no,' replied Arthur; 'but your little brother is safe and well at Algiers, and this good man, the Marabout, is come to deliver you.'

'My mamma said you would protect us, and I knew you would come, like Mentor, to save us,' said Estelle, clasping her hands with ineffable joy. 'Oh, Monsieur! I thank you next to the good God and the saints!' and she began fervently kissing Arthur's hand. He turned to salute the Abbé, but was shocked to see how much more vacant the poor gentleman's stare had become, and how little he seemed to comprehend.

'Ah!' said Estelle, with her pretty, tender, motherly air, 'my poor uncle has never seemed to understand since that dreadful day when they dragged him and Maître Hébert out into the wood and were going to kill them. And he has fever every night. But, oh, M. Arture, did you say my brother was safe?' she repeated, as if not able to dwell enough upon the glad tidings.

'And I hope you will soon be with him,' said Arthur. 'But, Mademoiselle, let me present you to the Grand Marabout, a sort of Moslem Abbé, who has come all this way to obtain your release.'

He led Estelle forward, when she made a courtesy fit for her grandmother's salon, and in very fluent Cabeleyze dialect, gave thanks for the kindness of coming to release her, and begged him to excuse her uncle, who was sick, and, 'as you say here, stricken of Allah.'

The little French demoiselle's grace and politeness were by no means lost on the Marabout, who replied to her graciously; and at the sight of her reading M. Dussault's letter, which the interpreter presented to her, one of the suite could not help exclaiming, 'Ah! if women such as this will be, went abroad in our streets, there would be nothing to hope for in Paradise.'

Estelle did not seem to have suffered in health; indeed, in Arthur's eyes, she seemed in these six weeks to have grown, and to have more colour, while her expression had become less childish, deeper, and higher. Her hair did not look neglected, though her dress, the same dark blue which she had worn on the voyage, had become very ragged and soiled, and her shoes were broken, and tied on with strips of rag.

She gave a little scream of joy when the parcel of clothes sent by the French Consul was given to her, only longing to send some to Victorine, before she retired to enjoy the comfort of clean and respectable clothes; and in the meantime something was attempted for the comfort of her companions, though it would not have been safe to put them into Frankish garments, and none had been brought. Poor Hébert was the very ghost of the stout and important *maître d'hôtel*, and, indeed, the faithful man had borne the brunt of all the privations and sufferings, doing his utmost to shield and protect his little mistress and her helpless uncle.

When Estelle reappeared, dressed once more like a little French lady (at least in the eyes of those who were not particular about fit), she found a little feast being prepared for her out of the provisions sent by the Consuls; but she could not sit down to it till Arthur, escorted by several of the Marabout's suite, had carried a share both of the food and the garments to Lanty and Victorine.

They, however, were not to be found. The whole adowara seemed to be deserted except by a few frightened women and children, and Victorine and her Irish swain had no doubt been driven off into the woods by Eyoub—no Achilles certainly, but equally unwilling with the great Pelides to resign Briseis as a substitute for Chryseis.

It was too late to attempt anything more that night; indeed, at sundown it became very cold. A fire was lighted in the larger room, in the centre, where there was a hole for the exit of the smoke. The Marabouts seemed to be praying or reciting the Koran on one side of it, for there was a continuous chant or hum going on there, but they seemed to have no objection to the Christians sitting together on the other side conversing and exchanging accounts of their adventures. Maître Hébert could not sufficiently dilate on the spirit, cheerfulness, and patience that Mademoiselle had displayed through all. He only had to lament her imprudence in trying to talk of the Christian faith to the children, telling them stories of the saints, and doing what, if all the tribe had not been so ignorant, would have brought destruction on them all. 'I would not have Monseigneur there know of it for worlds,' said he, glancing at the Grand Marabout.

'Selim loves to hear such things,' said Estelle composedly. 'I have taught him to say the Paternoster, and the meaning of it, and Zuleika can nearly say it.'

'Miséricorde!' cried M. Hébert. 'What may not the child have brought on herself!'

'Selim will be a chief,' returned Estelle. 'He will make his people do as he pleases, or he would do so; but now there will be no one to tell him about the true God and the blessed Saviour,' she added, sadly.

'Mademoiselle!' cried Hébert, in indignant anger, 'Mademoiselle would not be ungrateful for our safety from these horrors.'

'O no!' exclaimed the child. 'I am very happy to return to my poor papa, and my brothers, and my grandmamma. But I am sorry for Selim! Perhaps some good mission fathers would go out to them like those we heard of in Acadia, and by-and-by, when I am grown up, I can come back with some sisters to teach the women to wash their children and not scold and fight.'

The *mâitre d'hôtel* sighed, and was relieved when Estelle retired to the deserted woman's apartments for the night. He seemed to think her dangerous language might be understood and reported.

The next morning the Marabout sent messengers, who brought back Yakoub and his people, and before many hours a sort of council was

convened in the court of Yakoub's house, consisting of all the neighbouring heads of families, brown men, whose eyes gleamed fiercely out from under their haiks, and who were armed to the teeth, with sabres, daggers, and, if possible, pistols and blunderbusses of all the worn-out patterns in Europe, some no doubt as old as the 'Thirty Years' War, while those who could not attain to these weapons had the long spears of their ancestors, and were no bad representatives of the Amalekites of old.

After all had solemnly taken their seats there was a fresh arrival of Sheyk Abderrahman and his ferocious-looking following. He himself was a man of fine bearing, with a great black beard, and a gold-embroidered sash stuck full of pistols and knives, and with poor Madame de Bourke's best pearl necklace round his neck. His son Selim was with him, a slim youth, with beautiful soft eyes glancing out from under a haik, striped with many colours, such as may have been the coat that marked Joseph as the heir.

There were many salaams and formalities, and then the chief Marabout made a speech, explaining the purpose of his coming, diplomatically allowing that the Cabeleyzes were not subject to the Dey of Algiers, but showing that they enjoyed the advantages of the treaty with France, and that therefore they were bound to release the unfortunate shipwrecked captives, whom they had already plundered of all their property. So far Estelle and Arthur, who were anxiously watching, crouching behind the wall of the deserted house court, could follow. Then arose yells and shouts of denial, and words too rapid to be followed. In a lull, Hadji Eseb might be heard proffering ransom, while the cries and shrieks so well known to accompany bargaining broke out.

Ibrahim Aga, who stood by the wall, here told them that Yakoub and Eyoub seemed not unwilling to consent to the redemption of the male captives, but that they claimed both the females. Hébert clenched his teeth, and bade Ibrahim interfere and declare that he would never be set free without his little lady.

Here, however, the tumult lulled a little, and Abderrahman's voice was heard declaring that he claimed the Daughter of the Silkworm as a wife for his son.

Ibrahim then sprang to the Marabout's side, and was heard representing that the young lady was of high and noble blood. To which Abderrahman replied with the dignity of an old lion, that were she the daughter of the King of the Franks himself, she would only be a fit mate for the son of the King of the Mountains. A fresh roar of jangling and disputing began, during which Estelle whispered, 'Poor Selim, I know he would believe—he half does already. It would be like Clotilda.'

'And then he would be cruelly murdered, and you too,' returned Arthur.

'We should be martyrs,' said Estelle, as she had so often said

before; and as Hébert shuddered and cried, 'Do not speak of such things, Mademoiselle, just as there is hope,' she answered, 'Oh no! do not think I want to stay in this dreadful place—only if I should have to do so—I long to go to my brother and my poor papa. Then I can send some good fathers to convert them.'

'Ha!' cried Arthur; 'what now! They are at one another's throats!'

Yakoub and Eyoub with flashing sabres, were actually flying at each other, but Marabouts were seizing them and holding them back and the Sunakite's chant arose above all the uproar.

Ibrahim was able to explain that Yakoub insisted that if the mistress were appropriated by Abderrahman, the maid should be his compensation. Eyoub, who had been the foremost in the rescue from the wreck, was furious at the demand, and they were on the point of fighting when thus withheld; while the Sunakite was denouncing woes on the spoiler and the lover of Christians, which made the blood of the Cabeleyzes run cold. Their flocks would be diseased, storms from the mountains would overwhelm them, their children would die, their name and race be cut off, if infidel girls were permitted to bewitch them and turn them from the faith of the Prophet. He pointed to young Selim, and demanded whether he were not already spell-bound by the silken daughter of the Giaour to join in her idolatry.

There were howls of rage, a leaping up, a drawing of swords, a demand that the unbelievers should die at once. It was a cry the captives knew only too well. Arthur grasped a pistol, and loosened his sword, but young Selim had thrown himself at the Marabout's feet, sobbing out entreaties that the maiden's life might be saved, and assurances that he was a staunch believer; while his father, scandalised at such an exhibition on behalf of any such chattel as a female roughly snatched him from the ground, and insisted on his silence.

The Marabouts had, at their chief's signal, ranged themselves in front of the inner court, and the authority of the Hadji had imposed silence even on the fanatic. He spoke again, making them understand that Frankish vengeance in case of a massacre could reach them even in their mountains when backed by the Dey. And to Abderrahman he represented that the only safety for his son, the only peace for his tribe, was in the surrender of these two dangerous causes of altercation.

The 'King of the Mountains' was convinced by the scene that had just taken place of the inexpediency of retaining the prisoners alive. And some pieces of gold thrust into his hand by Ibrahim may have shown him that much might be lost by slaughtering them.

The Babel which next arose was of the amicable bargaining sort. And after another hour of suspense the interpreter came to announce that the mountaineers, out of their great respect, not for the Dey, but the Marabout, had agreed to accept 900 piastres as the ransom of

all the five captives, and that the Marabout recommended an immediate start lest anything should rouse the ferocity of the tribe again.

Estelle's warm heart would fain have taken leave of the few who had been kind to her; but this was impossible, for the women were in hiding, and she could only leave one or two kerchiefs sent from Algiers, hoping Zuleika might have one of them. Ibrahim insisted on her being veiled as closely as a Mohammedan woman as she passed out. One look between her and Selim might have been fatal to all; though hers would have been in all childish innocence. She did not know how the fiery youth was writhing in his father's indignant grasp, forcibly withheld from rushing after one who had been a new life and revelation to him.

Mayhap the passion was as fleeting as it was violent, but the Marabout knew it boded danger to the captives to whom he had pledged his honour. He sent them, mounted on mules, on in front, while he and his company remained in the rear, watching till Lanty and Victorine were driven up like cattle by Eyoub, to whom he paid an earnest of his special share of the ransom. He permitted no pause, not even for a greeting between Estelle and poor Victorine, nor to clothe the two unfortunates, more than by throwing a mantle to poor Victorine, who had nothing but a short petticoat and a scanty, ragged filthy bournouse. She shrouded herself as well as she could when lifted on her mule, scarce perhaps yet aware what had happened to her, only that Lanty was near, muttering benedictions and thanksgivings as he vibrated between her mule and that of the Abbé.

It was only at the evening halt that, in a cave on the mountain-side, Estelle and Victorine could cling to each other in a close embrace with sobs of joy; and while Estelle eagerly produced clothes from her little store of gifts, the poor *femme de chambre* wept for joy to feel indeed that she was free, and shed a fresh shower of tears of joy at the sight of a brush and comb.

Lanty was purring over his foster-brother, and cosseting him like a cat over a newly-recovered kitten, resolved not to see how much shaken the poor Abbé's intellect had been, and quite sure that the reverend father would be altogether himself when he only had his *soutane* again.

CHAPTER XIV.

WELCOME.

‘Well hath the Prophet-chief your bidding done.’

—MOORE (*Lalla Rookh*).

BUGIA was thoroughly Moorish, and subject to attacks of fanaticism. Perhaps the Grand Marabout did not wholly trust the Sunakite net to stir up the populace, for he would not take the recovered captives

to his palace, avoided the city as much as possible, and took them down to the harbour, where, beside the old Roman quay, he caused his trusty attendant, Reverdi, to hire a boat to take them out to the French tartane—Reverdi himself going with them to ensure the fidelity of the boatmen. Estelle would have kissed the good old man's hand in fervent thanks, but, child as she was, he shrank from her touch as an unholy thing; and it was enforced on her and Victorine that they were by no means to remove their heavy muffings till they were safe on board the tartane, and even out of harbour. The Frenchman in command of the vessel was evidently of the same mind, and, though enchanted to receive them, sent them at once below. He said his men had been in danger of being mobbed in the streets, and that there were reports abroad that the harem of a great Frank chief, and all his treasure, were being recovered from the Cabeleyzes, so that he doubted whether all the influence of the Grand Marabout might prevent their being pursued by corsairs.

Right glad was he to recognise the pennant of the *Calypso* outside the harbour, and he instantly ran up a signal flag to intimate success. A boat was immediately put off from the frigate, containing not only Lieutenant Bullock, but an officer in scarlet, who had no sooner come on deck than he shook Arthur eagerly by the hand, exclaiming—

‘Tis you, then! I cannot be mistaken in poor Davie's son, though you were a mere bit bairn when I saw you last!’

‘Archie Hope!’ exclaimed Arthur, joyfully. ‘Can you tell me anything of my mother?’

‘She was well when last I heard of her, only sore vexed that you should be cut off from her by your own fule deed, my lad! Ye've thought better of it now?’

Major Hope was here interrupted by the Lieutenant, who brought an invitation from Captain Beresford to the whole French party to bestow themselves on board the *Calypso*. After ascertaining that the Marabout had taken up their cause, and that the journey up Mount Couco and back again could not occupy less than twelve or fourteen days, he had sailed for Minorca, where he had obtained sanction to convey to Algiers any of the captives who might be rescued. He had also seen Major Hope, who, on hearing of the adventures of his young kinsman, asked leave of absence to come in search of him, and became the guest of the officers of the *Calypso*.

Arthur found himself virtually the head of the party, and, after consultation with Ibrahim Aga and Maître Hébert, it was agreed that there would be far more safety, as well as better accommodation, in the British ship than in the French tartane, and Arthur went down to communicate the proposal to Estelle, whom the close, little, evil-smelling cabin was already making much paler than all her privations had done.

‘An English ship,’ she said. ‘Would my papa approve?’ and her little prim diplomatic air sat comically on her.

'Oh, yes,' said Arthur. 'He himself asked the captain to seek for you, Mademoiselle. There is peace between our countries, you know.'

'That is good,' she said, jumping up. 'For oh! this cabin is worse than it is inside Yakoub's hut! Oh, take me on deck before I am ill!'

She was able to be her own little charming French and Irish self when Arthur led her on deck; and her gracious thanks and pretty courtesy made them agree that it would have been ten thousands pities if such a creature could not have been redeemed from the savage Arabs.

The whole six were speedily on board the *Calypso*, where Captain Beresford received the little heroine with politeness worthy of her own manners. He had given up his own cabin for her and Victorine, purchased at Port Mahon all he thought she could need, and had even recollected to procure clerical garments for the Abbé—a sight which rejoiced Lanty's faithful heart, though the poor Abbé was too ill all the time of the voyage to leave his berth. Arthur's arrival was greeted by the Abyssinian with an inarticulate howl of delight, as the poor fellow crawled to his feet, and began kissing them before he could prevent it. Fareek had been the pet of the sailors, and well taken care of by the boatswain. He was handy, quick, and useful, and Captain Bullock thought he might pick up a living as an attendant in the galley; but he showed that he held himself to belong absolutely to Arthur, and rendered every service to him that he could, picking up what was needful in the care of European clothes by imitation of the Captain's servant, and showing a dexterity that made it probable that his cleverness had been the cause of the loss of a tongue that might have betrayed too much. To young Hope he seemed like a sacred legacy from poor Tam, and a perplexing one, such as he could hardly leave in his dumbness to take the chances of life among sailors.

His own plans were likewise to be considered, and Major Hope concerned himself much about them. He was a second cousin—a near relation in Scottish estimation—and no distant neighbour. His family were Tories, though content to submit to the House of Hanover, and had always been on friendly terms with Lady Hope.

'I writ at once, on hearing of you, to let her know you were in safety,' said the Major. 'And what do you intend the noo?'

'Can I win home?' anxiously asked Arthur. 'You know I never was attained!'

'And what would ye do if you were at home?'

'I should see my mother.'

'Small doubt of the welcome she would have for you, my poor laddie,' said the Major; 'but what next?' And as Arthur hesitated, 'I misdoubt greatly whether Burnside would give you a helping hand if you came fresh from colloquing with French Jacobites, though my father and all the rest of us at the Lynn aye told him that he

might thank himself and his dour old dominie for your prank—you were but a schoolboy then—you are a man now; and though your poor mother would be blithe to set eyes on you, she would be sairly perplexed what gate you had best turn thereafter. Now, see here! There's talk of our being sent to dislodge the Spaniards from Sicily. You are a likely lad, and the Colonel would take my word for you if you came back with me to Port Mahon as a volunteer; and once under King George's colours, there would be pressure enough from all of us Hopes upon Burnside to gar him get you a commission, unless you win one for yourself. Then you could gang hame when time served, a credit and an honour to all!'

'I had rather win my own way than be beholden to Burnside,' said Arthur, his face lighting at the proposal.

'Hout, man! That will be as the chances of war may turn out. As to your kit, we'll see to that! Never fear. Your mother will make it up.'

'Thanks, Archie, with all my heart, but I am not so destitute,' and he mentioned Yusuf's legacy, which the Major held that he was perfectly justified in appropriating; and in answer to his next question assured him that he would be able to retain Fareek as his servant.

This was enough for Arthur, who knew that the relief to his mother's mind of his safety and acceptance as a subject would outweigh any disappointment at not seeing his face, when he would only be an unforgiven exile, liable to be informed against by any malicious neighbour.

He borrowed materials, and had written a long letter to her before the *Calypso* put in at Algiers. The little swift tartane had forestalled her; and every one was on the watch, when Estelle, who had been treated like a little princess on board, was brought in the long-boat with all her party to the quay. Though it was at daybreak, not only the European inhabitants, but Turks, Arabs, Moors, and Jews thronged the wharf in welcome; and there were jubilant cries as all the five captives could be seen seated in the boat in the light of the rising sun.

M. Dussault, with Ulysse in his hand, stood foremost on the quay, and the two children were instantly in each other's embrace. Their uncle had to be helped out. He was more bewildered than gratified by the welcome. He required to be assured that the multitudes assembled meant him no harm, and would not move without Lanty; and though he bowed low in return to M. Dussault's greeting, it was like an automaton, and with no recognition.

Estelle, between her brother and her friend, and followed by all the rest, was conducted by the French Consul to the chapel, arranged in one of the Moorish rooms. There stood beside the altar his two chaplains, and at once mass was commenced, while all threw themselves on their knees in thankfulness; and at the well-known sound

a ray of intelligence and joy began to brighten even poor Phelim's features.

Arthur, in overflowing joy, could not but kneel with the others; and when the service concluded with the *Te Deum's* lofty praise, his tears dropped for joy and gratitude that the captivity was over, the children safe, and himself no longer an outcast and exile.

He had, however, to take leave of the children sooner than he wished, for the *Calypso* had to sail next day.

Ulysse wept bitterly, clung to him, and persisted that he *was* their secretary, and must go with them. Estelle, too, had tears in her eyes; but she said, half in earnest, 'You know, Mentor vanished when Télémaque came home! Some day, Monsieur, you will come to see us at Paris, and we shall know how to show our gratitude!'

Both Lanty and Maître Hébert promised to write to M. Arture; and in due time he received not only their letters but fervent acknowledgments from the Comte de Bourke, who knew that to him was owing the life and liberty of the children.

From Lanty, Arthur further heard that the poor Abbé had languished and died soon after reaching home. His faithful foster-brother was deeply distressed, though the family had rewarded the fidelity of the servants by promoting Hébert to be intendant of the Provençal estates, while Lanty was wedded to Victorine, with a dot that enabled them to start a flourishing *perruquier's* shop, and make a home for his mother when little Jacques outgrew her care.

Estelle was in due time married to a French nobleman, and in after years 'General Sir Arthur Hope' took his son and daughter to pay her a long visit in her Provençal château, and to converse on the strange adventures that seemed like a dream. He found her a noble lady, well fulfilling the promise of her heroic girlhood, and still prone to lament the impossibility of sending any mission to open the eyes of the half-converted Selim.

NOTE.—We are obliged for Δ's correction, but we find it was in 1748 that the blue and white were made compulsory.

PHANTOM LIVES.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'ALONE IN CROWDS.'

CHAPTER VII.

ELANORE.

THE next event of any importance was the garden-party, for which we have seen Lettice writing the invitations, and at which Katharine was introduced to the elite of Southerton. They walked about the garden and grounds, or sat in the drawing-room, or under the trees, according to taste. They had a very nice luncheon, after which they again walked about or sat talking. But now, in the drawing-room, music was the order of the day, and Beatrice Craven began the entertainment with a doleful ditty in some foreign tongue, which speedily drove Katharine away from the group which had gathered on the steps that led up to the French windows. She slipped away alone and sat down under a wide spreading tree, but had not long enjoyed the stillness when a footstep was heard on the gravel, and she saw Lettice Charteris coming towards her—but evidently not seeking her, nor indeed seeing her.

'Lettice, come here! I am under the lime-tree. Is it not pleasant and quiet here?'

'Yes, very pleasant,' said Lettice, sitting down beside her.

'Lettice, why did you not come to my room on Sunday, as I asked you?'

No answer.

'Did you forget?'

'Oh, no!'

'And I know that you were in your room, Lettice; why do you avoid me? I think you like me, and I know I like you. You and I might be friends and make each other happier—yet you avoid me—you know you do.'

'But you couldn't want me,' was the embarrassed answer. 'I'm stupid; I'm really not fit to be your friend. I should not make you any happier.'

'That's not it,' said Katharine. 'I would not insist in this way. Lettice, if I saw that you were happy, and did not want a friend; but you do—you can't deny it. And so do I, though you don't seem to believe it. Tell me what you really mean—why, you are crying. What is the matter, dear?'

'I shall never make you understand,' said Lettice, tearfully.

'Well, but try. You would like to have me for a friend, wouldn't you?'

‘Ah, indeed, indeed I should! You are so kind—so—so strong and bright. I’m nothing but a little goose—yet I do so wish to do right. And if I had you for a friend and—and said things to you—it would be wrong. I am not very happy—you know that. Yet I owe everything to Clare. She and Theodore are my only relatives, and I am quite dependent on them. All my life they have cared for me. It is not, you know, that I grudge serving them, don’t think that of me. But I see—and hear—oh, I do want to be true—to be grateful. I couldn’t live in their house if I ever said things as—others do—or listened to them.’

‘I understand. My dear Lettice, you are a noble-hearted girl, I want you for a friend more than ever. I shall never ask you a question, or make a remark, unless I am really obliged to do so. I will not even dwell on this now. Like yourself, I am under obligations, and it would ill-become me to talk of any failings I may see, or suspect. But then, there is all the rest of the world to talk about. And you and I could work, and read, and talk, and take walks together, and be a comfort to each other. Why, I really think I could even talk of Maurice to you—and of my old home. Come now, is it a bargain. Lettice, you may trust me.’

Lettice put her little brown hand into the white one held out to her, and they kissed each other, Lettice crying for pleasure. Then they had a good talk, all about Maurice, and when a letter might be expected. Katharine was the chief speaker, but truly she had a most attentive and sympathising listener.

‘We had better go in,’ Lettice said, after a time; ‘it is getting quite cool, and there is a great dew. There is just one thing I must say, Katharine. Do not ask me to come to you when any one is by.’

She got up as she spoke and walked on towards the house. The French windows were wide open, and many of the visitors were sitting on the steps where they could hear the music, or talk a little if they preferred it. The tall figure of General Falconer appeared at the window, and he enquired—

‘Do you know where Miss Thorold is? Miss St. Aubyn wants her.’

‘I am here,’ said Katharine, coming quickly forward; ‘who did you say wants me?’

The General came down to meet her.

‘I said Miss St. Aubyn,’ said he; ‘but I don’t know. Come in, Miss Thorold; you are wanted, believe me.’

The room was growing a little dim, for as it faced east, it soon lost the evening light. Clare was sitting near the window, Theodore in his usual place; but when he saw Katharine, he got up and came towards the window.

‘I have found her, Miss St. Aubyn,’ said the General. Clare had her face turned to the window, and consequently did not see that her brother was close behind her. She looked up and said—

‘Dear Miss Thorold, I hope you have not been brought in before you wish to come, on this foolish errand. It is only—we have been having a little music, and some one said you sang in Church, and my brother fancied you might oblige us. But you must not mind if you cannot. I know that many people sing in Church who could hardly venture to sing alone.’

‘I can sing,’ Katharine answered simply.

‘Really! and will you oblige us now? I dare say I can accompany you,’ said Clare, half rising.

‘I always play my own accompaniments, thank you,’ Katharine answered again.

‘I told you so, Clare. I was certain that Miss Thorold is a good musician,’ put in Theodore.

‘Theodore!’ exclaimed Clare, rising with more haste than she often showed, ‘why are you so imprudent? Do, my dear boy, go back to your sheltered corner—this east window is no place for you.’

‘I will just take Miss Thorold to the piano,’ he said, offering Katharine his arm.

‘But she has no music,’ said the General, following the pair. ‘Can I get your music for you?’

‘I can sing several things off by heart, thank you. This will do very well,’ said Katharine, altering the height of the music-stool.

Theodore went off to his arm-chair, but the General stood by the piano, until after a pause, Katharine said—

‘Would you mind sitting down? I never can sing when any one stands near me.’

‘To hear is to obey,’ he replied, and found a seat at once. Katharine ran her fingers lightly over the instrument—it was a good one, as pianos went in those days. She wished greatly to sing something that was not likely to have been already sung, and after some consideration, she chose a curious ballad, with a wild, pathetic air, or airs rather, for no two verses were the same—written by her old music-master, the organist of — Cathedral. It was called ‘Robin Hood,’ and was supposed to be a soliloquy by that celebrated outlaw. It began merrily—the sun was shining, the leaves were green—life in the forest was life indeed. Who so happy as bold Robin Hood? Who had such merry companions—what king possessed such obedient servants? Was it not bliss to lie here, looking up into yon cloudless sky, waiting for the deer to come down to the water? Then slowly, with wonderful simple art and pathos, the strain changed. Old memories began to flit across the outlaw’s mind. He had looked up into skies as blue, long, long ago—when standing by his mother’s knee, and she had pointed upwards and said that Heaven lay there, beyond the blue—high up above the furthest star. What more did she say? ‘And thou must meet me there, my Robin.’ Meet thee, my mother? Ah, at last—here come the deer—away with these thoughts, they make a

woman of me. But yet—'Oh, mother dear! 'tis well that thou art dead.'

Katharine's voice died away, and a dead silence reigned for nearly half a minute. But she became aware that Theodore was standing close behind her, and that General Falconer's eyes were full of tears. So, for that matter, were other eyes, and Lettice was actually sobbing. Clare, still sitting with her face towards the window, was too much taken by surprise to speak at first, but recovering herself, she came to the piano, saying—

'What a very extraordinary song! so theatrical! I am not sure that I like it. My taste is very simple. Can you sing something of a different kind, Miss Thorold?'

'Oh, yes, I will sing anything you like,' said Katharine, 'whenever you wish.'

But as she spoke she rose and left the piano. But Theodore and the General, joined by many others, begged for another song at once, and not to give the idea that she was angry at the snub she had received, she sat down again. This time she sang,

'Oh the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They flourish at home in the north countree.'

She chose it hastily, as being probably unknown here, and simple enough to satisfy Clare—but she could hardly finish it. The poor 'North country maid' in the song could not have longed more for her home than did Katharine, and there was a whole heartful of yearning in her voice. When she had finished it, she rose hastily, and turned a pale face towards Theodore, who was still near her.

'Let me go,' she said; 'I ought to have known I could not stand that.'

Theodore glanced at her—then turned and walked before her to the door, which he opened, and she escaped to her own room. And she might have said, with Sir Peter Teazle, that she left her character behind her!

'Pray what is the matter?' said Clare, in her iciest tone.

'I think something in that last song overcame her,' said Theodore, coming back to his corner.

Clare raised her eyebrows and glanced at Mrs. Craven, who laughed gently. They did not say a word, but they had quite conveyed the idea that they believed Katharine's emotion to have been affected. Theodore, sitting in a kind of trance, with that lovely voice still ringing in his ears, did not notice all this, but a good many did, and Mrs. Freeman, who was one of Clare's many flatterers, felt that she now knew what tone to take about Miss Thorold.

'It is a fine voice,' said she, 'yet somehow I enjoy a—simpler style, better.'

'The last song was simple enough,' put in the General.

'Oh, yes, I don't mean that, exactly. Miss St. Aubyn used the word theatrical just now—I think *that* expresses my meaning.'

Then lowering her voice, she said to Clare—

‘I suppose she has no intention of singing in public? One seldom hears so highly trained a voice, or sees a girl sing without the slightest shyness, unless she has been taught with that view.’

‘I really do not know,’ Clare answered.

Now in these days a speech like this of Mrs. Freeman’s might be considered malicious, but it would not be absolutely insulting. Things are greatly altered since the times of which I write—forty years ago—at that time the line between professional people and gentlefolk was very broadly drawn. A lady would have completely lost caste by appearing in public, and altogether it was about as unkind a thing as could have been said about poor Katharine. But the words reached the ears of Aunt Florence, who was sitting behind Mrs. Craven’s sofa, in a tumult of feeling—half pride in Katharine, half vexation that in anything her darling Eleanore should be eclipsed. But now she left her retreat, and came forward, saying in her fussy little way—

‘Dear Mrs. Freeman, I really *must* say—I hope, dear Clare, that you’ll excuse me—but I cannot allow *that* to be said of my niece, Miss Thorold. No, Mrs. Freeman. Katharine has no idea of becoming a public singer, and whether you like her singing or not—that is only a matter of taste—but I trust you will be very careful not to give any one that impression.’

‘What is the matter?’ asked Theodore, rousing himself suddenly. ‘What is it, Aunt Florence? You look annoyed.’

‘Oh no, my dear Theodore. Oh, not annoyed, believe me. Only I did not like—you know it would really be dreadful—and she is my dear Fanny’s child—and—but it is all quite settled now. Dear Mrs. Freeman is quite satisfied.’

‘Well, of course you must know, Miss Florence,’ that excellent woman replied; ‘but all I can say is that I consider the immense time that must have been devoted to practising a sad waste of time. One likes to see a girl sit down and sing a pretty, simple song, but such a—such music as that, one does not expect, and I should be sorry to hear one of my girls sing like that.’

‘No danger,’ said Admiral Freeman, gruffly. ‘Mary and Sue have nice little pipes, but Miss Thorold——’

‘Perhaps it is a pity,’ Aunt Florence hastened to say, ‘but she has led a very lonely life, and I dare say it was a pleasure to her.’

‘Are you speaking of Miss Thorold?’ asked Theodore, his dark eyes suddenly lighting up angrily. ‘Do not apologise for her, Aunt Florence. Such a talent as her’s is worth cultivating—nay, I will go further, and say it would be a sin *not* to cultivate it. But Mrs. Freeman need not distress herself. For one young lady who can delight us as Miss Thorold does, she will easily find twenty who will satisfy her desires. For my part, I say frankly, I know now what music is.’

‘Theodore!’ Clare exclaimed, in amazement. ‘My dear boy, I am sure you don’t mean it; but your remarks are scarcely courteous.’

Just for one moment it seemed doubtful that the reply might not make matters worse; but Clare knew her brother well. He was really shocked when he remembered what he had said, and turning to Mrs. Freeman, he said—

‘You will forgive me, will you not? You know I could not mean to offend you, but I was so—so——’

‘Excited,’ said Clare. ‘Yes, my dear boy, this “North country maid” has anything but a composing effect upon your nerves—in fact, she will be the death of you yet. I think Mrs. Freeman will forgive you—and I think, dear, perhaps you are staying here too long. Do you not feel very tired?’

‘I am’ tired, so I think I shall say good-bye,’ he answered, and made his escape, to sit and think about that wonderful singing. The party broke up soon afterwards, General Falconer leaving a message for Katharine to say that at twelve the next day Kate Kearney would be at her service—also Kate’s master, he added, smiling. Marcia undertook to deliver the message, and did so.

Need it be said that Katharine was ready punctually, and had a delightful ride? Her time now slipped away pleasantly enough; the weather was delightful, though very warm, and the General took her out to ride nearly every day. Lettice had more time to herself than was usual, and they had many plans and talks, and began to know each other well. Theodore was very little seen; the heat, Clare said, was quite too much for him, and she was constantly with him, banishing even Lettice. The truth was, she was doing her very utmost not only to keep him and Katharine apart, but to prejudice him against her. She fondly imagined that this would be easy, and even thought at one time that she had succeeded perfectly, as Theodore ceased to reply to her strictures on Miss Thorold’s manners, appearance, and general behaviour. Her many rides with General Falconer, and her frank, pleasant manner with him, were much spoken of, and Theodore was assured that the General was quite *épris*, and that Clare was disappointed in him, as she had fancied he had better taste; but it was really a good thing for the girl, a fact of which she seemed quite aware! Theodore for the first time in his life, was sulky and silent, and his devoted sister hoped that her work was done.

It was Sunday night. Katharine had had a very tiring day, for the church had been hot and the singing very bad; moreover, she had been vexed and worried at the Sunday-school. She had taken off her gown, and put on a white dressing-gown, over which her hair hung in curly masses; and she was sitting by the open window, thinking sadly of her happy Sundays at Kirklands, when a knock at the door startled her, for it was very late, and she knew that Lettice was in bed.

‘Is it you, Eleanore? There is nothing the matter with you, is there?’

Eleanore, too, was wrapped in her dressing-gown—a crimson one; and her beautiful hair was released from its usual coil, and hung far below her waist. They made a very striking contrast, this aunt and niece.

‘I was afraid you would be in bed,’ Eleanore said. ‘But Florence has only just fallen asleep. I want to say a few words to you—in strict confidence; not even Florence must know that I have spoken to you.’

‘What is it, Eleanore? Do you know, I have thought lately that you were annoyed with me—you have certainly avoided me. I was longing to ask you why; but first, tell me what you want to say.’

‘You must promise me, Katharine, that you will not tell any one that I spoke to you. Marcia may try to find out; she is very curious, and so sharp.’

‘I think I may safely promise that much.’

‘Then you do promise? all right. Now tell me plainly, Katharine, do you mean to marry General Falconer?’

‘Marry him! What on earth put that into your head?’

‘Because I see that you can, if you like.’

‘Eleanore, you are wrong. Why, he might be my grandfather!’

‘Hardly; but at all events, he isn’t,’ answered Eleanore.

‘And he never says a word of that kind—he has too much sense. You are altogether mistaken.’

‘I am *not* mistaken. You may take my word for that. Every one knows that he means to marry again, now that his last boy is going to India. I may as well tell you that he said so to Aunt Florence; and until you came, Katharine, he certainly admired me.’

‘He admires you very much,’ said Katharine, thoroughly puzzled.

‘But he has transferred his attentions to you. Now I have watched you, and I thought that you did not see this. But if I am wrong, and you *did* see it, and mean to encourage him, just say so, Katharine, and then forget that I ever came to your room to-night, and there is no harm done.’

‘If you did not look so much in earnest, I should laugh at you! Why, Eleanore, it is ridiculous! He likes some one to ride with him, and he likes my singing, and——’

‘And he likes you. The question is, Do you like him?’

‘I do—very much indeed. I am very grateful to him; he has been so kind, and I feel so much at home with him. Among you all, I feel very lonely sometimes. But I never imagined this, and I shall be very sorry if you are right.’

‘You would not accept him, then?’

‘Certainly not. I want to live with and for Maurice; and if I ever marry, it won’t be—him; not an old man like that.’

‘Then, if you are sure that you mean this, will you show him that

you mean it? I do not believe that you are the girl to interfere with my prospects, only to amuse yourself. Now, you see, if he becomes seriously attached to you, and you refuse him, he will most likely go away, and find a wife elsewhere. So I want you to drop him quietly and gradually.'

'And not ride any more!' cried Katharine, dismally.

'Katharine, believe me, if you go on riding with him, and behaving as if you had known him all your life, and then refuse him, he will think, and every one will say, that you have used him very badly. I don't pretend that this is my reason for speaking to you, but it is true for all that.'

Katharine sighed deeply, and after some thought she said—

'I was thinking, just before you came in, that all this riding and idling is a very bad preparation for an emigrant's life; but it is so strange having nothing to do—— Eleanore, tell me the truth; is it possible that you would marry him?'

'I won't answer that question until *he* asks it,' Eleanore answered, laughing. 'You just stop him dangling after you, and very likely he will return to his allegiance to me. Now, I have paid you a very high compliment; I would trust no other girl in this house, or indeed, anywhere else, as I have trusted you; but I feel that you won't betray me.'

'I will not. But, oh, Eleanore, is it possible that you can care for him?'

'I cared very much, once—not for him, though—I shall never care in that way again; but I like him, and I know that he is kind and gentle, and I want to escape. Don't look so shocked, Katharine, but put yourself in my place and you will not blame me; you must see that my position here is wretched. I have not a penny in the world; I am dependent upon that dearest of old dears—my sister Florence, and she, who would do anything for me, took her money out of the funds and tried her hand at a little speculation, in the hope of making me an heiress, I believe. Need I say that she lost the greater part of it? All this is a secret; Florence would not have Henrietta Craven know for the world. She actually deserted the family solicitor and went to that Mr. Russell, so that no one should find out; and Henrietta, though she has her suspicions, knows nothing for certain. Florence pays for one person here, and does all the housekeeping, and Clare likes to be saved trouble; but—oh, she makes me feel that I am a dependent. I hate it; I cannot bear to see Florence slaving, and at any moment Clare might take it into her head to make a change, or poor Theodore may rebel, and then where should we be? And if they succeed in marrying him to Beatrice, we must expect to depart, of course.'

'It seems terrible to me,' Katharine said, sadly. 'With no pretence of love—to sell yourself—why, I would stand behind a counter, or teach in a school before I would do that.'

‘Perhaps you can teach—I know I couldn’t; besides, it would not do. And the only question just now is—will you stand in my way, or will you not?’

‘I will not. I hope you will consider well before you do what you never can undo; but surely I will not stand in your way.’

‘Thank you, Katharine. Ah, I don’t like to feel that you are looking down upon me! Surely you must see that the position of a dependent is a very miserable one. Look at Lettice; that is what I must come to if I don’t marry.’

‘Is Lettice quite dependent?’

‘Clare says so; but if it is true, I wonder she keeps her. My dear, under that smooth exterior, Clare hides a very ugly disposition. She is as hard and covetous as she can be, she has the heart of a tyrant! She rules poor Theodore; and he would be a fine fellow if she let him alone—but——’

‘Stop, Eleanore, don’t say anything more; I am sorry I asked that question, but I can’t let you go on. It is treacherous; you seem always ready to please and oblige Clare, and then you speak of her like this. It is not right, and it would be as bad of me to listen to you.’

Eleanore looked very angry for a moment, but then she laughed and said—

‘Nonsense! But I am very incautious, as Florence frequently tells me. However, I am sure of one thing—I can trust you. What a time I have stayed here, chattering and keeping you up; it is almost daylight. Good-bye; keep my secret, and remember your promise.’

She suddenly bent over Katharine and kissed her.

‘I do believe that you are true,’ she said. ‘I wish I were more like you. Good-night.’

Poor Katharine went to bed with her brain in terrible confusion. She was in a new world—a world in which it seemed to her that every one was living the most unreal life—a life of mere seeming. The only thing that seemed certain was, that she must have no more rides on Kate Kearney. ‘Two years,’ thought Katharine—would they ever come to an end?

(To be continued.)

IN HIDING.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN it has happened that for several years nothing has occurred which comes home to a person vividly enough to stir the inner recesses of his being, it is often the case that when this does take place the victim is conscious only of a dizzy whirl of sensation for some days, and is unable to collect his thoughts sufficiently to decide upon any course of action. This was the case with Bessie Maynard. The days that followed that afternoon when she first learnt the true history of Russell Verney's love were, when she recalled them afterwards, almost like days passed in the semi-delirium of a fever when the mind seems taken hold of and possessed by vague images, over which it can exercise no power of volition of its own.

During these days, Bessie rose in the morning as usual, taught Elys, walked out with her, pursued her daily round of small womanly tasks, as to which it mattered little whether they were done or left undone, as mostly happens with women in easy circumstances and somewhat unoccupied lives: sat through the lonely lamplit evening dreaming, and then went to bed to spend the night awake, or only half asleep, still possessed by the thought of what might have been and was not. She was a strong woman, but the nervous excitement of these days told upon her and made her worn and feverish.

Perhaps it would not have been so bad if Russell Verney had not been all the time on the Green, so that she knew every time that she went out of her own door that he might possibly overtake her: that she might see him again and hear from him again some tone, some expression which recalled the past so vividly that she could almost have fancied that she was Bessie Mallard still, with no barrier of past years between them. Sometimes she saw him; sometimes she did not. But the consciousness of his neighbourhood never left her, and it seemed to her in these days as if he were the the only reality in a world of shadows. Bessie did not look forward to any future; she was simply overwhelmed by the present.

One day a ring at her door-bell made her heart beat in a strange way, and she felt as if it had been a presentiment when 'Major Verney' was announced. He looked somewhat troubled and grave, and her guilty conscience at once leaped to the guess that he had discovered her identity; but his first words made her smile with self-ridicule, when he began, 'Mrs. Maynard, I am come to ask a

favour of you. I hope you will refuse it without scruple if it is inconvenient.'

'What is it?' said Bessie, looking and feeling cheered.

'I don't know if you have heard of my poor mother's fresh attack? She was taken very ill last night—I am afraid that the excitement of having me at home has been too much for her—and Alda is doing all she can to keep the house quiet; but the kids are too much for her or themselves. I am doing this against her will, she refused to trouble any one else with them; but they are partly my business as I am their guardian, and you seemed so kind that I thought I would ask you whether it would be possible for you to take them in with their governess for a few days, till we see how my poor mother goes on.'

Bessie accepted with a smile and a radiance that made her look quite young, adding from her heart, 'I am so glad you came to me.'

'I was obliged to come to you if I came to any one,' said Major Verney; 'that likeness that I told you of is my excuse. I can't help feeling towards you, when I want help—as I should have felt towards her—as if I might claim your help as I should have claimed hers. It is ridiculously unreasonable,' and he laughed a little behind his beard.

'I hope I shall prove to you that it's not unreasonable at all,' said Bessie, controlling herself into what she hoped was naturalness, though her heart was thumping and all her pulses throbbing fiercely. Then she asked about Mrs. Verney's illness, and the conversation took the turn that it might be supposed naturally to have done if Bessie had been actually as Russell Verney believed, Elizabeth Maynard, *née* Smith.

She arranged her rooms for the reception of Horace and Tommy, and their shy little dark-eyed governess, Miss Fowler; she moderated Elys's ecstasy at the thought of child-visitors by warnings about hospitality to guests and no hair-pulling; and in time they arrived, and were before long in the midst of a game of puss in the corner, conducted with so many shrieks and whoops that it was evident that they were not desirable inmates for a house where there was serious illness. Bessie, however, left the keeping of them in order entirely to Miss Fowler, and did not interfere with their noise, though she sincerely hoped that Elys would not take to imitate their war whoops on her own account.

Major Verney appeared to think his responsibility for them required frequent visits to the White House to see that they were not too troublesome to Mrs. Maynard; he relieved Miss Fowler of the care of them by offering to take them out for a walk, and then it fell out somehow that this walk coincided with the walk which Bessie was going to take with Elys; or if it was wet, he came and played bagatelle with the children, and then lingered in Bessie's pretty drawing-room afterwards talking till the grey afternoon had given

place to lamplight, and the tea looked so inviting that he was obliged to stay on and share it. Mrs. Verney was not able to see him ; the only chance of the prolongation of her life, Dr. Enderby said, was perfect absence of excitement, and therefore he was unable in any degree to share in the nursing which to a certain extent occupied Alda.

Alda meanwhile was not best pleased with the turn things were taking. She liked to be in command, and had fully contemplated taking her old attitude of guide, philosopher, and friend to Russell, when he returned to England ; but she soon found that there was a necessary difference between the relations of a clever girl of twenty-four, with a young man two years her senior, and the relations of a middle-aged woman, living a spinster life in an obscure country town, with a man accustomed to command a province as large as Scotland, with practically irresponsible power over its inhabitants. Gentle as Russell Verney was to women, he was not a man to be led blindfold by any one—even by Alda. Perhaps he was the less inclined to be swayed because her advice about Bessie Mallard years ago had proved so unfortunate ; but anyhow, she was conscious that he was no longer to be managed, either by persuasion, or by sheer force of will, as he had been before. She was much disturbed by his having taken matters into his own hands, and walked off Horace and Tommy to the White House against her desire ; but Alda was too wise a woman to deal in reproaches or petulance. She said openly that she did not feel that they knew Mrs. Maynard enough to put themselves under such an obligation ; but, as it was settled, it had better remain so ; and then she recurred no more to the subject. In her own mind, however, she was a good deal disturbed, both at Russell's action, and at the frequent visits to the White House which it entailed. And one day, when Russell was as usual doing what he was pleased to describe as 'taking those little beggars off Mrs. Maynard's hands,' Alda drove into the town, and stopped at the little grocer's shop in Robert Street, which bore over the door the name of Thomas. Mrs. Thomas was in the shop, knitting behind the counter. Alda made a few trifling purchases, and as she did so entered as she well knew how into friendly converse with the shopwoman.

'Have you lived long at Hornbridge?' was the prelude to a full account of Mrs. Thomas's early life, the circumstances under which she became a nurse, the 'case,' in attending which, she made Thomas's acquaintance, and so on ; and it seemed quite easy and natural to her when a question from Alda elicited all she could recollect of her attendance on little Elys in scarlet fever at Liverpool.

'Was that before Mr. Maynard's death?' said Alda.

'Oh no, ma'am ; I feel sure he had died long before. Mrs. Maynard was a widow, but wore no cap then, only a black silk dress, like. Mrs. Archer, her maid, tells me all her beautiful hair turned grey when she lost her husband ; but that can't be, for when I knew her at Liverpool her hair was as black as a crow's wing.'

‘And that was not so many years ago, was it?’ said Alda.

‘Three or four; dear me, ma’am, the time does go, don’t it? The little girl was called Baby at that time. She was four or so—big to be called Baby; but I suppose it was being the only one; though I fancied, I recollect, that there was a little brother she used to talk about, so much so that I took it into my head as Mrs. Maynard had another child at home, and could hardly believe it when Mrs. Archer told me she didn’t believe as Mrs. Maynard had ever had another child, only Elys.’

Alda drove home, feeling that though she had received no enlightenment from Mrs. Thomas, her sense that there was a mystery about Bessie Maynard was increased rather than diminished.

That night, after her evening visit to Mrs. Verney’s bedside to take the latest news of her to Russell, she came into the little ‘den’ where he was enjoying his nightly cigar, and sat down in the chair opposite to him. After repeating the nurse’s account of the patient, she said—

‘Russell, you have seen a great deal of Mrs. Maynard of late; don’t think I want to pry into your acquaintances, but it would really be a great satisfaction to me if the mystery about her could be solved. Probably you know her enough to solve it.’

‘What mystery?’ said Russell, turning round towards her.

‘Why, she is so extremely reticent about her past life and all belonging to it, and it seems impossible to make out who she was or where she lived before she married. No, you need not look at me like that; it is not from what men are pleased to call feminine curiosity that I wish to know. Most people let out hints about their past history, but I have never heard her say anything about hers, except that her marriage had been a failure.’

‘Reason enough for not talking of it, I should have thought,’ said Russell, with a leisurely puff of smoke.

‘But has she told you more than the rest of us know? Of course, I don’t ask if it was in confidence.’

‘She has told me nothing, in confidence or not,’ said Russell drily, ‘except that her name was Smith before she married, and that she had lived a great deal in London.’

Alda laughed a little, and Russell looked up somewhat nettled.

‘Well, why not?’ he said.

‘Smith of London is not a very easy person to identify,’ she said.

‘Why on earth should she talk about her past life, especially if she was unhappy in it? and what possible difference can it make to you whether she does or not?’ he said. ‘And if her name happened to be Smith, why should she not say so? It is very unlike you, Alda, to throw out insinuations you have no means of justifying.’

Some women might have been angry, but Alda only laughed with imperturbable good humour.

‘My dear Russell, why should you call it throwing out insinuations

because I want to know the antecedents of the person who is at the present moment in charge of Horace and Tommy? I have no doubt she is a most desirable person, as I am sure that she is a very handsome one; but one does like to know a few things about the people one is brought in contact with, and I thought you might have enlightened me; that is all.'

So Alda beat as masterly a retreat as possible, but instead of breeding distrust of Mrs. Maynard in Russell's mind, she had awakened in him a passionate pity for the woman who was so like his lost Bessie, and whose life had been apparently so sorrowful that she could not bear to talk about it, even now, when to all appearance her trouble was a thing of the past, and her life's course smooth, even, and quiet, though it might be solitary and grey.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. VERNEY died rather suddenly two nights after this, and though no one who loved her could grieve that so suffering a life was closed, her son evidently felt the bereavement much. A sister of hers, who lived in Ireland, came over to the funeral, intending to stay on for a time with Alda, whom, with that obliquity of vision belonging to an older generation, she persisted in regarding as more or less of a young lady in need of a chaperon, in spite of her thirty-eight years. Alda would have refused the proffered visit, and only taken her aunt in for the funeral, if she had not seen plainly that Russell's heart was very tender towards all that his mother had loved, and that he would not like anything in Alda that looked to him like discourtesy to them.

Mrs. Murray, however, proved, as Alda had feared, something of an incubus to both Russell and herself; though perhaps she put down Russell's frequent absences too much to his supposed endeavour to escape from Aunt Octavia's tongue, and too little to the attraction towards Bessie that he undoubtedly felt. He found a soothing influence in Bessie's drawing-room, and the sympathetic listener there, who did not jar upon him, as Alda did at times with curt, incisive, common-sense suggestions for comfort, just a little deficient in tenderness. Bessie could not give him the best help—such help as Dr. Enderby could have given—she had not the key of the right storehouse for that; but she could listen, and put in a word of sympathy here and there, and perhaps he did not require more. Possibly Bessie had never sympathised so fully, and forgotten herself so completely as she did over this trouble of Russell's; she would not have been capable of doing so in her old girlish days, but suffering and love together had matured her nature, and during these days she probably attained a higher level than she had ever yet done, and was able to think of him to the exclusion of herself.

One day he was sitting with her—the little boys and their governess had gone back to the Red House, but the habit of frequent

visits induced during their stay remained—and was talking, as he often did, about his mother. This time he was telling her about his mother's early widowhood, and her devotion to himself.

'People say,' he said, 'that a lad wants a father's hand over him; but I am sure a mother can make up for both, if she is the kind of woman my mother was. You don't know, of course—only having lived here since she was such an invalid—what she was in her younger days. Somehow I think of her when I see a diamond. She was so *true*; no pretence of any sort could stand anywhere near her. She always saw through anything one did or said that had the slightest double motive to it, and that was an education in itself.'

'But sometimes,' said Bessie, 'it is impossible to be quite true without doing harm to other people.'

'I don't suppose she would ever have told any one to wear their heart on their sleeve, and I am sure she was always most careful of other people's secrets. But what she always made one feel, was that it was a disgrace, and bespattering oneself with mire, so to speak, to do anything or follow any line of conduct which had a motive one would be ashamed of, if it had to be produced; and her standard of shame was high too. Once when a much easier post was afforded me than mine, she wrote and said: "I don't like the idea of Ballapore very much; if your present life did not suit your health it would be different; but I don't like to think of your giving up real usefulness for luxurious ease, even if the pay is better." And when I came to think it over, I saw she was right. I think I would have done anything rather than feel I deserved her scorn. So I would now,' he added more to himself than Bessie.

'And you,' said Bessie, questioningly, 'you have the same hatred of everything that is not quite above-board?'

'I think she taught me to feel that there is something dirty about having any by-motives at all, and to feel the same instinct against anything of the sort that one has in soiling one's hands. I wish,' he went on, 'that I could have come back once before her illness began. I was coming back that year, and they wrote to me then to beg me to put off coming if possible, as the excitement might kill her. This year I hoped she would have been able to bear it; but you see it was too much for her, when I came. But nothing can do away with the thought that I have had a mother like her; it is a blessing for all one's life, and a thing to live up to.'

'Does it make you feel that you are very often disappointed in other people, from measuring them by her?' said Bessie, rather abruptly.

'I don't find many people one could measure at Parandabad,' said Russell; 'and in England one takes people's kindness uncritically, though I don't think some of those I come across need fear measurement by any one,' he added, with a look at Bessie, and a slight change in his tone which quickened her pulse.

‘I wonder,’ she said, after a pause, during which by a desperate effort of self-control she had reduced her voice to its ordinary smooth even tone, ‘what you would say if you found that you had very much overrated the goodness of any one—which you might easily do.’

‘I should not ask the person in question to be the judge. Humility deceives some people quite as much as pride does others,’ he said, looking at her with a smile.

‘I was not thinking then,’ said Bessie, still calmly as to voice and tone, though her hands were almost bloodless from the intensity of their clasp as they lay on her knee, ‘of people who think themselves worse than they are out of humility. Suppose you knew and liked somebody, and then found that their life was a lie—that they were not what they pretended to be?’ He was silent, and with the instinct of averting the danger that he might realise that she was speaking in her own person, she went on more hurriedly: ‘Because I know somebody like that—some one I know in America. Do you think I ought to have given her up when I found it out?’

Russell Verney was not so acute in dealing with women as with Parandabad natives. There was a distinct look of relief on his face at Bessie’s last words, and he said—

‘Not necessarily give her up, but I think you should induce her at once to come forward and put an end to all deceit; no life could be worth living that is not clear and open, could it?’ For a moment Bessie could not speak, and he said: ‘My mother used to be extremely fond of quoting a phrase from Bishop Andrewes, or one of those old fellows, which she used to say took in all that she wanted in life. I forget the whole of it now; but it was something about “a happy life in honest estate, in quiet, in cheerfulness, in health, in credit, in all things good and fair.” She used to say she made that her prayer for me every day. It was so like her till the blessing of health was taken away, in spite of all the privations of her life. I think she would have made a person such as you were speaking of feel how ugly falseness was beside that beautiful openness.’

‘But,’ said Bessie, ‘if the falseness came from something in the past, which could not be undone now, so that “credit” was out of the question?’

‘Ah,’ said Russell, fancying that it was a case of social disgrace to which she alluded, ‘such things are often frightfully complicated. But I am sure she would have said, “Whatever the past may have been, there must be a way out of the prison somewhere; however hard it may be, turn round at once, and try to get your life in ‘honest estate’ if not in ‘credit.’”’

‘But if it affected other people’s happiness—the people she cared for?’ said Bessie.

‘Nothing could affect their happiness so much in the long run as the going on with anything that really deserved shame. I don’t mean of course that the past could be done away with; it would be

a lifelong grief to all her friends in any case, and the greater the more they cared. The loss of good fame is a thing that must bring the most intense suffering upon every one concerned.'

There was a pause, and Elys's entrance put an end to the conversation. As Major Verney said good-bye to Bessie, he held her hand for a moment longer than usual. 'I trust your friend's trouble won't add to yours,' he said, looking at her with those kindly honest eyes of his; 'I am sure you have enough of your own to bear. I feel quite ashamed sometimes to think how I have been pouring out my own troubles and talking about myself; I can't think what I shall do when I go back.'

Bessie made a step backwards, and one of her pretty china cups, which stood too near the edge of the low tea-table, was swept off upon the floor and broken. She was glad of the commotion thus produced, and it had not entirely subsided when Russell Verney again shook hands and said good-bye. She felt his look, and the slight quiver of his hand-shake, for some minutes after he was gone; she sat upon the sofa feeling and looking faint and ill, while Elys prattled with the unobservantness of childhood, which is at times such a relief to us.

That evening little Horace Verney ran across the Green with a note for Mrs. Maynard, in Major Verney's strong square handwriting. She opened the envelope, and two enclosures fell out. One was a request for a book which he wanted to borrow; the other, folded and sealed, bore upon it, 'Please read this at your leisure. R. V.'

Bessie found the book, and despatched the little messenger home; and then went up to her own room, where she would be undisturbed by Elys, to read Major Verney's letter, with a strange excitement at her heart. She felt as if she knew without looking what it contained. She had scarcely looked at it, however, when a great trembling came over her, and she turned so faint she could neither speak nor breathe till an outbreak of tears had come to her relief. She had wrecked her life because Russell Verney had not told her he loved her; now he told her so, and she had put it out of her power to accept his love.

It was the letter of a good and true-hearted man, and every word of it made Bessie see more vividly what prize was offered to her in his love. 'I know very little about your past,' he said, 'except that it has not been happy, and that you don't like to speak of it; but it shall be my constant endeavour to make you forget it in a happy present. I wish I could offer you an easier life; and above all that what I have to offer need not involve separation from Elys; but in any case I do not suppose I shall stay at Parandabad for more than two or three years longer, possibly even for less.'

Then he went on to more personal utterances of his feelings. There was a curious mixture of restraint and passion in his words, which to Bessie was more moving by far than if the passion had

been expressed without restraint, as it might have been at twenty-six—if the letter had ever been written she had waited for with such heart-hunger. But now—now that she might have had her heart's desire—Bessie felt herself in the clasp of that inexorable necessity that waits upon past misdeeds, and heard only, again and again, his voice saying, with that well-known inflection, that her ear had longed for hopelessly for so long, 'The loss of good fame is a thing that must bring the most intense suffering upon every one concerned.'

What she might have done if it had not been for that day's conversation it is less easy to say. While it was going on it had seemed to her almost like a knell, every stroke of which was like a death stroke struck upon quivering human flesh instead of upon hard cold metal. All Russell had said had made her feel more and more strongly that if he knew her true circumstances he would think very differently of her from what he did now. Would he not think her life a deception, and a shameful one? Would not he feel, that having to do with one who had deliberately chosen to put herself into such a position was a kind of soiling of his spotless fame? Bessie could not endure to think of what his opinion of her would be when she told him that she had stolen Elys; she did not think he would scorn her; 'no knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;' but he would turn upon her the silence of grieved pity, and she could not endure that.

Some women might have thought of another alternative—of keeping the love that was offered them and saying nothing; but to Bessie's nature this dishonour would have at any time been an impossibility. She was not one of those who could deliberately deceive any one she loved, even though as regarded the outer world her life was a tissue of deception; and one who trusted her generously, like Russell Verney, least of all. It was perhaps characteristic that she never put before herself as a palliation the fact that she had paid the price of her fortune for the possession of Elys, or thought that this would alter the aspect of her deed in his eyes. Love had given her too clear a sight for that.

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT night was one which Bessie remembered all her life as one of unmitigated pain and misery. She loved Russell Verney—she loved him with the full capacity of her mature womanhood, compared to which she felt that the love of her girlhood had been slight and narrow; and yet she felt that she *could* not accept his offered love. It was possible, she thought at times, that if she told him everything he might still, in his generosity, say to her, 'You have been very wrong, but that makes no difference to my love for you;' but if he did that, she knew quite well that a man of his high honour would insist that she should restore Elys to her parents. *Could* she part

with Elys, even for Russell Verney's love? Bessie paused in her weary pacing to and fro of the available space in her bedroom, and taking up her lamp, went into the little room opening out of hers where Elys slept. The child lay there in one of those exquisite unconscious attitudes into which children throw themselves in their sleep; the long lashes lying on the warm rosy cheek, the delicate features relaxed into that suggestion of receptiveness for all possible good and beautiful things which makes a sleeping child so wonderful a sight, and the soft, damp, fair hair in a golden tangle framing the perfect little face. She sat down on the bedside chair, and looked at the child; and, as she did so, all the mother in her came out towards little Elys. Whatever in the abstract might be right or wrong, Bessie could not buy her own happiness at the price of the desertion of Elys. She thought of the child's lot, sent back to a loveless home, after her tender rearing; she thought of Bertha's indolent selfishness, of Wyndham's cold-hearted calculation—how they would trade upon the child's beauty, crush her bright spirits and keen intelligence, and perhaps make her life a greater failure than Bessie's own had been. No; whatever life might bring her, Bessie felt that nothing must make her do anything which might blast the life of the child she had taken to her heart, and for whom she had sacrificed so much. She yearned with intense desire to tell Russell Verney all—the thirst for confession can sometimes be more intense than the thirst for water in the burning desert; but she felt that she could not be sure, if she did, that she would not be persuaded by him to give up Elys to her parents.

Bessie had never made the question of right and wrong the true criterion of her life. She had no sense of that passionate love of the right which makes so many lives a track of shining light—shining more and more unto the perfect day; but she was a woman who, in spite of wilfulness, had that in her which would not suffer her to overpower a generous instinct by a selfish one. Now, she went back to her midnight vigil from Elys's bedside, feeling it absolutely impossible to consider any plan for herself which might lead to her separation from the child. But then came the thought of Russell's suffering—he had loved her so long and faithfully, had suffered so much from her loss, and she was making him suffer more, and unintelligibly. And it might all have been avoided, if she had only been content to take life as it was given her, and not to change her circumstances by force into others which were not meant for her.

She lay down at last towards morning, drawing down the blind to hide the sickly yellow light of the waning moon, shining through the window with its parody of day. Bessie was sensitive to natural influences, and she always had a kind of horror of an old moon, which seems to some people to bring some suggestion of disease and decay with it, so that it is quite intelligible why medicinal herbs gathered in

the waning of the moon were supposed to be ineffectual or harmful. Even then Bessie could not sleep; she formed over and over in her mind the sentences of the letter with which she intended to answer Russell's missive. Finally she determined to go off the next day to London with Elys and Archer, and not to return to the White House till Easter, when Russell would be gone back to India. There was that within her that made her conscious that if she intended to keep her resolution about Elys, she must keep out of reach of Russell's eyes and voice. To win him she would have thought it a light thing to face the scorn and ridicule of the world for her conduct; she could even have dared to confess openly what she had done at the risk of the loss of him altogether; but she could not part with Elys, and she knew that there would be no alternative for her to avoid this if she told him all.

The next day she rose, tired and depressed, but decided in her resolve to hold to the one course she saw before her. She told Archer to pack up the things she and Elys would need, for that they would have to go to town by the afternoon train, and possibly might go on from thence to some warm climate for the early spring months.

'I did not mean to go so soon,' she said; 'but I find I ought to go to London to-day, and if we are once there it will not be worth coming back here again.'

Archer naturally remonstrated, as all maids would do in a similar case, and finally Bessie arranged that she and Elys should come up to join her at the end of the week, while she herself telegraphed for rooms to a quiet hotel, and went, as she had intended, on that afternoon.

Before she went she wrote these lines—

'DEAR MAJOR VERNEY,—I cannot tell you how much I feel your kindness, or how I wish I could say yes. But I can't; there is an insuperable obstacle, and indeed I am doing the best as well as the only possible thing for you as well as for myself when I say no. Please do not try to find out my reason, or to follow me; I am going to London, then possibly abroad for a time with Elys, and shall not return to Hornbridge until Easter at earliest. But if you will still allow me the name, believe me to remain ever your friend,

'E. M.'

It was a satisfaction to poor Bessie to put down these initials rather than Elizabeth Maynard, and to think that in this letter at least there was nothing untrue; nothing that could make her feel that she was repaying Russell's generous truth with imposture or deception. As she closed the envelope she was seized with a desire to make it more secure by sealing it; she had a small plain seal at her watch chain, as well as another which she had never parted with, with the heraldic wild duck of the Mallards upon it. In-

advertently, she found when the impression was complete, she had used the Mallard seal instead of the plain one, and a tremor came over her to think how nearly she had even now betrayed herself. She sealed the envelope afresh, and left it for Archer to take over to the Red House after she was gone.

It wanted only a short time to the hour at which she was to start, when the door bell rang, and again her heart beat painfully; but this time her visitor was not Russell Verney, but Dr. Enderby.

‘Is this true that Denzil tells me—that you are leaving us in such a hurry, Mrs. Maynard?’ he said.

‘Quite true,’ she said, with a faint smile. ‘I have to go up to London—on business, and it hardly seemed worth while to make two journeys of it, as we are going on to Torquay, or perhaps abroad for a few weeks afterwards.’

‘You don’t look well,’ said the doctor, in a professional voice. ‘What is the matter with you?’

‘Worry,’ said Bessie, attempting to smile. ‘I shall be all right when I get away.’

‘I wish you would let your friends share your worries sometimes; perhaps if you did you would not look so thin, and have such black rings round your eyes. Seriously, I wish you would let me give you a tonic.’

‘I don’t believe in tonics,’ said Bessie. ‘I believe the only use of them is to divert people’s attention from the troubles of life, and when they are too bad to have their attention diverted they have no effect at all.’

‘You are an awful sceptic,’ said the doctor; ‘but are you sure no other help will do you good, if tonics won’t?’

He looked kindly at her, and she was sufficiently below par not to be able to bear a kind look without finding her eyes fill with tears. She did not speak, because she was not sure of her voice.

‘Dear Mrs. Maynard,’ he said, ‘don’t distress yourself so much. Do you know, I believe half the misery in life is caused because we *will* try when we get to a deep place, to flounder along at the bottom, when we might swim.’

‘What do you call swimming?’ said Bessie.

‘Trusting,’ said Dr. Enderby. ‘Don’t you know that all young animals who can’t realise that there is any danger in being out of their depth swim naturally and easily? It is only highly organised human beings, who think they are going to be drowned, who are not safe.’

‘Trusting what?’ said Bessie.

‘That God’s way is the right one for us, and will bring us out on the other side somewhere,’ said Dr. Enderby.

‘But if it is our own way that has brought us into the deep water?’ said Bessie.

‘There is a way towards Him from everywhere,’ said Dr. Enderby,

reverently. Then, as Elys came into the room : ' but I am forgetting what I came to ask. Will you let Elys come and stay with us for these few days that she is going to be left alone at home? I don't know what Denzil will do without her; he will miss her terribly, and he is very anxious to get as much as he can of her before she goes away.'

Elys danced with joy as Bessie gave consent. Then wheels were heard outside, and Archer came in saying, 'The fly, mum,' and Dr. Enderby shook hands with her, saying, 'Mind, if there is anything—business or anything else—in which you think I can be of use, you will be treating me very shabbily, and not at all as a friend, if you don't let me know. I assure you I had infinitely rather see a lawyer for you, or do anything of that sort, a dozen times over, than have to prescribe for you through a nervous fever.'

The frank kindness of the tone comforted Bessie through the drive to the station, during which she was divided between the dread and the hope of seeing Russell Verney once more. As she sat in the train, up to the very last, there seemed to her some possibility that he might by some strange chance be there. And just at the last moment, before the train started, he did come into the station. His eye glanced round, looking for some one; Bessie knew he was looking for her, but she was simply trembling so much that she could not lean forward to catch his eye. Just as the train moved forward, he caught sight of her; she saw it in his face. He could not reach her for a word; but he bowed, and looked wistfully and silently towards her as the train carried her out of sight. That wistful look was the last remembrance of him that Bessie bore away with her—photographed on her mind in that moment in a way never to be effaced.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXVII.

1651-1653.

THE CAVALIERS WRECK.

It was a gallant dash that Charles II., with David Leslie, made into England, hoping that his arrival would be a signal for the rising, at once of the Cavaliers and of those Presbyterians of the north who were disgusted with the predominance of Cromwell and his Sectaries, and shocked by the execution of the King.

General Massey was sent forward with a proclamation from the King to gather troops, but with this the committee of Scotch ministers sent a declaration that his Majesty would have none to join the Army but such as had signed the Covenant! When the King discovered what had been done, he sent orders to Massey not to publish this declaration, but to enlist every one who offered without distinction. However, the mischief had been done, and many, who would naturally have been loyally inclined, fled from their homes, thinking, as indeed they had every reason to do, that their young King had become a thorough-going Covenantanter.

However, he did not meet a single enemy in arms through all the northern counties, and in Lancashire the Earl of Derby came from his island kingdom of Man, met him, and was left with a party of 200 horse, mostly gentlemen, to raise the Loyalists of the county where the Stanley influence was large. Before, however, many could come together, Colonel Lilburn, hurrying from Scotland with a regiment of horse, and being joined by the neighbouring garrisons of Chester and Manchester, fell upon him in a lane between Chorley and Wigan. Lord Widdrington, and several other gentlemen with sixty privates, were killed; the Earl himself, who was slightly wounded on the face, with the enemy at his heels, galloped into Wigan, where, seeing an open door, he dashed into a house, a woman shut and barred the door, and by the time it was broken in, he had escaped through the garden behind. He was weak and exhausted, but after a time he reached a country house called Boscobel, the mistress of which was Mrs. Cotton, a Roman Catholic Royalist, and her woodsman, William Penderell, with his wife and five sons, waited on him, and guided him to come up with the royal forces.

Lambert and Harrison meantime had coalesced, and tried to prevent the royal army from crossing the Mersey at Warrington

bridge, but were beaten back, and retreated to Coventry to wait for Cromwell; while the Rump at Westminster was in a terrible fright expecting an advance to London, and fearing that Cromwell had come to an understanding with the King.

It was Charles's plan to have gone straight to London, but his men, who had marched the whole way from Stirling in three weeks, were so wearied out that it was necessary to halt at Worcester to refresh themselves. The garrison resisted their entrance, but were overpowered by the faithful citizens, by whom the King was joyfully welcomed. He sent forth a proclamation to all his male subjects between the ages of sixteen and sixty to join his standard at the Pitchcroft, the meadow between the city and the Severn. A few gentlemen with their tenants, with Lord Talbot at their head, obeyed the summons, but the whole force only amounted to 12,000 men, and of these not more than 2,000 were English.

Cromwell was soon upon them. They had broken down one arch of the bridge at Upton on Severn; but some of Lambert's men threw a plank over, and crossing in the night, mended the damage; and Lambert passed to the right bank the next day. There were some small skirmishes bravely fought, and the Lord General resolved to make his chief attack the next day, the third of September, the first anniversary of his victory at Dunbar. He sent Fleetwood to force the passage of the River Team at Powick, while he himself superintended the throwing of a bridge of boats across the Severn at Bunshill where the two rivers meet.

About one o'clock Charles and his officers, who were watching on the top of the Cathedral tower, saw the smoke of musquetry at Powick. He rode thither at once, and ordered the Scotch Colonel Montgomery to oppose the passage, and prevent the formation of the bridge. They fought hard, but Fleetwood had just succeeded when Cromwell, having finished his bridge, moved four regiments to his help; but still Montgomery's men fought gallantly, defending every field and hedge in the hope that they might thus enable their friends to join the victory. Cromwell had now caused his artillery to play on Sidbury Gate, a massive old Gothic arched gateway. The King hoped to be able to defeat one half of the rebel army while the other was divided from it by the river, and he therefore led out all his force, gaining some success at first by the impetus of his attack; but Cromwell's reserve of steady veterans endured the shock, and retrieved the day, the Royalists only yielding inch by inch, and expecting General Leslie to charge with his horse to their succour. Leslie, however, only appeared on the scene too late, nor has his delay ever been accounted for. After a gallant resistance, these brave men were at last broken, and fled within the shelter of the gate, rallying, however, in Friar Street, where the King rode along their lines, and strove with all his might to bring them back to the charge; but they hung down their heads, or threw down

their arms. 'Shoot me dead,' he cried, 'rather than let me see the consequences of this day.'

Fleetwood had by this time driven in Montgomery's troop, and taken the fort of St. John. Cromwell had stormed another fort and turned the guns on the city, there was utter confusion, and the enemy pouring in on all sides.

The gentlemen around Charles implored him to escape, since all was lost. One party of them charged up the street by which the enemy were entering, while the King, with a few horsemen, rode off through St. Martin's gate and reached the open country. It was past sunset; Colonel Drummond surrendered the Castle hill; of the men in the streets, some were killed, others driven into the Cathedral as prisoners, and the place was given up to plunder. The Duke of Hamilton was found with his leg broken, and died the next day; indeed, 10,000 prisoners were taken altogether by this, which Cromwell called his crowning mercy.

A few miles outside Worcester, Charles found in the dusk about 4,000 of the beaten Scottish cavalry, but they were too much dispirited to fight, and their presence would only have increased his danger. He took council with Lord Wilmot, and these two, with some fifty or sixty gentlemen, separated themselves from the rest—who soon broke up, and tried to make their way safely out of the country in different disguises; but the Scots were soon betrayed by their accent; Leslie, Lauderdale, Montgomery, and several others were taken in different places. The English, who were in far greater danger, since they were no longer treated as prisoners of war, were better able to conceal themselves. The Duke of Buckingham thus reached a kinswoman's house in Leicestershire; Lord Talbot went to his home at Longford, and lay hid for three or four days in an out-house while he was being searched for. Another gentleman, named May, was hidden for twenty-one days in a haystack belonging to one Bold, a husbandman at Chessardine, while soldiers were quartered in the house all the time.

Of the prisoners, the Parliament—or rather Cromwell—resolved to make examples; so as to show that though the four years' strife between 1642 and 46 might be regarded as warfare, the recent insurrection was to be viewed as rebellion, like that of Lucas three years previously. Therefore eight were selected as victims, the foremost of whom was the gallant James Stanley, Earl of Derby, who had been captured soon after separating from the King, and directing him from his own experience, to take shelter at Boscobel House. The Earl was tried by court-martial at Chester, and pleaded that as he had received a Roundhead captain to quarter, so the same ought to be given to him. He was answered that there was no mercy for traitors, and was condemned to be beheaded at Bolton le Moor, in four days' time, in order that there might be no appeal to Parliament. His eldest son, Lord Strange, who had been in disgrace for a marriage that the

Countess disapproved, brought his young wife to receive his father's blessing, and then rode to London in a day and a night to endeavour to obtain a pardon by the surrender of the little kingdom of Man; but Lenthall would not present the petition in time, and the young man rode back equally rapidly that he might see his father once again.

The three youngest of Lord Derby's children were with their mother in the Isle of Man; and very beautiful and resigned were the letters he wrote to them. He was allowed the attendance of a clergyman, Humfrey Baggally, to whom he talked specially of the little Lady Mary. He also sent a special message to his old friend Archdeacon Rutter, to whom he had once spoken of the horror he felt of any death except in the heat of battle. 'But,' said he, 'tell the Archdeacon from me that I do find in myself an absolute change as to that opinion, for I bless my God for it, who hath put this comfort and courage in my soul; I can with resignation to His Almighty will, as willingly lay down my head on a block as on a pillow.'

Still when the Lieutenant came to ask if 'he had any friend or servant to do that thing your lordship knows of,' he decidedly declined to find such a friend. 'If those men that will have my head will not find some one to cut it off, let it stay where it is.'

He wrote a last letter to his wife and to little Mary, and sent out to buy all the rings he could obtain, each being then wrapped up and addressed to friends and members of his family. His two elder daughters, Amelia and Catharine, were able to be with him all the last days at Chester, and parted with him when he set out for Bolton. He slept at Leigh, and spent the morning of the 31st of October in prayer with his son and with Baggally, until between twelve and one he was taken to Bolton, where he had to wait for some little time in a house while the scaffold was being raised from the timbers of Lathom house. At three, he went forth amid a crowd, weeping and praying aloud; he thanked them and solemnly blessed them, and, as he laid his hand on the ladder, said: 'I am not afraid to go up here, though it is to my death;' and to his friends he said: 'The Lord be with you all. Pray for me.'

'The headsman's at his post,
The Earl is on his knees,
There's a murmur through the host
Like the wind on forest trees.
In battle field his heart beat high;
But can he like a traitor die?

The Earl's last prayer is said,
The sorrowing priests retire,
But as he turned his head
He saw a distant spire
Tipp'd with the yellow light afar,
It shineth like some peaceful star.

"I pray, sirs, turn the block,
All for the Church's name,
I've faced the battle shock,

I die this death of shame,
And I would fain that Church might be
The last of earth mine eyes shall see."

They would not hear his prayer.
"Well, be it as you will,
My soul will soon be there
Where you can do no ill,
Lead on, sirs," Long his fame endure,
'The martyr chief of Bolton Moor.'

His last words were, 'Blessed be God's holy Name for ever and ever. Let the whole earth be filled with His glory.' He stretched out his arms, and the axe fell.

The brave Countess, Charlotte de la Tremouille, tried to hold out Castle Rushen in the Isle of Man, as she had before defended Lathom House, but the place was betrayed by one William Christian, who was suspected of having been bribed, and the island was granted to Fairfax.

Two officers, Benbow and Featherstonhaugh, were also sentenced with Derby, and executed. Generals Middleton and Massey were intended for the same fate, but escaped from the Tower, and reached the Continent in safety.

Sir Richard Fanshaw was made prisoner, and marched with many others to London. Great sympathy was shown to them, people offering them supplies. One lady wanted to give him all the money she had in the house, but he would not have it, saying he had too ill-kept his own, and he only wished for some clean linen. She had none save her own to give him, but he was very grateful for it.

He was shut up in a little close room, which was dark even at noon, and allowed to see no one; but his wife used to take a dark lantern and talk to him under his window at four in the morning. After a time he fell ill of the scurvy, and sent a petition to come out and take a course of medicine. Sir Harry Vane said he might come out if he would take the engagement; but Cromwell rejoined that he never heard that the engagement was a remedy for the scurvy, and therewith consent was given that he should come out on bail, and he lived quietly in Yorkshire. The engagement was a pledge not to disturb the peace of the country, and all Cavaliers not in exile bound themselves by it if they wished not to be molested.

Meantime no one knew what had become of the King. A reward of £1,000 was offered for the person of Charles Stewart, dead or alive, the penalties of high treason were denounced against whomsoever should harbour him, and parties of horse scoured the country in all directions, yet nothing was heard of him, since the little troop of sixty had broken up.

There are two accounts of his adventures, his own, taken down after his restoration, by Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, and one given by his first guides, the Penderells, in what are called the Boscobel tracts. Before parting, Lord Derby had, from his own

experience, recommended him to make for Boscobel House, assuring him of the perfect fidelity and trustworthiness of the Penderell family, who were mostly out-of-door servants of Mrs. Cotton, and like her, were Roman Catholics, and thus had been in the habit for more than one generation of watching over the comings and goings of priests.

There had been six brothers, three of whom had fought in the royal army in the former campaigns. One of these had been killed. Of the others, William had the care of the house at Boscobel, and of an old priest named Walker, who lived there; Humfrey had a share in a neighbouring mill, and the other three, Richard, John, and George, had small farms in the forest, together with the charge of wood wards or keepers, for which they received cow grass, or right of pasture. A sister had married a man named Yates, who was attending on Colonel Giffard, and who guided the King and a few others to Whiteladies, a house also belonging to Mrs. Cotton, which they reached in the grey of morning, after riding five-and-twenty miles.

Here they were sheltered and fed with bread and cheese, but there was no time for rest. Charles agreed with Wilmot that they would make their way to London separately, and meet at the tavern of the Three Cranes in the Vintry. Wilmot set out on horseback with his servant Robert Swain, under the care of John Penderell, and Charles changed his clothes for a leathern doublet, threadbare green jerkin, grey breeches much too long for him, and an old steeple-crowned hat. His black lovelocks were cropped short, and with a crooked thorn stick in his hand, he went forth as a woodman under guidance of Richard Penderell, just as the sun rose, and only just in time to escape a troop whom they saw riding up to search Whiteladies.

Trusty Richard led his charge deep into the wood, while the other brothers kept watch. It was a cold, wet, showery day, ten days farther on in Autumn than by the present reckoning of the 4th of September, and Charles, who had had no rest since noon of the previous day, was quite worn out. Richard spread a blanket under a tree, and managed to send a message to his sister to bring the best in her house. Her arrival startled Charles, and he asked—

‘Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed Cavalier?’

‘Indeed, sir, I would die rather than betray you,’ she answered.

Her old mother came afterwards, fell on her knees, and blessed God for having chosen her sons to save the life of their King.

Charles asked Richard about making his way to London, but finding that the good man did not know it, thought of crossing the Severn, and waiting at Swansea or elsewhere on the Welsh coast for a ship to take him to France. Richard told him of a Mr. Wolfe at Madeley, who had places of concealment for priests; and at nine at night the two set off thither.

Between twelve and one they came to a stream, where the bridge ran close to a mill at Evelyn. It was full of fugitives from the battle; but this they did not know, and hearing voices, Penderell bade the

King be silent, lest his speech should betray him. The miller came out in his white garments, and shouted—

‘Who goes there?’

‘Neighbours,’ answered Richard.

‘If you be neighbours!’ called back the miller, ‘or else I will knock you down!’

Thereupon Richard bade the King run, and they reached a gate leading to a dirty lane up a hill, the miller shouting after them, ‘Rogues! Rogues!’ and apparently followed by armed men.

They ran for some distance, then lay down and listened, and hearing no more went on; but their journey had been lengthened, and when they arrived at Madeley, the weary King lay down in a field, and sent Penderell to rouse Mr. Wolfe and see whether he could be received and hidden all the next day. Mr. Wolfe at first said it was impossible, as soldiers were at hand, and all his hiding-places had been discovered; but on learning that the fugitive was the King himself, he admitted him by a back door, and produced some bread and meat. He said, however, that guards were stationed all along the Severn, and that it would be equally dangerous to go back as forward, since day was approaching, and soldiers were on the watch everywhere. He could not venture to hide the King in his house, which was sure to be searched on the first suspicion, but the hayloft might be safer, and here Charles spent the day. By the evening, Mr. Wolfe’s son, who had been kept a prisoner at Shrewsbury, came home, and assured the travellers that it was vain to think of getting into Wales, since every bridge and ferry was guarded.

Nothing was to be done but to walk back to Boscobel woods that night. Not wishing to encounter the miller of Evelyn, when they came to the stream, Charles asked Penderell if he could swim, and how deep the river was.

Richard said he could not swim, and that it was a scurvy river not easy to pass; but Charles undertook to help him, and they crossed it safely, getting at last to John Penderell’s cottage. John had come home the night before; for Lord Wilmot had found it impossible to proceed on the London road, and had taken refuge in the house of a gentleman at Brinford, while John hid the horses in a deserted cottage and went in quest of a better retreat. On his way he met a priest, whom he well knew, Father John Huddleston, who was tutor to the sons and nephew of Mr. Whitgrave of Moseley. After consultation, it was agreed that John should go back, and bring Lord Wilmot by night to a field, where Mr. Whitgrave would meet him and take him to the priest’s hiding chamber. Wilmot’s horses, however, were a difficulty, as Whitgrave’s stables might be inspected, so ‘a trusty poor neighbour’ was despatched to Colonel Lane to ask if he could entertain two horses of the King’s friends. This led to a meeting between Lane and Wilmot, and an invitation to the former gentleman’s house at

Bentley, together with an offer of a pass which the Colonel's sister Jane had just obtained for herself and two servants.

Wilmot thought of his master, and sent John back to Whiteladies to transfer the offer to him, but the message arrived while Charles was gone on his vain expedition to Madeley, and Wilmot thinking him in Wales, was going to make use of the pass himself, but waited for another day, and again sent John back to Boscobel for news.

Another fugitive had met Charles there, Major Careless, or Carlos, one of the brave men who had charged up the street at Worcester to cover the King's escape. They consulted what was to be done, and Careless persuaded him that the safest thing would be to climb up into the branches of a huge oak, which grew not far from a pathway through the common meadow. It had been pollarded a few years previously, and thus the head was extremely thick; so taking with them some bread, cheese, and small beer, they found themselves perfectly sheltered in the cover,

‘Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
While far below the Roundhead rode
And hummed a surly hymn.’

They actually saw the red coats prowling about the lanes and wood; but William Penderell kept on the watch as woodman, and Joan his wife gathered sticks below, to be ready to give notice of danger. In the meantime, Humfrey went to Skefnal to obtain news under pretext of paying taxes. He was taken before an officer who knew that the King had been at Whiteladies, and threatened and promised the faithful miller in vain, but finally let him go. Sunday passed quietly, and in the evening John Penderell came back with Wilmot's message to meet him at Moseley that night.

The tramp to Madeley had left the King so footsore that he was thankful for the offer of Humfrey's mill horse, and set out at night escorted by the five brothers and Yates, two walking in front, two behind, and one on each side of the horse. When Charles complained of the creature's jolting pace, Humfrey rejoined, ‘Remember, sir, the poor beast has the weight of three kingdoms on his back.’

At three o'clock in the morning Whitgrave and Huddleston challenged the party, and brought the King to Wilmot, who kissed his hands, and he then took leave of the faithful Penderells. He was conducted to a chamber where he could get rid of his old shoes full of gravel, and his other rude garments, enjoy a good supper, and go to bed in the hiding-hole, and where he spent the day, while the three boys, Huddleston's pupils, were stationed in the garrets to watch for any sign of danger. That day Whiteladies and Boscobel were searched more closely than ever, and Charles, from a little closet window, could see many of his poor soldiers being driven along the roads, stripped, barefoot, and in great destitution.

By-and-by there was a cry of ‘the soldiers, the soldiers!’ Charles

withdrew into his den, and Mr. Whitgrave went out into the street, where he was arrested on suspicion as a Roman Catholic; but on his proving that he had never been absent from Moseley, he was released. It is said that while shut into the secret chamber, Charles read a book of Huddleston's which turned his mind towards the Church of Rome. Probably it was the only theological work he ever read after he was out of his tutor's hands; and it must be allowed that the contrast between the usage he was receiving from Roman Catholics and Presbyterians might act as the strongest logic.

He made up his mind to avail himself of the proposal first made to Wilmot by the Lanes. Jane, the Colonel's sister, had obtained a pass from the Governor of Stafford to go with two attendants to visit her aunt, Mrs. Norton, at Bristol. At night, Charles was taken to Bentley, and put into the grey cloth suit of a serving-man.

The next morning he started with Jane on a pillion behind him, and her cousin, Mr. Lassells, riding with them. Lord Wilmot hovered about, with a hawk on his wrist, and dogs running by his side, disarming suspicion, and refusing to put on a disguise, saying he should look so frightful in it that it would only attract notice.

After two hours' ride, the horse the King rode cast a shoe, and it was needful to halt at a forge to have a fresh one. While holding up the horse's foot the King asked, 'What news?'

'None,' said the smith, 'since the good news that those rogues, the Scots, were beaten.'

'Are there any of the English that joined the Scots taken?' ventured the King.

'I do not hear the rogue, Charles Stewart, is taken; but some of the others are.'

'Ah!' said the King, 'he is the chief rogue of all for bringing in the Scots!'

'You are an honest fellow,' rejoined the smith.

Jane must have been heartily glad when this colloquy was over, and presently she was joined by her sister and brother-in-law on their way to Lord Paget's at Windsor. Their roads lay together as far as Stratford-on-Avon, and just as they were about to enter that place, a woman gleaning in a field called out, 'Master, don't ye see a troop of horse before you?'

The troopers were, in fact, halting outside the town till quarters were provided for them. The brother-in-law, saying he had been twice beaten by Roundhead soldiers, turned his horse, and rode back; but Charles whispered to his companion that this was the worst thing to do, since it would certainly lead to their being followed; and he took her through the troop into Stratford without being noticed.

In two days more, the riders reached Abbotsleigh, Mr. Norton's house, close to Bristol. There, on dismounting, Jane Lane called the

butler, whose name was Pope, and begged that her man, William Jackson, might have a room to himself, as he had an ague, and was not fully recovered; and indeed, between fatigue, exposure, and woodman's diet, Charles was looking ill enough to support the account, so that he had a meal to himself.

In the morning, however, he was very hungry, and went down to the buttery-hatch for his breakfast. Pope was there and two or three men, and they all began eating bread and butter, washing it down with ale and sack. A country fellow sat close to Charles, and began describing the battle of Worcester so evidently as an eye-witness, that the King thought he must have been one of Cromwell's soldiers; but on being asked what was his regiment, he said: 'The King's,' and he proved to have been actually one of his Majesty's own guards.

On being asked what kind of person the King was, he gave an exact description of his clothes and horse, while as to his height, he said 'three fingers taller than himself.'

Charles, fearing to be recognised, followed Pope out into the hall, just as Mrs. Norton was passing, and took off his hat to her. He saw Pope look earnestly at him, but took no notice, and went out for a walk. No sooner had he returned than Mr. Lassells came to tell him that he was certainly known to Pope, who had been in the service of one of the Jermyns, and afterwards had fought in the royal army.

Charles asked if Pope were an honest man.

'So honest,' said Lassells, 'that I would trust him with my life.'

On this the King sent for the butler, and disclosed himself, declaring that he was glad to meet an old acquaintance whom he could trust with his life.

Pope was greatly pleased, for the frank good humoured manner of Charles conciliated every one. He said the master and mistress of the house were perfectly honest, but some persons there were great rogues; and when he heard that Lord Wilmot was to come and meet the King that day, he said it would be most unsafe, since that nobleman was sure to be known to several of these people. The cook, too, knew him, and to avert suspicion, set him to turn the spit, and scolded him for his awkwardness. The block of wood is still shown at Abbotsleigh on which he is said to have stood for the purpose. The faithful Pope went himself to stop Wilmot on his way, and went on to Bristol to enquire for a ship, but he could hear of none likely to sail within a month. Returning with these tidings, he introduced Wilmot at night by a back way to the room where Charles slept as an attendant on Lassells, and they had a great consultation.

Pope advised going to Trent, near Sherborne, to ask the help of Colonel Wyndham, who might be able to secure a passage for the King, and it was resolved to go thither in the same manner as before.

That night, however, poor Mrs. Norton was taken so ill that Jane Lane could only find a pretext for leaving her by getting Mr. Lassells to forge a letter, declaring her old father to be in great danger, and recalling her to Bentley.

She took the King as far as Castle Carey, and then returned home, while Charles went on to Trent, and there lay concealed in Wyndham's house, while negotiations were being made with a skipper at Lyme for taking him and Wilmot on board in a little creek at Charmouth, and carrying them to St. Malo. Meantime the church bells at Trent were rung, and a maid going out to ask the cause, found that a trooper of Cromwell's army had arrived, and was boasting of not only having killed Charles Stewart, but of wearing his buff coat, in honour of which a bonfire was lighted in the village that night, while the real King sat and planned his journey.

This time, he was to be supposed to be a young gentleman running away with an heiress, escaping from a cruel guardian. The lady was represented by Juliana Coningsby, a relation of Colonel Wyndham; and the feelings of a widow at Charmouth were appealed to for the runaway couple, who appeared in due time with Wilmot riding beside them.

They waited and waited in vain in the widow's house for the boat which was to take them off. Wilmot at last went to Lyme to see what had happened, appointing to meet the King at Bridport. The shoes of the horses required to be looked to, and the smith who was employed, immediately pronounced that the King's horse had been shod near Worcester; and as soon as his work was done, went off to consult the Presbyterian minister, who was in the midst of a long prayer, and would not admit him till it was ended.

By that time Charles, with Juliana behind him and Wyndham riding near, was well on his way to Bridport. There they found the streets full of red coats, for 1,500 men were about to embark to seize upon Jersey. Charles at once said the only thing to do was to go boldly to the best inn, and there wait for Wilmot. The yard was full of soldiers, but Charles, in his character of groom, pushed his way through them, leading the two horses, and called the ostler to give them corn.

'I should know your face,' said the ostler; 'I have seen you somewhere.'

Charles asked a few questions, and found that the man came from Exeter, and had lived close to the house where he had spent some time during the war. He therefore said he had been a year in the service of Mr. Potter of Exeter, and the ostler, declaring he had seen him as a boy, wanted to drink a pot of beer with him. He excused himself as having to wait on his master and mistress at dinner, but said that as they were going for three weeks to London, there would be plenty of time on their return for a hearty pot.

Presently Wilmot came with news that there had been a dispute

about the terms of the passage, but he believed all would be right that night. So they set forth on the way to Lyme, and thus missed a search party from Charmouth, who had set forth on the smith's alarm, and on the ostler's information, went in pursuit on the Dorchester road. While waiting near Lyme, they found that the wife of the master of the ship had taken alarm, and persuaded him to have nothing to do with any mysterious runaways.

Back they went to Trent, and attempts were made to secure a passage at Southampton. In consequence, after a fortnight stay at Trent, Juliana convoyed her seeming groom, escorted by Colonel Philips, to Heale, near Salisbury. There Colonel Philips took him to the house of Mr. Hyde, whose wife knew Charles instantly, but held her tongue till a safe moment, when she told him she had a secure hiding-place for him in which to wait for a ship, but he had better disarm suspicion by going away in the morning and returning secretly at night.

Accordingly all the partly set forth on the next day, Juliana going home to Trent, and the Colonel taking the King out on Salisbury Plain, where he visited Stonehenge and tried to count the stones, doing so twice exactly. On his return he learnt that a Royalist gentleman, named Gunter, had procured that a barque should be ready at the little fishing village of Brighthelmstone on the 14th of October.

The intervening days were spent in Mrs. Hyde's secret chamber, till Colonel Gunter came to conduct the King and Wilmot to their destination. The first night they slept at Hambledon, at the house of Gunter's brother-in-law, Mr. Simonds, a roistering Cavalier, who was out making merry at an alehouse. Mrs. Simonds received her brother and his friends, and they were all at supper when the master of the house came in, sat down on a stool, and joined in the talk. Presently noticing the King's cropped head, he whispered in Gunter's ear an enquiry whether that were not some roundheaded rogue's son, for he looked very suspiciously.

The Colonel answering for his 'honesty,' Simonds took him by the hand, and drank to him as 'brother Roundhead.'

Brighton, as we now call it, was a small village, and the ship lay at Shoreham. At the former the King met Mansel, the merchant who had hired the vessel, and Tattershal, the master. They all sat down to supper together, and again those dark harsh features which Charles had inherited from his Gascon grandfather betrayed him. Tattershal took the merchant aside and complained of not having been fairly dealt with, in having been hired only to take two fugitives of rank, instead of being told it was the King himself. He was sure of the fact, having been employed by Charles when with the fleet in 1648, but he was quite willing, thinking, he said, that he should do God and his country a service by carrying the King away safely. Mansel was, however, afraid to let him go home, lest he

should tell his wife, or be persuaded out of his resolution, and sat up all night smoking and drinking beer with him.

The host, too, had been one of the royal guards, and before Charles went away, fell on his knees, kissed his hands, and said, 'Bless you, sir, wherever you go. I doubt not I shall be a lord and my wife a lady before I die.'

He, too, proved trustworthy and useful. At four in the morning of the 6th of October, the King and his friends rode off for Shoreham with Tattershal mounted en croupe behind one of them. His vessel was a collier of 60 ton, with a crew of four men and a boy, and bound for Poole. She lay dry at low water, and the King and Wilmot climbed into her by a ladder. Charles went at once into her little cabin and lay down, the skipper following to kneel, kiss his hand, and vow service to him. At seven, the tide and wind carried them off. The master begged the King himself to persuade the men to stand towards France, as they had no suspicion that they were not going to Poole. Charles did this with a story of being a merchant in debt, escaping from creditors, adding a present of twenty shillings, which induced them to expect their master to oblige the gentlemen, and after making a few difficulties he complied, and they were finally set ashore at Fécamp, on the 7th of October, after five weeks of wandering.

Going on to Rouen, their shabby looks—for Charles still wore the grey cloth suit in which he had ridden from Bentley, prevented them from being received at the best inn, till an English merchant vouched for them. Colonel Phillips had sent bills of exchange to meet them at Rouen, and they proceeded to Paris, where Queen Henrietta Maria had quite given over the hope of seeing her son again; and had been consoled with by all the great ladies, but preferred the consolations of the saintly Duchess of Montmorency, who, like her, had mourned a husband executed unjustly in the prime of life.

A great sorrow had befallen the royal family during his absence. The young Elizabeth, always delicate, had pined and wasted ever since her father's death. The Earl of Northumberland had sent her and her brother to Penshurst, where his sister, Lady Leicester, was very kind to them. The more vulgar Roundheads talked of putting them to some mean trade, but the idea was never seriously entertained, and after a time the two children were sent, under the care of the Mildmay family, to Carisbrooke Castle, a place full of recollections of their father. A week later, Elizabeth, while playing at bowls on the garden with her little brother, was caught in a sudden shower, which brought on intermitting fever. Every care was taken of her, and an express sent to London to consult Sir Theodore Mayerne, but she sank gradually, and at last was found dead with her cheek resting on an open Bible on the afternoon of Sunday the 8th of September, 1650. Many Cavalier poets wrote elegies on the

gentle maiden in her fifteenth year, but the only beautiful one was that of Henry Vaughan—

‘Thou seem’st a rose-bud born in snow,
A flower of purpose sprung to bow
To heedless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensed stormy age,
And yet as balm-trees gently spend
Their tears for those that do them rend,
Thou didst not murmur nor revile,
But drank’st thy wormwood with a smile.’

Her grave in Newport Church was entirely unmarked till Queen Victoria placed near it a mural monument by Marochetti, with prison bars broken, and the figure of the princess lying as if asleep, but unfortunately more as if she had pillowed her head on her Bible, than as if she had sunk to rest while reading it.

If she had lived a little longer, it seems that the Parliament would have sent her to her sister in Holland.

Charles was thought by the ladies of Paris to be much grown and improved in looks, by the help of a black wig to hide his cropped hair. Mademoiselle was quite willing to coquet with him, and flatter his mother with the hopes that Montpensier and Dombes might yet be his. He was, however, changed from a hopeful lad into an easy-going, pleasure-loving man—another Henri IV., without his energy or generosity; and the treatment he had received in Scotland had had a most unhappy effect on his feelings towards religion.

In fact, there was strong faith and trust needed in those who were still faithful to the English Church. Romanists and Protestants alike triumphed in the ruin of the middle way, and called on them to join one or the other. Still, however, Bishop Cosin held a service in the Queen’s household, as her chaplain, and Sir Richard Browne, who was held as the King’s ambassador, had regular services in his chapel. The King, who knew that to join the Church of Rome would be fatal to his chances of returning to England, attended these openly, and so did his young brother Henry, who had at last been permitted to rejoin his family.

When in 1653, Charles quitted Paris, the Queen persuaded him to leave Gloucester with her for education, promising not to tamper with his faith. Unfortunately, just at this time, Henrietta took for her confessor Walter Montagu, brother to the Puritan Earl of Manchester, the same whose conversion to Romanism had long ago convulsed the Court. With all the zeal of a pervert, he induced Anne of Austria to put a stop to Bishop Cosin’s ministrations in the household of Henrietta, so that her sons and servants could only attend divine service at the ambassador’s chapel. He then worked upon Henrietta to break her promise, and use every means to bring young Henry over to the Church of Rome. She first tried to send him to study at a Jesuit college, but he refused to set foot there; being supported by his tutor, Mr. Lovel, and his brother, the Duke of York. The

Queen said she had promised not to force his belief; but she had never engaged not to show him the right way to Heaven, to which she joined a Cardinal's hat, and unlimited wealth in French benefices.

Henry, who was scarcely fourteen, thought it very hard that the Abbé Montagu and the French monks should argue with him in the absence of his English tutor, who answered what he could not reply to; but the boy remembered what his father had said to him and his sister in that last interview, and he was resolved to hold staunchly to the Church of that father whom he had only twice seen within his remembrance. His little sister coaxed him, as she did her governess, Lady Morton, with kisses and caresses, saying, 'Be a Catholic! The good fathers say you must be a Catholic to be saved. Be a Catholic then.'

At Lord Hatton's request, Bishop Cosin drew up a paper of arguments for him; but the boy was so closely watched that it could never be delivered to him in person, but was given to his gentleman of the bedchamber, Mr. Griffith, who read it to him at night when he was in bed.

James, who, whatever were his faults, was always a man of his word, was greatly displeased at his mother's utter disregard of her promises, and when Henry was deprived of Mr. Lovel, and about to be sent to the Jesuit college, an appeal was made to Charles, which produced a stern letter to the Queen, commanding her to the contrary, and another to Henry, encouraging him in his steadfastness. 'If you do hearken to her,' wrote the King, 'or to anybody else in this matter, you must never think to see England or me again.'

The Marquess of Ormond at the same time offered to go to Paris and protect the boy, or else fetch him away. His arrival, no doubt, stimulated the Queen to a last effort. One Sunday morning, after the very early meal, she took her son to her own chamber, embraced him, and with many endearments, told him how much it grieved her to be severe with him, then said she would send him the Abbé Montagu, and begged him to meditate on his words and give her a final answer. Henry, suspecting some such crisis to be in preparation, had sent Griffith to fetch the Marquess of Ormond. Montagu came and used all his wonted arguments, then demanded what reply he was to make to her Majesty.

'None,' said Gloucester.

The Abbé left him for an hour to consider of his answer—then came back; but by this time Ormond had obeyed the summons, and Henry, in his presence, answered without hesitation that he was resolved not to change his religion.

On this the Abbé flatly told him that he was to see his mother's face no more. He was greatly grieved, and begged to bid her farewell and receive her blessing; but in vain. The Duke of York interceded for him; but the Queen would only send messages by Montagu, who

told him that as she was just going to mass, it was the best time to make his submission, and she had proposals to make which would set his heart at rest. Henry said nothing could set him at rest but the free exercise of his religion; and seeing his mother setting out for church in her coach, he ran up to it, begging for her blessing; but she waved him off angrily, and bade him see her face no more.

As the poor boy stood in the court of the Palais Royal, overwhelmed with grief, the Abbé came up and asked what her Majesty had said to put him in such disorder.

‘Nothing but what I may thank you for, sir,’ replied he. ‘It is but reason that what my mother said to me, I should now say to you. Be sure I see your face no more.’

So saying, Henry walked off with his brother to the morning service at Sir Richard Browne’s; but when he came back, he found himself shut out from the Palais Royal, and no dinner to be had. Lord Hatton, one of the fugitive Cavaliers, took him home for the meal, and begged him to remain as long as he was at Paris, to which young Gloucester demurred, lest this hospitality should be punished by the sequestration of his estate in England.

Henrietta was so affectionate a mother that strong measures were put in force to keep her from relenting; and after mass, Anne of Austria came to enquire after her success. Anne proposed sending her son Philippe, Duke of Anjou, to persuade his cousin to consult his own comfort by yielding; but on repairing to the Duke’s chamber, he came back with the news that no one knew where Gloucester was gone. The Queens were somewhat alarmed; but finding that he was at Lord Hatton’s, they sent the Marquis du Plessis to persuade him to return. However, Ormond and Hatton answered this gentleman so decidedly that he lost his temper in the discussion.

While the two Queens were gone to vespers, Henry, after evening service, stole back to take leave of his young sister, who beheld him with terror, sobbing, ‘O me! O my mother! I am undone for ever!’

The poor little girl had evidently been forbidden to speak to him under pain of punishment, and he withdrew to his own apartment, which he found dismantled, the very sheets taken off his bed; and at the same time the groom came to say that his horses were turned out of the stables. The Duke said no place could be found for them at that hour, for it was nine at night; but the comptroller of the household declared that if he let them remain another hour he should be dismissed.

The poor boy had no choice but to take refuge at Lord Hatton’s, where he was obliged to remain for two months until Ormond could, by pawning his own Collar of the Garter and other jewels, raise money for the journey. Every attempt was made to draw over the Anglican exiles to the Church of Rome. A very odd controversy is related by Carte as taking place before the Countess of Lindsay, who never would

argue with the Roman priests, saying that Dr. Crowther was her Confessor, and would speak for her.

One day when he came in, she told him that she was very glad to see him, for Father Leybourn had been arguing with her on religion.

‘What does he say?’ asked Crowther, who was a rough unpolished man.

‘He says theirs is a true Church and ours is not, and that this appears by miracles.’

‘What miracles?’

She mentioned the Glastonbury thorn, said to be the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, blossoming at Christmas.’

‘Pray,’ said the doctor, ‘does it keep the English Christmas or that which is observed abroad?’

‘The English Christmas,’ said Leybourn.

‘Oh, then,’ said Crowther, ‘your Pope who settled the new Kalendar is not infallible.’

‘Our Church is infallible, yours is not,’ said Leybourn. ‘Will you assert it to be so?’

‘We are not so ridiculous as to pretend to infallibility,’ said the Anglican.

‘If you are not an infallible Church you are a lying one,’ retorted the Romanist.

‘Pray do you call yourself infallible?’

‘No,’ said Leybourn.

‘Then if you are not an infallible priest, you are a lying priest,’ said Crowther.

Rude as this was, it turned the laugh against Leybourn, who walked off indignant, and the next day sent a challenge to Crowther, as if they had been laymen, for which he was still more laughed at. The argument was suited to the occasion, though Crowther might have claimed the thorn for the English Church. However, he appears not to have credited the flowering of the thorn, which is certainly true, whether or not it belonged to St. Joseph of Arimathea.

Paris was one nucleus of the exiled Cavaliers, chiefly of the gay ones, and of those who held any office about the Queen, and thus could share in the allowance made to her by the French Court. Another refuge was at the Hague, where the Princess of Orange was their hearty friend to the best of her ability, and a third was at Cologne, where the young King held his Court. In cases where the head of the family was actually proscribed as a rebel, the wife often went to and fro to collect money from tenants or friends. Many estates, whose owners had been specially prominent, were sequestered; but this was not universally the case. Some were granted to heirs in more favour with Parliament, other owners had heavy fines to pay, but were allowed to live on, in an impoverished state, on their

estates. The expelled clergy took refuge with these as chaplains or tutors, and kept up the ordinance of the Church in secret, some even ministering in the churches, repeating the prayers from memory. Bishop Juxon lived on his private property at Richmond, and his house was the gathering place of the clergy and place of consultation. No where, however, save at Sir Richard Browne's house at Paris, and at the Courts at the Hague and Cologne, could the English Liturgy be openly performed.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Spider. What do you think of these books?

Aimar. I think this, *The Family in Council* (Nisbet), one of the wisest books I ever met with. The practical advice is most excellent, such as that, in dealing with young men at a critical age, we should think far less of moods than of habits. Or again, the advice about economy—and the way to avoid little frets or else to bear them. The religious tone is very thorough, though just what is now called undenominational. There is nothing to jar for a moment upon Church feeling, and everybody ought to be a better and more sensible Christian for reading it.

S. And, this *Golden Links in a Life Chain*? Here's the heroine going to sleep on a mossy bank just when the autumn leaves were beginning to turn! Why, it would have been like a sponge. What a fearful cold she must have had!

A. The story is well intentioned, but Miss Cicely never appears to have learnt the Fifth Commandment, or else to consider that worldliness on the parent's part is a dispensation. Few girls of eighteen would meet with success in meddling with the very people her mother desired her to avoid.

S. I suppose she ought to have waited to be older, and overcome their scruples by obedience. But (*turning over the book*) look here. It was a child's party—the curate asked her to dance,—he might as well not, but it was only a home party, and see what she answered, that our Lord—calling Him by His most sacred Name—never danced. I don't wonder that her mother was angry.

A. At any rate He did not censure the children who said, 'We have piped unto you and ye have not danced.'

S. It might apply to anything or everything. Besides, we know that His life was in contrast to St. John's ascetic one. And I see her friend, a little way on, says that she gave up dancing because she knew of no devoted and faithful servant of God who danced.

A. Mostly by the time people become distinguished as workers, they have outgrown dancing like child's play. I never liked it myself, because I was awkward, and did not do it well, so perhaps I can give a fair judgment. I quite think this lady, Mrs. Evelyn, right in giving it up if she found it did her harm, and I think modern fashion has brought in dances that are less desirable than the older sort. Also a ball and its adjuncts may be very harmful to some characters; but I do not see why dancing in itself should be condemned, any more than child's play. I am sure, in dealing with

girls of the lower class, it often prevents mere romping; and it is far less objectionable than some games, such as kiss-in-the-ring. The music and the regular movements have been found of immense value in turning and bringing in the wild laundry girls to the Lily from the temptations of Boxing night. They work off their excitement in waltzing *together*, or as they say themselves, they dance the devil out of them, and so they are saved from drink and all the horrors of the Saturnalia in the streets. I believe that the Psalms would not say, 'Let them praise His name in the dance' were not the rhythmical movement a good creature to be used and not abused.

S. And *Hidden Homes*?

A. A pretty child's version of *Homes without Hands*, wrought into a well-told story. I have only a slight demur to it, namely, that the clergyman is represented as trying to check a wholesome intimacy between the squire's sons and some good and intelligent boys who are only not rich. And again that the poacher is pathetically described as killing the bird for his hungry wife, whereas it is generally solely a matter of speculation with a dealer. There is a pretty little tale, too, called *The Old Motto* (Walter Smith), with a tenderly drawn portrait of a good old daily governess.

S. S.P.C.K. has three lovely picture-books this time. The Christmas book, called *The Holy Child*, has some beautiful ones, bringing in children in a very German fashion; but it will please the little ones very much. And the Annunciation is specially reverent and beautiful. I like the illustrations to *Robinson Crusoe* exceedingly, but why did *they* take such liberties with the story, and not let Robinson tell his own story instead of turning it into the third person?

A. I suppose *they* thought it would be easier, but unless modern children are grown very dull, that is a mistake. It was over the real *Robinson Crusoe* that I first discovered that I could read to myself, before I was five years old, and I knew all the first volume by the time I was seven.

S. And they have made him be cast on his island during his escape with Xury, and that puts the geography all wrong.

A. The geography of the real *Robinson Crusoe* is not very clear; but it is quite certain that his island must have been in the Pacific.

S. However, I could excuse anything but that foolish Christmas-tree.

A. Christmas-tree!!

S. Yes; he makes a Christmas-tree all by himself, and then sits down and weeps over it. I suppose a German possibly might not think it Christmas without one in these days; but even the Swiss Family, though written by a German for Germans, never thought of such a thing.

A. And Daniel Defoe assuredly never heard of one!

S. I am very glad to see a new story by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*.

A. *A Child of the Revolution* (Hatchard). It is a well worked-out characteristic picture of the revolutionary fanatic, the devout weak wife, and the aristocrats—the charming, apparently frivolous, but business-like Marquise, and her old Chevalier with his *épopée*.

S. Among the S.P.Q.K. stories, Mrs. Sitwell's *Mistress Mary* is perfectly charming. She is the most amusing child I have seen for a long time. I like *Dora and Nora*, too—Miss Lyster has made the old contrast between the gathering all the honey and all the venom.

A. And Miss Bramston's *Everingham Girls*, well warns against the spirit of clique and narrowness. The National Society have published two delightful stories, one also by Miss Bramston, *The Heroine of the Basket Van*, which is as charming as *Missy and Master*; and *Scape-Grace Dick*, where Miss Peard takes us into the great naval battles with the Dutch.

S. There are two girl's stories—*A World of Girls*, by Miss Meade, where there is really *too* much naughtiness, going up to quite an unnatural pitch; and Mrs. Marshall's *Roses of Ringwood* (Nisbet), which is very pretty indeed, and quite natural and true to life.

A. Next comes this pretty little book of mystical tales by Frances Clare, *The Child's Pilgrimage* (Skeffington), which gives name to the book, I like the least, the human part is so utterly improbable. The mission of Little Peace is what I like best in it. The two about children's souls in Paradise are lovely, only it is a great pity the author should call them angels. And here is a truly excellent book, Hardman's *Lights and Shadows of Church History* (Skeffington). There is good stuff in *Inches of Thought for Spare Moments* (Nisbet). Some of the short reflections on common things are very telling. And I have something to show you.

S. What beautiful things! Oleographs, are they not? From Gaudenzio Ferrari, 'The Flight into Egypt.' From Perugino, 'The Entombment.' Are they from the National Society?

A. Yes, and so reverent and noble that they ought to teach a great deal insensibly. It is a great thing to have solemn beauty associated with sacred things. I find I made a mistake as to the price of Miss Wood's map of Palestine, which is really 9s. 9d., if procured from herself at Elmwood, Bromley Road, Beckenham. It is very difficult to quote prices correctly, which prevents me in general from attempting it, as I have been asked to do.

A FEW WEEKS IN ALGERIA.

H. I. ARDEN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE passage from Oran to Carthagera takes but one night; and if the sea is calm, the short distance over is an immense comfort to a bad sailor. But if the sea happens to behave itself as it did the night we crossed, the unlucky traveller will wish herself safe back in Africa, vowing an inward vow that she will never attempt the voyage again. It was a storm they very seldom had, the stewardess said; and when at last, at six o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves in the smooth waters of the harbour of Carthagera, people who were going by sea to Marseilles, landed and went by rail instead.

A very different sight greeted us from the fairy landing at Algiers: the morning was grey and silent; the harbour was very quiet; the hills had none of the African glow; the town was perfectly still. No flashing turbans and handsome faces looked up from the swarm of boats, no bare-legged Arab striding about, taking possession of our goods and ourselves with his irresistible grace; but simply two Spanish gendarmes, with cocked hats and guns over their shoulders, guarded the staircase, calling each passenger's name out of a long sheet of paper as they descended, and taking each bag out of the hand to examine it—even the gentlemen's coat pockets they felt. All the poor people were most roughly examined, the two gendarmes taking off their caps and looking into the crowns of them.

All the warnings we had had, of the difficulties of Spanish travelling, came into our heads, even to a bride we had known who had had to pay between £40 and £50 for wedding presents that she had brought with her from England, and £8 8s. for a dress that she had already worn!

We wondered how we should fare, for I even had not a passport; but I suppose we looked honest, and I have great faith in people behaving well to you, if you behave well to them; and to our great relief we were handed down the staircase into a boat without a question: the only remark that was made upon our bags was a very courteous one from one of the gendarmes, begging to be allowed to take them and hand them to us when we were seated in the boats.

The same civility was shown to us when we landed. A French interpreter came up, 'C'est à vous, mesdames, c'est assez;' and so one of the very great disagreeables we had been promised in Spanish travelling was passed. We drove straight to the Hôtel de la France; and there also, when we had recovered ourselves enough to go down and have our breakfast, we were agreeably surprised. The rooms

were very comfortable and clean, and the cooking was excellent and perfectly devoid of garlic and oil, which most people declare is the sum total of Spanish food. The town is very much knocked about, and some of the houses are still complete ruins, and have been ever since the Carlists were there. It is generally said, I believe, that Carthagena is not worth visiting; we were there only two days, and as one of them was Good Friday, of course we did not go out or see much; but I think any one spending a Good Friday at Carthagena, could never say afterwards that, at that time it is a place to be overlooked. We were told on Thursday evening that early the next morning a great procession would pass, but the length and kind of procession altogether we had never imagined. As soon as it was light, the pavements of the streets were lined and filled up with benches, and every available place was taken. Each balcony was crammed, and people actually stood on the house-tops.

About ten o'clock the greatest excitement appeared in the crowd: a tramping of feet was heard, a beating of drums, a band playing a lively march, some chanting, and the *De Profundis*. It was all so regular and so slow that one could hardly fancy it was coming nearer, but presently, at the corner of the long street, we saw some figures moving. The drum was beaten with two quick strokes and then with one long one; at the sound of the first two, all the feet were thrown out, and at the last one, brought back again, so that, though there is a great deal of movement, very little progress is made.

First in the procession was a long line of soldiers, then of centurions, with swords and staves in their hands; every few minutes, from a signal from the band, they all stopped, but the incessant action with the feet went on, to look as if they were still marching. Behind the centurions, quite alone, and arrayed in most gorgeous robes, was Pontius Pilate, waving a sword with every beat of the drum, high above his head; then came an immense number of men, two and two, with high-pointed black caps, crape masques, and long black trains; they were all holding high candles in their hands. It was a very stormy day, and the wind blew these trains about, so that little children with crowns of thorns on their heads, and bearing crosses, had to walk behind them, holding the trains down with their crosses. When they had all passed, came the effigies; they were so large and heavy that they took, as a rule, eight and ten men to carry them, the principal ones even more; before each, music was played; and as one came very close upon the other, the music was confused. First of all was our blessed Lord, life-size, and bearing His cross. With one accord, quite noiselessly, the whole crowd in the street went down on their knees, and waited kneeling until this effigy was passed. Then came all the Instruments of the Passion, and I think about twelve other effigies. Saint Veronica, holding the handkerchief in her hand, Saint John, and last of all, but highest of all, the blessed

Virgin, in the deepest black; before her they sang the *De Profundis*. The procession took exactly two hours passing our windows, and I believe it lasted altogether four hours, before it returned to the cathedral.

When it was over, we went there for the three hours' service. The church was darkened, and so cramped that we had literally to tread over the men and women's feet and knees in passing. There were no chairs, and, unless without the little camp-stool such as Spanish ladies always use, you had to sit on the floor.

The high altar was hung in black, and on it was placed a crucifix, and a figure of the blessed Virgin stood watching it. It was a wonderfully impressive service, with the impassioned eloquent preacher, giving, in his own language, the seven utterances. Between each he paused, and the most solemn, sad music, like wailing voices, thrilled through the cathedral; then they were hushed, and the preacher stood up again. The light, that would not be shut out, now and again shone from behind a painted window, and sent a regular gold and purple arch over the crucifix. 'Behold the Man!' it seemed to shine; and one could only sit there and wonder, and watch, and try faintly to realise the story of the cross. In the evening, quite late, the procession returned; but this time the first effigy was our blessed Lord lying in His tomb, and the last the blessed Virgin, not dressed as before in black, but in violet velvet studded with gold.

We had had enough of sea miseries in our crossing from Oran; so, instead of going by water to Alicante, as we had intended, we started by rail from Carthage, thinking we should arrive quite early on Easter morning at Valencia.

On first leaving Carthage, we passed for miles and miles through an uncoloured, un-lived-in land of desolation; it is like a desert, only there are great rocks springing out of this colourless earth, and sometimes the rocks are so high that they are turned into mountains. Instead of keeping to the shore, we had to go inland as far as Murcia, where a good many of our fellow-passengers got out to attend a bull-fight. When we arrived at Chinchilla, the train drew up at the farthest set of rails from the platform; no one came to open our door and let us out, but as we saw every one opening the doors for themselves, and leisurely crossing the line, we did the same, and found a very good Fonda, where we had some delicious chocolate and cakes. A Spanish officer, who was looking after some conscripts, most kindly helped us with our money, which is not really difficult to understand, and saw that we had all we wanted.

The next morning when we woke up we found ourselves in a perfectly different world with rich grass, bright foliage, beautiful crops, and groves of oranges, that nearly gave us a head-ache as we passed, their scent was so strong.

We did not arrive at Valencia until 9.30, the train was so late,

and we soon learnt that keeping time is the last thing railway officials in Spain seem to care about. We drove to the Fonda di Madrid, where we were very comfortable, and where French and Italian were both spoken. After we had had our baths, we dressed ourselves and went out; but we found all the services over, and the churches nearly empty.

Valencia is a beautiful curious town, with narrow winding streets where no two carriages could possibly pass each other. I only wish we had had time to stay there longer; but we had to hurry, so we were there but two or three days.

The people are all very picturesque: the black mantillas, generally fastened with a crimson rose under the ear, give a peculiarly graceful look to the ladies; and the mantas and the cappas that the men all wear—'in winter to keep out the cold, and in summer the sun,' they say—give them also a certain dignity which men in bare coats and trousers never can attain. It was quite a relief to our eyes that we should not go at once from the flowing bournous to the stiff English and French coat.

The churches in Valencia are almost too beautiful, and you grudge every minute you spend out of them; but at each porch you fairly have to fight your way through a swarm of beggars. Where they come from and how they live, I can't imagine; such fearful, armless, legless, eyeless objects they are. They come sliding down the streets on their backs; and if you give to one, you are nearly torn in pieces by the rest. Once we had to go into a shop and have the door shut, and wait there till our ghastly miserable crowd had vanished.

I cannot say that the gardens of the 'Glorieta' and 'Alameda' are worth visiting; they are not well kept or apparently cared for, and the want of colour after our Algerian flowers was very striking.

The Convent of El-Carmen, now the 'Museo,' every visitor ought to go and see. There are some very fine pictures of Juanes, who was born at Valencia in 1523, and is considered the Spanish Raphael; also there are several of Francisco di Ribalta, who was born there in 1551, and is compared with Domenichino. One picture of his here is very celebrated—'The Nailing to the Cross.' Our blessed Lord is already on the cross, and looking up to Heaven; while one of the thieves is watching Him, with the most intense awe and interest on his face. Some of Juanes' most beautiful works are to be found in the Church of San Nicolas. They say, his master-piece is there; the subject is the Institution of the blessed Eucharist. Saint John is bending before our Lord in adoration; the other disciples are eagerly leaning forwards; and in a prominent place in the foreground stands Judas with his money-bag.

The Church of San Martin is especially worth a visit; over the doorway is a wonderful bronze statue of San Martin dividing his cloak, which, Mr. Ford says, weighs 4,000 pounds, and the horse even

heavier. In the inside is a beautiful dead Christ, surrounded by the Marys, by Ribalta. One morning when we were there, flags were decorating the streets, and a crowd was assembled in the Plaza di Martin; presently a carriage, guarded by soldiers, drove slowly up. The people fell on their knees, and the carriage stopped at the church door. The soldiers presented arms, and then kneeled down also, as a priest descended bearing the Host. He had been to some dying person, and wherever the Host had passed, the people had hung out flags.

It is only fifteen years ago that the authorities pulled down the old historical tower Albufat, upon which the cross was first placed when the Cid took the town from the Moors, after his twenty years' siege in 1094. It was from this tower also that the Cid took Ximena, his wife, and their two daughters, to look down upon the beauties of the Huerta, the rightly-named Garden of Spain. Five years after, in 1099, the Cid rode past this famous tower again, through the great Tuerta del Cid; but this time it was not as the powerful conqueror, it was a figure rigid in death, in full armour, his long white beard falling over his breast-plate, and held up on his horse 'Babicca,' by Gil Diaz and the Bishop Geronimo. Ximena and his warriors all followed behind. It was such a fearful procession that the Moors who had heard of his death, and who had encamped again against the town, fled in dismay at the awful sight. The Cid was buried in San Pedro de Cordona.

Before you leave Valencia, you should pay the Plaza de Thoros a visit; and if you climb to the top, you get a most beautiful view of the town with her many churches and gold and purple tiles. The country is very rich; and if we had not come straight from African colour, we should have thought it very bright.

We had been recommended to stay at Tarragona on our way to Barcelona; but as our time was precious, we hurried on in one day. The country is lovely the whole way, the train runs almost always on the edge of the blue Mediterranean; to the left are great mountains, with here and there on the spur of them a lonely ruin, calling to our minds the often-quoted 'Château en Espagne.' Tortoso, built on the Ebro, is so beautiful as you slowly come up to it that, in spite of it being called a dull town, with narrow streets, we only wished we could have stayed a day or two there. We did not reach Barcelona until it was quite dark; we went to the Cuatro Naciones, which overlooks the Rambla, and where we were very comfortable.

A good many people prefer Barcelona to Valencia. It is a much larger town, and has a very good theatre, and is celebrated for its concerts; but to my mind there is something much quainter, much more beautiful in Valencia.

Barcelona is the Liverpool of Spain; and while at Valencia we only came across Spaniards, our hotel at Barcelona was full of English, Americans, and Germans. The Rambla, a broad walk made by an

avenue of plane-trees, runs for nearly a mile through the town. One morning, quite early, the peasant women, with their bright handkerchiefs on their shoulders and heads, had arranged stalls of flowers all down it, making a delicious colour and scent.

The cathedral is one of the great attractions. A massive round arch leads from the cloister to the church begun in 1298, but not finished until the beginning of the 14th century. It is very grand and solemn, and lit up only by the coloured windows at either end, whose light is almost hidden by the many chapels and pillars. Beneath the high altar is a crypt where the body of Santa Eulalia, 'the well-speaking' patrona of Barcelona, lies, and to whom this cathedral is dedicated. 'She was martyred,' says Mr. Ford, 'in 304 by Dacian, and in 878 her body was miraculously revealed by its perfume to Bishop Frodorgno, who carried the sweet corpse to the cathedral. The present chapel was finished in 1339 by Tagme Fabra, when the precious corpse was placed in it.' Kings and queens and dignitaries of the Church attended, and since this time all Spanish sovereigns down to Christina and Isabella have spent a night before her shrine in prayer. Just below the organ hangs a hideous Saracen's head; it is said that it was found useful in exciting crusaders.

Santa Maria del Mar, built in 1328, is a very striking church; it is built in one long simple nave, with enormous columns.

San Paveo del Campo and San Pedro de las Puellas are perhaps two of the most beautiful churches; but it is difficult with so many, and such grand ones, to give a preference.

Barcelona is a wonderfully healthy town, and, as a rule, does not, I believe, average seventy wet days in the year. Visitors who are not hurried for time should not think of leaving without making an excursion to Monserrat. I have been told that there is no difficulty at all in spending a day or two there; for, though only lodging is given by the monks for a voluntary payment, there is a very good fonda in the courtyard of the convent, where anything needful may be procured. The mountain, they say, is covered with the most beautiful trees and jagged as a saw. The legend is, that it was rent at the moment of the Crucifixion. From Barcelona we went straight to Perpignan, passing Gerona on the beautiful Monjuich hill, feeling very sorry we had not time to stay longer in Spain, where we had seen such magnificent buildings, and met with such unexpected kindness and civility everywhere.

We arrived at Perpignan late on Saturday night, having had no trouble at all with our luggage on the frontier, and left again on Monday. We stayed at the Grand Hotel, which I believe is the best. It is a funny little town, that seems as if it had been taken up suddenly, and pushed anyhow into the gates of the city. There is a sleepy river running opposite the hotel, where the white-capped women were busy washing their clothes and gossiping; but they have not the

bright look of the French generally. I suppose Perpignan is too near the grave Spain.

There is a fine old gateway at the end of the town near the cathedral, but the rest of the place is not picturesque; and I do not think visitors will be tempted to stay there longer than they can help. At ten o'clock on Monday we left Perpignan, passing Narbonne, and arriving at Bordeaux about eight the next morning. As far as Tours, the country was very pretty, with its beautiful old chateaux and nestling villages dotting about amongst the poplar trees, and not crammed and locked into walls and gates as the ones we had left behind us. At Amboise, as we passed it and looked at its chateau, we thought of Abd-el-Kader and his long imprisonment there; and how he must have longed for his dear Africa and his grand mountains. And at Blois we thought of the Duke of Guise, who was murdered in the chateau that you can see from the line; and, of course, at Orleans we did not forget the brave Joan of Arc. We arrived at Paris at five on Tuesday evening. Though the other line by Limoges looks on the map so much more direct than going all round by Bordeaux, you do not arrive in Paris till, I believe, seven or eight o'clock. I am sorry to confess, the weather, as if it thought we had been too much favoured in our four months' wanderings, seemed determined we should not be so spoilt in Paris, and every day of the fortnight we spent there was wet.

Crossing also from Calais to Dover, our new fortune of rain and adventure followed us. The Paris train was ten minutes late, the captain never thought of crossing the Harbour Bar and waiting outside, so the result was that we were kept about for some hours for the next tide. In the meantime, the sea became rough, a strong wind rose, and when at last we did cross, we had a rough passage. Arriving sea-sick and very tired in the dark at Dover, we asked a porter which side of the carriage faced the engine. 'You had better see for yourself; I am busy,' was the first English we heard. A Frenchman, if we had asked him, would have made us a polite answer; and when we had thanked him, would have given his expressive 'Il n'y a pas de quoi.' The Spaniard might have kept us waiting while he was solving the difficult matter in his own mind; but he would have given it with such perfect courtesy, that we could not have grumbled at him. And the Arab would have answered us in such a royal graceful way, that we should have felt almost overcome at his infinite condescension in vouchsafing us a reply!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY LADY SOPHIA PALMER.

CHRISTMAS EVE; a violent hurricane; no tent could be pitched; to reach Bethlehem was impossible; what should we do? One suggested the caravanserai, which Hebron was sure to possess; another, shudderingly mentioned the probable horrors of such a place. I pressed the Sheykh's house, which, as a *façon de parler*, or in honest Eastern kindness, he had put at our disposal; and the last of our party stormed at the dragoman, hurled execrations, which fell harmless on the ears of the un-understanding muleteers, and insisted on another attempt at tent pitching; again in vain; and this time with such a narrow escape of a serious accident that even he, our Jove with his thunderbolts, was subdued, and left us to settle where we would spend the night. The dragoman was talking to the head muleteer, an ugly, little fellow, who had won our hearts by his remarkable care and love of both horses and mules; very remarkable in that country, and especially in regard to animals bought for the journey to be sold as soon as it was over. Well, it was with this man that the dragoman was consulting, and after a few moments he rejoined us, exclaiming, 'Such a thing was never done before! This fellow Ben Jusif—come forward—this fellow offers his father's house, a stone's throw from here, with stables and fodder and all that is his father's he lays at your feet, his master's. I have known Abou Jusif long, and know him no rogue, but a Christian, if he were not a Jew, and one whose vineyards make good wine, red as a ruby and sweet as the manna. It is clean this house, and quiet but for the dogs, so that you, lady, will sleep; and better than any house in the town where all is dirt and noise, and what you do not like, smells. Such a thing never was before, a storm at this time; nor to leave the tents for a house of the people. But, praise God! there is this good fellow! let us go into his house.'

We all agreed, my friend and I rejoicing, Jove grumbling, and number four thanking his lucky stars that he was a smoker and had still a large stock of decent tobacco.

Through a vineyard with its wine-press and watch-tower, telling of past and future, for the vines were not above ground; among leafless fig-trees; through thick cactus hedges, the only green which relieved the surrounding dreary barrenness, we rode to a long, low house, flat-roofed of course, built of limestone, and with stout wooden shutters keeping out the storm. Within, a lamp was burning in a niche; a cow and a donkey were munching at the stone manger close

to the door; cocks and hens chuckled their remonstrance at our intrusion from their beam aloft, taking their cue from the dogs without. By the dim light we saw an old man and woman crouching over a fire, whose smoke added to the general stuffiness and gloom—curling round and round and wreathing itself into strange figures and forms in its vain effort to escape. As we entered, our hosts rose, and with exclamations of delight threw out their arms to their son. The greetings and kissings at last over, Ben Jusif pointed to us, and with much gesticulation told our story. His parents salaamed, touched forehead, mouth, and breast, and declared that all that they had was ours. The old man and his son then drew out rugs and mats and spread them for us by the fire, while Hannah the wife brought water in a silver ewer and poured it over our hands. While we rested, the mother and son prepared dinner; Hannah having indignantly refused the help of Ibrahim dragoman, or the cook who was with the other servants, beasts, and baggage at the further end of the one, long room, of which the house consisted. We had agreed not to attempt a combination of our own ways and those of our hosts, but to accept their arrangements in toto, 'Just for once,' as I pleaded, and as the others echoed in tones fierce or grumbling. We had had a hard day, and dinner over, one by one we fell asleep, each on his rug or in his rug, feet to the fire, stretching out like the rays of a sun-dial! In the early dawn I awoke, and despite the extreme cold, made for the door, which I persuaded Ben Jusif to unbar, and went out for a breath of air—the atmosphere within being stifling, between concentrated smoke and some two dozen of men and beasts, to say nothing of cocks and hens. By-and-by the old man joined me, and pointing to the East, he said in German, 'See, the sun is coming, and to-day will be fine—you will make a good journey. Come in now, lady, and have coffee, and I will wake these men, logs they are! to get ready for your journey, that you may be at Beit Lahm (Bethlehem) for the festa the Christians hold to-day; for even so is, my son hath told me, your desire.'

We breakfasted, and with hearty thanks to Hannah, set out for Bethlehem. Abou Jusif came with us, and attached himself to me. He answered all my questions, gave detailed accounts of his farming, and poured out his grievances: the oppression of his people, the lawlessness of the land, and the miserable insecurity in which he lived. Then he took his pipe, and left me for a time to my own thoughts. It was Christmas Day, and this may explain the question with which I broke the silence. 'Abou Jusif, do the people ever lay their babies in the manger?'

'Why not?' was his answer, in a tone of surprise. 'What should they do better? that is, in my country; for my home is not here. I am of Safed, and Hannah is also a daughter of Safed. In the country around and to the north, the manger is often the cradle—here not often. Ah! I could tell you a story of a manger, but it is too long.'

‘No, Abou Jusif,’ I answered; ‘tell me. See, we have some way to go; tell me.’

With a salaam he obeyed, and began the story.

‘Our home, as I told the lady, was not here. At Safed had been the gardens of my fathers. Through much trouble, and in days of plenty and in days of famine, they had kept the heritage; and when Abou Yacoob, the father of my father, was gathered to his fathers, little did he dream that his son would be the last to keep our fields and home. But so it was. God is just, and the days of mourning shall have an end; but as yet the enemy and the oppressor trample on me and on my people.’

Here Abou Jusif paused to take a long whiff of his tchibook.

‘How shall I tell it you? Hannah was young, and had the eyes of a dove, and the walk of a princess! Truly her name should have been Sarah! and as she passed our house day by day to draw water at the well, I saw her; and seeing her, I loved her. But another cast his eyes on her, even Hassan, the son of Mustapha, the Effendi of the district—and who was I to stand before such an one? Hannah was a Jewess; but the Effendi cared nothing, so that he had his will. And he sent to the house of Hannah, and offered what they would, so that they gave him the maid to wife. But she would not. Her father dared not offend Hassan, but he would not force his daughter to marry the Effendi, so he said: “She has a tongue, let her speak.” Then she said: “I must marry one of my own people, give me unto Jusif Ben Yacoob, for he loves me.” Then did this reach the ears of the Effendi, and he hated me. It was the time of harvest. I stood in my fields as the sun was going home, and I lifted up my heart to the Lord, for the corn was very good, and my heart within me was glad, and I thought, “To-morrow we will reap, I can well pay even the utmost the jackall of a tax-gatherer shall ask; and in the sowing time the desire of my soul shall have become my soul’s joy; Hannah will be here, and the next harvest we will reap together. I will reap, she shall bind.” And so I laid down. Beside, there was only Isaac my servant in the house, and to him I gave the first watch, for I was weary. What befell I know not, and Isaac never lived to tell; but I was awakened by sudden noise. I was a prisoner, I was blindfolded. I felt the heat, I smelt the fire; I could not speak, I was gagged, and dragged I knew not whither. And so I lay in the fields all night until one passed by and set me free. I tore off my bandage, and with the gag withdrawn I was free. But for what? Lo! my corn was cut, gone! My house burnt, a ruin! and I cried in the bitterness of my soul, “let me die”! In the sweat of my brow had I raised the corn; to live was all we could do, so great are the taxes! and now, where was my money the price of my corn? and any day the tax-gatherer might come, and then?—— But for Hannah’s sake I would make myself low, crawl as a worm before Hassan Effendi, beg for mercy, show what had befallen, such

a thing as had not happened since the days of my father's father so far inland; for we were the west of Safed, and not as the land on the very border of the desert. What said Hassan? "Pay! even now is the tax due, pay!" No pity would he have; his evil eye glittered like the snake, and he cried: "Pay! pay to-morrow, even when the officer shall come to thy house;" and Hassan Effendi laughed a cruel laugh, for he thought "he has no home." But man has other homes than those of clay and stone, and in the heart of my Hannah, Jusif, the houseless, had a home no Turk, no Arab could touch. That night I slept in her father's house, such was their charity; and at break of day, while it was yet dark, did her father come to me and say: "This is from the Lord; take it, my son." For he was a good man and a true son of Abraham. It was the price of my corn. He had heard me in weeping cry that I had lost so much—and Hannah pressed me to take it—it was their all. The jackall came, and when I paid him the money, his face was full of wrath and disappointment; but many people stood by, and he took it and went his way. I had no home; the father of Hannah said: "Take her to wife and dwell with us, even until thy house shall be built, and thy seed sown, and work for me as my hired servant, for I am old; and for the price of thy labour sow thy gardens with my seed, behold the price of it is in thy hand, I give it thee—go, buy for thee and for me, for my fields and for thine." So I took unto me Hannah my wife and did even as the old man had said. And all this time was Hassan silent, for he was afraid. Men said he had been my destroyer, or suffered the Arabs to destroy. I knew not; he was an evil man, but I had my Hannah. Now I know it was even he, Hassan Effendi, who sent both the first time and the second for the destroyer, for his hatred for me was great. Still my dream was true. Hannah, my soul's joy, was with me in the sowing, and we gathered in the harvest, and it was good. And another and yet another harvest was good; our house was built, the old man repaid, and then he died, and the old woman, the mother of Hannah, died also. And we were counted rich, and all went well, only we had no child. Twice and again in these years had Hassan Effendi tried to steal my dove from her master, but she turned from him and fled. Then did he try other means. He set men to say to me, "Who is thy heir? Put away this woman and marry another, so shalt thou have a son." And thus did they speak early and late, until I was wearied, and I said: "Speak no more of this fashion! Is not Hannah more to me than ten sons, even as said my father Elkanah?" Then did men whisper to Hannah that I was weary of her—that I would not put her away, but that I craved for a son; and she wept, for in her heart she longed for a child. But when she spoke to me, saying, "Do as they say," I answered, "How shall I? If I had ten sons and another wife, would she be Hannah? Nay, nay, let us wait." But still we had no child, and oftentimes when I came

in from the fields, I saw in her face that look we call "the longing for the Messiah"—it is in the face of the childless daughters of our people. But now was the Effendi weary of waiting—he had his Harem, but he would not be content without my Hannah. As it was before, so it befell again; only they came in, and binding us, left us there, and did no harm to the house; but they cut all that was in the field, and when the tax-gatherer came, he asked so much it took all my store, and yet it was not enough. How could we live? How pay? I was cast into prison, and they said as they led me: "This time the Effendi has caught his bird."

A long pause—and Abou Jusif looked longingly at his tohibook. 'Smoke,' I said, 'and I will read, and then please go on again.'

'Shall I tell you, lady? the end is not long, for of the days that followed I cannot speak. Despair filled my heart, and the days were as years and very black. But there came a day that my prison door was opened, and they said unto me, "Fly, Jusif Ben Yacoob, thy enemy is dead." And it was told me how that he, Hassan Effendi, had seen a daughter of the Great Sheykh across the river, and had done unto her even as in days gone by he had tried to do with my Hannah. And she left her people for the Serpent, and great was the anger of her people. And they waited for the time of vengeance, and when his corn was ripe and his vines in bearing, they came, even as the locusts did they came, and they fell upon him and on all his house, and put them to death; and no man stirred from fear of the enemy, and because they hated Hassan Ben Mustapha. So was his house left even as my house, and his fields as my fields, and none was left save the babe, the child of the daughter of the Sheykh. He was left, for one had pity on him, even Hannah. She had fled to Tiberias when I was cast into prison, and there was she among our people, and Hassan was weary of seeking her, and was also set on Racheda across the river. So Hannah stayed in Tiberias until the day came that one brought tidings from Safed that the house of Hassan was destroyed. Then she rose in haste, and besought men to loose me from prison, and to lead me to our house. And she went thither. It was empty, and all around was barren. I, too, went thither, and as I went, men told me how it had befallen, and they told me that Racheda was dead, and that no one had had pity on her babe. And I went home. Hannah could not speak, we could only meet. But there came in neighbours, and they told her all that I have told you, and she cried when she heard of the babe, but said nothing. At sunset she said, "Let me go and fetch water from the well," and she went, and I went with her. And she said, "Go and buy bread, and come again to me," and I went. And it was so that when I went home and my heart was hard within me, for my fields were bare and I had no money, only the piastre Hannah gave me to buy bread, I myself was heavy and sad, and withal rejoiced with a fierce and

bitter joy at the fall of my enemy ; it was so that in the house I heard a cry, and it was not the voice of my wife, but of a babe—and Hannah said : “ See ! oh, my husband ! our manger is filled at last.” And there lay a baby among the grass in the manger, and Hannah wept over it from very joy. For a few moments we were silent, then she looked up at me, her face growing more anxious. “ Thou wilt take it, Jusif ? Thou wilt never turn out the poor babe in the night, nor let it be said that when at last the Lord sent us our desire, we cast it back. Oh ! my husband, say thou wilt keep it ! I pray ! I entreat ! ” and she cast herself at my feet in a passion of tears. It was the child of my enemy ! but what could I do ? ’

* * * * *

Abou Jusif relapsed into silence and his pipe, and only as we entered Bethlehem gave very summarily the end of his history, which was that he adopted Racheda’s baby, the child of his enemy, and moved to Tiberias, and eventually to the neighbourhood of Hebron. For his father’s land stolen by Hassan Effendi was claimed in the name of the Government by the successor in the office. And as years went by, Ben Jusif, their adopted son, owned mules, and by degrees, with his savings and those of Abou Jusif, land was bought, a house like the old home was built, and comfort returned to the house of Jusif Ben Yacoob. ‘ But it is not my home,’ was his pathetic ending.

FELIX, AN OUTCAST.

(From the French of Madame de Pressense.)

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

THEY lay together in the hospital bed—the mother and the child. For the one, life had just begun ; for the other, it was already ending.

The dying woman raised herself with difficulty so as to kiss the queer wrinkled little face nestling into her arm. The caress, feeble as it was, disturbed the baby ; it stretched itself, wriggled about like a small puppy dog, and at last settled down to sleep again, its two tiny fists doubled up and embedded in its cheeks. This kiss was the only one it ever received from a mother's lips.

A nurse, in the dress of a nun, passed near the bed.

'Sister,' said the poor mother. The nun paused ungraciously. 'Do you think my baby will live? He seems very weakly.'

'No fear,' said the Sister, roughly. 'That sort always does. Just because no one wants them, I suppose.'

And so saying she turned away.

The mother tried to raise herself again, so as to see the baby's face and give it one other kiss. But it was useless. Her small remnant of strength was gone. A few hours later she was dead. Her last prayer had not been granted. She might not take the baby with her.

Thus begins our hero's history. And a common-place beginning it is. There are thousands like it.

They called him Felix, because he was born on St. Felix's day. And he himself never understood the irony of the fate which had thus named him.

He was very weakly, as his mother had said. So the hospital authorities decreed that he should be confided to a wet-nurse. The woman bestowed upon him the minimum of nourishment, of time and of attention—and of tenderness or affection not one particle. On such fare he could scarcely be expected to thrive ; that he did not die seems in itself an almost incredible fact. But such facts are less rare than might be supposed. He was late of walking, and only learned to lisp his first baby words when close upon three years old. He was not pretty, poor little mite, or in any way attractive, for though his features were delicate, and, indeed, almost refined in form, there was a painful colourlessness about him which negatived any approach to childish beauty. His straight lifeless-looking hair was of a dingy fairness, his skin sallow, his eyes dull—and all this with never a gleam, never a smile to light up the wan little face.

When, at three years old, he was sent back to the hospital, it was to be turned in among a crowd of children, similar unfortunates to himself. Some of these, sturdy little brats, with an extra allowance of animal spirits, were not to be subdued by any coldness or severity. Felix would stand staring at their games in stupid astonishment, motionless, for hours at a time, one finger in his mouth, his eyes expressionless, his wits asleep! Yet he was not an idiot—only a poor little plant which without warmth or light could not put forth its blossoms.

At seven years old, Felix fell ill; his malady was of the nature of low fever, lasting so long that for some time his small hold on life threatened to give way altogether. But this illness brought him the greatest, nay, the only happiness he had ever known. He lay day and night in a little cot of snow-white cleanliness, he was spoken to with gentleness, the Sister who took care of him was kind and motherly, she would smile at him as she passed by. In the middle of the large room, where the beds of the sick children were ranged, there stood on a sort of pedestal the gilded miniature model of a church intended by some well-meaning donor to be a pleasant object for the small sufferers' eyes to gaze upon. It was only to be looked at, not touched, but on that account all the more perhaps, did this remarkable work of art arouse in Felix's mind a feeling of deep and mysterious admiration. To his eyes, indeed, everything about his present surroundings was beautiful—the great bare hospital-ward, where all were sufferers, where every week some of the little patients were sure to die, seemed to him a dream of Paradise.

On Thursdays and Sundays the room was filled with visitors, there was a constant coming and going, the murmuring of many voices, on one side the sound of a laugh and a kiss, on another perhaps, whispers choked by sobs. No one, it is needless to say, ever came to see Felix, but it sometimes happened that a kindly-hearted mother, catching sight of the friendless child, would stop as she passed his cot, to give him a biscuit, or an orange, or some small dainty intended for her own little invalid. And so perhaps it was no wonder that to the orphan boy, this great long room, where, on bright days the sunshine came streaming joyously in, seemed a very haven of peace and rest, where he would gladly have stayed for ever.

When he was ten years old, he was placed as a sort of apprentice with a hand-loom weaver in a large manufacturing village principally inhabited by such artisans, working in their own houses. Now began for Felix a life of real practical misery. Hitherto he had been neglected, but not ill-treated. In the Institution where he had been born, the only home he had ever known, he had had his bed, his seat at table, his modicum of food like his companions; he had even had some teaching, though it had never enabled him to master the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. But in his new home, with Sahourdin the weaver and his family, he had no longer

any such privileges. He was looked upon as neither more nor less than a small beast of burden, whose provender was a matter worth no consideration. Even the wretched scraps which fell to his share were grudgingly bestowed; his nights were spent on a mouldy mattress in a dirty outhouse, where the air was scarcely fit to breathe. His very existence seemed an offence in the eyes of his employers; if he were seen in the room he was shoved aside and told to get out of the way, pest and nuisance that he was; if he did not start up as if by magic the very instant he was shouted for, he was an idle good-for-nothing, a lazy dog! And perhaps the least opprobrious name ever given to him was that of 'Parigot,' a local term of contempt applied to poor children brought up by charity in one or other of the great institutions of Paris. If it happened now and then that by accident he was spoken to by his own name, he would stare in stupified astonishment, unable to recognise it.

The Sahourdin household consisted, fortunately perhaps for Felix, of three persons only. The mother was perhaps the worst of them, for a bad old woman is truly a very terrible creature. Felix was more afraid of her alone than of the other two together. Mother Sahourdin had but one affection, and that was for her son, her Isidore; and but one passion, that of accumulating 'a nice little sum' for his benefit. In agreeing to take the charity-boy she had calculated that he would save them the wages of a shuttle-thrower, and that besides, the sum of a hundred and twenty francs, to be paid yearly by the authorities for his keep, would help to increase her hoard. She had unfortunately forgotten that the child could not live without food, and she could not forgive him for its being so.

Isidore was a young man of about five-and-twenty; he had a low forehead, almost covered with stubbly black hair, a peevish and discontented tone of voice. But on the whole he was the least brutal of the three; perhaps because the milk of human kindness had not as yet been entirely dried up in him by greed and avarice. Sometimes, when he and his parents happened to be enjoying extra good fare, he would take it into his head to toss a half-picked rabbit or chicken bone to the unfortunate little shuttle-thrower, calling out 'Catch there, Parigot.' And on these happy occasions Felix would escape to the street, there to enjoy the unexpected treat safe from the terrible little gleaming eyes of Mother Sahourdin, who would gladly have dragged the scraps from between his teeth.

'Must you needs give good food to that creature?' she would say, in her rasping voice. 'If you don't care for it yourself, there's no use in wasting it.'

'But the brat must eat,' said Isidore. 'If you had your way of it, old woman, he'd die of hunger.'

'Small loss,' she would reply, with a shrug of her shoulders.

But in thus speaking she maligned herself. The hundred and twenty francs would by no means have seemed a small loss to her.

She knew it in her heart, though it suited her to grumble about it to the neighbours, who were tired of her constant reiteration that never had she made so bad a bargain as the day she agreed to take Felix.

‘Though who would believe,’ she would say, ‘that a bare-footed brat like that would expect to eat like a millionaire? No indeed, if he eat night and day he’d never have enough.’

As things were, he certainly did not look as if he ‘had enough.’ His hollow cheeks, his fleshless limbs told a very different story. He had not improved in appearance as he grew older. His eyes were still lack-lustre, his hair still lank and limp and drab-coloured. Not improbably if he had had a dear little curly-haired, cherub-like head, and bright expressive eyes, some pieces of good luck would have fallen to his share in the village. Women are always fond of pretty children, and notwithstanding the asseverations of Dame Sahourdin, it was strongly suspected that the boy did not fare too well in her motherly hands; but he was so plain-looking and unattractive, so shy and ungracious, that no one even glanced at him. And he did his best to keep out of everybody’s way.

‘That child cannot have a good nature. There is something mean and sneaking about him,’ the villagers would say, as they caught sight of the boy creeping along by the wall, ill-assured, and cowed-looking.

Yet Felix had his pleasures, rare and colourless though they were, pleasures that for another child would have been punishments. Sundays were his red-letter days; for on Sundays the Sahourdin family used to go off on an outing, leaving the boy at home with a hunch of bread and a scrap of cheese.

‘You might take him with us,’ Isidore had once suggested.

But his mother had replied contemptuously—

‘A creature like that! Catch me doing such a thing—little toad that he is.’

For his attire was even less presentable than his face, and, indeed, a well-to-do toad might have objected to the comparison. Isidore said no more about it, and Felix was only too happy to be left in peace.

For, oh, the exceeding bliss of a whole day during which he was not shouted at or rated, of being free to walk or sit or sleep if he chose, free to—what was it he meant—was it to *think*? Scarcely—though confused visions would in these peaceful moments glide across his brain, visions which he endeavoured to seize and define. It would be difficult to realise the brain chaos of a child to whom no one has ever explained anything, whose only notions of things in general come from his own individual experiences. And the experiences of Felix were very limited, and above all, absolutely deprived of anything and everything which kindles, enlightens, or nourishes the affections and moral perceptions. All the sweet lessons unconsciously imparted by a mother’s eyes and smiles—lessons of

incalculable importance for the after life, were to him as a sealed book ; he knew nothing of family relations, nothing of the plays and pleasures natural to his age ; his imagination was so entirely undeveloped that even the few pictures that had sometimes come in his way had no meaning for him. And yet—in that square little head, underneath that straight and dingy hair, there lived *something*, and *something*, too, lay hidden in the heart that beat beneath his ragged jacket—but a something that knew not of its own existence—a soul asleep !

During these long solitary Sundays the one distinct picture that always filled his mind was the remembrance of the blissful time in the sick children's hospital. He thought of the Sister who never forgot to smile at him as she went by, of the dainties she now and then brought him—a little fruit, a biscuit, or the least dash of wine. How very happy he had been ! And then the bed was so white, the sheets so soft ; everything throughout the room so beautifully clean. He remembered watching, as he lay there, the great branches of a tree, which spread across the window in front of him. When he first came, they were covered with bright green leaves, and rich bunches of flowers ; but long before he left, all the flowers had fallen, the leaves had faded into a dull olive, some of them had grown yellow and brown, and dropped like the flowers. The Sister had said one day to a lady who had noticed him—he had heard her : ' He has been lying there for five months.' And the lady had exclaimed, ' Oh, the poor little fellow ! ' and she had stroked his cheek, and given him an orange and a little picture. He had lost the picture long ago, but he could fancy he saw it still—a woman dressed in blue, with a glory round her head, and two children kneeling beside her, and holding out their arms to her. The Sister had told him it was the Holy Virgin ; but he did not know who the Holy Virgin was. No one had ever told him who she was !

One Sunday afternoon—it was in the spring-time—when he had been left alone as usual, he was sitting dreaming over these old scenes, when another picture, a real and present one, suddenly came before his eyes, and startled him out of his reverie. On the outside of the closed window, a little face was pressed against the panes—two eyes were looking fixedly at him. They were two great brown eyes, as soft and velvety as the petals of a pansy ; above the eyes little waves of golden hair clustered round a white forehead. As to the nose, its shape cannot be described, for it was flattened against the glass, and represented merely a funny round white spot. Felix stared without moving. He did not know or understand that this little face was pretty, but it gave him pleasure to look at it. Then he saw that the rosy lips were moving, and that he was being spoken to.

' Let me in, please,' said a soft voice.

' I can't. The door's locked, and the key's not there.'

‘Well, open the window, then.’

That was a bright idea! Felix climbed up on a chair to reach the bolt; but it was no use. He tugged and tugged—he could not make it move. At last a *very* great tug succeeded; the window—a casement—flew open inwards, and poor Felix fell on his back, pulling the chair with him.

‘Have you hurt yourself?’ asked the owner of the eyes.

Felix stared at her, harder than before, but without speaking. He was not used to such concern; a box on the ears, or at best a sound rating, was his ordinary consolation if he hurt himself by accident.

As he would not speak, the little visitor, looking rather disconcerted, turned to go; but she thought better of it, and looked at him again.

‘What were you doing—all alone?’

‘Nothing.’

‘Will you come out for a walk with me?’

It took Felix a minute or two to get this wonderful proposal into his head. When he had at last taken it in, a gleam of light sparkled for a moment in his dull eyes, but only for a moment; and he answered sadly—

‘Mother Sahourdin says I am too dirty to be seen out of the house on Sundays.’

The little girl looked at him; her glance travelled from head to heels; and it seemed also to say, ‘You are very dirty.’

But aloud she only replied gently—

‘Have you no other clothes?’

‘No.’

‘Well, then, don’t let’s mind; we’ll get out at the back. No one will see us.’

Felix climbed on to the window-ledge, and jumped down on the other side so awkwardly that he nearly knocked over his new friend. She only laughed, however, and led him out by the back of the house, as she had said.

‘What is your name?’ she asked.

‘Felix.’

‘What a funny name! Mine is Madeleine. I think it’s a pretty name, don’t you?’

But again she received no answer. The boy had stopped short, and was staring at her in a sort of stupid-looking bewilderment. The sound of her name had reawakened another memory in the recesses of his brain. It was that of a lady, with a paper bag in her hand, standing in the middle of a group of children, and out of the bag she kept taking cakes, one of which she handed to each child in turn. When it came to Felix, she gave him a good big one, saying, as she did so, ‘Here, my little man, this is a madeleine* for you.’ Felix

* A small cake, something like an English penny sponge cake.

took the cake, and went back to sit down on the little chair beside his bed, for it was the first time since his illness that he had been allowed to get up, and he was very quickly tired. He sat there quietly, eating his cake, bit by bit, very slowly, to make it last the longer, for he had never tasted anything so delicious. . . . This was one of his beautiful recollections of the children's hospital, and the name 'Madeleine' had brought it all back to him.

'Madeleines are very good, I know,' he said aloud with gusto; 'better than biscuits.'

It was the little girl's turn now to stare and look astonished; but Felix did not explain what he meant.

They had left the village by now and were making their way down a steep road. It was wide, but muddy, and full of deep cart-ruts; on the right the ground shelved sharply down into a closely mown field; on the left were rows and rows of hops trained on to their upright poles; there were one or two poor-looking houses to be seen, but no trees, nothing to rest or rejoice the eyes. Only up above the blue sky, and the sunshine pouring joyously down on the bare heads of the two children.

At the foot of the hill the road rose again, still wide, but bare and rough. One or two trees began, however, to appear, stretching out their meagre branches against the sky, and a few steps more brought Felix and his guide to the entrance of a small and sparsely wooded copse. Some few sturdy and well-grown trunks stood out amidst the smaller growth, and round their roots and amidst the shrubs and underwood, anemones and periwinkles peeped out, while in the clearings the grass was dotted here and there with yellow cowslips and delicate little white flowers.

'Hurrah for the wood!' said Madeleine, jumping with joy; 'isn't it lovely?'

Felix looked about him slowly.

'It's not so bad,' he said.

It was moderate praise, but the little girl made the best of it. She fell into ecstasy before each flower, and Felix stood there staring at her as she rushed about from one clump to another, picking till her hands were full, filling her apron till it over-flowed. He had never picked flowers in his life. He tried to do so like her, but the flowers fell to pieces in his fingers. Madeleine scolded him and told him he was a clumsy boy. But he did not mind *her* scolding; it was very different from Mother Sahourdin's. When at last Madeleine was tired, and they sat down to rest under a tree, she began questioning him again.

'Is it true that you are an orphan, Felix?'

'I don't know.'

'They say you've no father or mother?'

'No; I've never had any.'

'Well then, that's what being an orphan means.'

‘Does it?’ said Felix, as if he didn’t much care.

‘I’m partly an orphan, too, for my father’s dead. But I’ve got a very kind mother.’

Dead silence.

Rather annoyed that she could not get him to say more, Madeleine sat still without speaking for a minute or two; but she was not capable of doing so for long. She changed her form of attack.

‘Is old Mother Sahourdin kind to you?’

The poor boy considered for a moment; it was difficult for him to reply, he had so few points of comparison by which to form an opinion. But the children’s hospital came back to his mind, the little white bed, the kind, smiling-faced Sister. And he replied to Madeleine’s question by a remark which did not seem to have much in common with it.

‘I wish I could go back to the children’s hospital.’

‘To the hospital!’ repeated the little girl, in astonishment; ‘you’d like to go to the hospital!’

‘Of course I would. It’s so beautiful there, and it’s all so nice. The Sister’s always in a good humour, and she gives us wine and biscuits.’

Madeleine gazed at him; her great eyes were full of perplexity.

‘But the *hospital*,’ she repeated. ‘That’s where people go when they’re ill.’

‘I’d like to be so as I could go there.’

‘But it’s not nice at all to be ill.’

‘It’s a deal worse to be beaten.’

‘Do they beat you?’

‘No so very often—sometimes. Look what she did to me though,’ and opening his hand he showed her inside it, the deep scar of a scarcely healed wound. ‘It hurts still, I can tell you.’

Madeleine shuddered.

‘Oh, how horrible! How did she do it?’

‘She dragged out a knife that I’d got in my hand. Isidore said I was to cut myself a hunch off the loaf—Isidore’s not bad to me—but the mother came in and she flew into a rage.’

‘And you didn’t get any?’

‘No.’

‘I hate her—I hate her—wicked old woman,’ cried Madeleine, and her vehemence made Felix start.

The children went home to the village after the sun had set. Madeleine wanted to divide the nosegays, but Felix did not seem to care about a share. What could he have done with the poor little flowers? Mother Sahourdin would have trampled them under foot, and thrown them out into the street. So they each went home, she, loaded with her periwinkles and anemones, he, happier than he had ever been since his ‘golden age’ of the time at the children’s hospital. Unfortunately he could not succeed in properly closing the little

window, and Mother Sahourdin, having found out by its standing open that he had been out during her absence, sent him supperless to bed. He was very hungry, and it is not pleasant to go to sleep hungry, still he did not feel unhappy. Pictures, fresher and more vivid than the old ones, floated before him. Madeleine's great brown eyes and smiling face, the wood with the trees and the clearings, the sunshine flickering on the moss through the waving branches—he saw them all—the pleasant visions kept him company through the night and gently haunted his dreams.

When he awoke the next morning it was to the thought that he should perhaps see his little friend again, but the day passed without his meeting her, and other days followed in the same way; worst of all, Sunday came and went without bringing her. Then Felix grew troubled and anxious. He thought so constantly of little Madeleine that he did not notice what he was doing, he threw the shuttle crookedly, and blundered in his other work, so that the sharp voice and heavy fists of Mother Sahourdin were in great request; but Felix cared not. A clear and determined little voice was always sounding in his ears, repeating, 'I hate her, the wicked old woman!' Some one had taken his part. He did not care what 'the wicked old woman' might say or do.

If only he had known where his little friend lived he would have tried to see her for a moment some time or other when he had to run out with a message. But he did not know, and dared not ask. One afternoon, however, when he was returning home at dusk, he fancied he caught sight of her on the other side of the street. He flew across in a moment, but she did not turn round, and walked on quickly as if to get out of his way.

'Madeleine,' he said in a low voice.

She did not stop, but it was certainly she. He knew her by her long hair and her light springing step. He called her more loudly; she turned round, but as soon as he had got up to her she said to him quickly—

'I mustn't stop to speak to you. Mother has forbidden me to speak to you; she says you are a naughty boy. Is it true? Are you a naughty boy?'

'I don't know,' answered poor Felix, looking down sadly.

It was true, he did not know. He had always been *told* he was naughty, but something inside him protested against this verdict; only the protest was too weak and vague to hold its own against the clamour of old Mother Sahourdin's accusations.

Madeleine was grievously disappointed. She had hoped and looked for an indignant denial. Perhaps her mother was right, and there was nothing more to be said or done.

'Good-bye, then,' she said, very sorrowfully; 'if you could only have said it *wasn't* true, I'd have told mother, and perhaps she'd have let us go again to the wood together. Good-bye, Felix.'

And in spite of the gathering darkness the boy saw that two big tears were trembling in the soft velvety eyes.

‘Good-bye,’ he repeated.

‘Good-bye,’ said Madeleine once more. Then with a quick, sudden movement, she caught the poor child’s head in her two hands, and kissed him on the face. One of the tears slid from her cheek on to his as she turned away. She walked quickly and without looking round. Felix stood motionless, gazing after her till she was quite out of sight. Then at last he turned and went slowly home; but Madeleine’s tear dried of itself, he did not wipe it away.

Was it true that he was a naughty boy? Perhaps it was, for he did not like to have to obey old Mother Sahourdin, and sometimes he felt as if he could almost kill her. Besides, if everybody thought it was true—even Madeleine—it surely must be.

Some little time passed. Then one day, suddenly, the boy overheard Mother Sahourdin speaking to her husband.

‘Did you know,’ she was saying, ‘did you know that Fanchette’s little girl is dead?’

Something cold and sharp, like a knife, seemed to pierce through Felix’s heart at the words.

‘Madeleine!’ he exclaimed.

‘Hold your tongue, you brat. What business is it of yours?’ said the old woman.

But as soon as her back was turned he slipped out, determined to find out what he could in the village. He dared not ask any one; he just walked up the long, straggling street, gazing at each house in turn, with a sort of feeling that he would somehow be able to guess which was the one he was in search of. After going some little way, he caught sight of a cottage standing rather apart from the others. It was a very tiny house, with just one small window on each side of the door. And at that door stood two men carrying between them a little coffin. Felix crept in behind them.

Yes—there on the bed, at the end of the darkened room, all white, all covered with flowers, the light from the waxen tapers falling full upon her—there lay little Madeleine; but the merry face was still, the velvety eyes were closed for ever. Close by sat the sobbing mother—they were going to take her child away. Some neighbours were trying to comfort her, but she did not seem to hear them. No one had noticed Felix—but suddenly a great sob burst from him. He had crept up close to the bed, crying as if his heart was breaking. What he saw was not strange or new to him. He had known Death before—more than once, at the hospital he had seen a little figure, cold, and white, and motionless, lying as *she* was lying now—among the flowers.

The neighbours would have ordered him away, but the mother stopped them.

‘He may stay; he loved her,’ she said.

Felix followed the little coffin to the cemetery. When they all returned, no one said anything to him, and he went home alone, to be punished more cruelly than ever before. But it was not his bodily suffering that kept him awake that night, crying so bitterly, on his miserable pallet.

From this time forth there was not the slightest gleam of sunshine in his life with the Sahourdins. But there came a day which brought it to a sudden conclusion.

'The grey mare' in this undesirable household was decidedly 'the better horse.' Old Sahourdin gave in to his wife in everything. It was to her that money was paid in, it was she who kept it or took it to the savings bank. Latterly the mania of the miser—actual reluctance to part with the coins—had so grown upon her, that she kept them in the house, hidden under a pile of old clothes in a dilapidated tin coffee-pot, at the bottom of a big cupboard.

The years as they passed had not wrought any improvement in Isidore, the son. On the contrary, he had grown coarser, uglier, and more dissipated-looking; he seldom worked, and passed the best part of his days and nights in the public-house. It was for him, nevertheless, that the old woman continued to scrape and pinch, saving every farthing she was not actually forced to spend.

One day, after thinking about it for some time, she at last decided to take her treasure to the bank; but when she went to fetch it, the old tin coffee-pot was empty.

The scene that followed can better be imagined than described.

'Who can have taken it?' repeated the old man, half stupefied by his wife's fury.

'Who can have taken it, you old fool?' she screamed. 'Who would it be but that little wretch, that rascally foundling, that beggar's brat of a Parigot, whom we have fed and clothed to have this as our reward! Out with you, thief; confess! Deny it if you dare!'

He could neither confess nor deny, poor little wretch, for he was in ignorance of what had happened—he had no idea of what he was accused.

'But, after all, supposing it wasn't him,' said the husband, who had his own ideas on the subject, though he thought it as well to keep them to himself.

'Look at him! What more proof do you want? Did you ever see such a humbugging hypocrite? You "don't know," you whining little wretch, you! No, oh, no! You "don't know" that you've stolen my money—my beautiful shining money? What have you done with it, d'ye hear? Give it me this instant, or I'll wring your neck for you.'

This scene took place about four years after Madeleine's death, and it was in consequence of this accusation of the Sahourdins that the Mayor of the village sent Felix back to the charitable institution from

whence he had come, carrying with him as the guerdon of five years hard service, the reputation of a thief, the memory of most brutal ill-usage.

The morning that he left, Isidore gave him a five franc piece, with the strictest orders to tell no one whom it came from.

In the village opinions differed as to the boy's guilt—some were ready to swear to it; 'workhouse brat, gallows bird,' they said, quoting the cruel old French proverb. Others spoke less openly, only whispering among themselves their suspicions that he for whom the hoard was destined, had not improbably helped himself in advance to a slice of his property. It was at least certain that no actual proof of the little shuttle-thrower's guilt had come to light—what looked the worst was the stolid indifference he showed, and the feebleness of his denials.

He spent the next two years in a house of correction; after that the history of his life was for long but a drama of misery. Preceded everywhere by the curse of a bad name, it was with the greatest difficulty that he ever obtained work, and if any petty theft or unavowed misdemeanour was committed in the house or workshop where he happened to be, Felix, as a matter of course, was charged with it. His employers were always harsh, his comrades indifferent or positively unfriendly. And all this hardened his poor famished heart; he loved no one, and cared for nothing; even the sweet memories of the kind Sister, and of little Madeleine, grew faint and shadowy.

At last one day, after a longer than usual spell of no work, rendered desperate by hunger, he stole in reality. He did it so clumsily that he was at once detected and taken to the police office. Two roughs, as ragged and wretched as himself, were already seated on the small bench fixed to the wall, two unoccupied chairs stood nearer the fire which was blazing brightly. The policeman who had brought him, seated himself on one of them. Felix stood by the door in his wretchedness, leaning against the wall. He was shivering from head to foot, his teeth chattered. Eleven degrees below zero,* a cotton blouse, and no food for two days!

The police sergeant, writing busily at his desk, had not even looked up when the new-comers came in. Felix watched his pen as it flew across the paper, with a sort of dull, dazed admiration.

'That there must be a clever chap,' he said to himself. Then it struck him that this same 'clever chap' must be the officer who was about to send him to prison. The thought, however, aroused no resentment—prison was no worse to him than anywhere else; but he continued to stare at the writer. He could not see his full face, only a part of his profile, his greyish hair, his somewhat bent shoulders, and the hand which held the flying pen. A few minutes later the small room was empty of all but Felix and the sergeant,

* Réaumur.

writing, writing still. Suddenly he raised his head and glanced round to see who was still there. His eye caught sight of the shivering figure at the door.

'Come near the fire and warm yourself, my poor fellow,' he said kindly. Then he went on writing again; but not for long. A sound made him look up; was it?—could it be a sob that he had heard? Yes; there leaning still against the wall, his face hidden in his hands, the thief was sobbing, weeping scalding tears, as if his heart would break.

'What is it? What is the matter?' asked the officer.

There was no answer at first; then at last a choking voice said brokenly—

'You said—you said, "come and warm yourself, my poor fellow." It is so long, so very long since any one spoke to me like that.'

The police-sergeant had a heart, and a tender one. The misery inferred rather than expressed in the young man's words touched it to the quick. Was it possible that a human being existed so desolate, so outcast, that a word or two of the commonest good nature should call forth tears of gratitude?

He questioned Felix with the greatest gentleness, and soon drew out the whole of his short but most pitiful history.

'My boy,' he said, when he had heard all, 'I can't stop your going to prison. You were taken in the act of thieving. But I will not forget you, and when your time is up I will look after you.'

And he kept his word. A new life began for Felix; he learned to believe in the truth of the first prayer he was taught to say; by practical experience of human brotherhood he came to have faith in 'Our Father which art in heaven.'

Years passed—he had outlived the old shame, he earned for himself the character of a steady and honest artisan; he married, and to his first child, a little girl, he gave the name of 'Madeleine.'

When she grew old enough for him to take her a walk of a Sunday afternoon, he often chose the way which led past the children's hospital, and made her look up at it.

'You see that big house? There are lots of sick children in there—but they're very happy all the same. Bless you, you can't think how they're petted and looked after.'

And when, sometimes, on their way home, night had fallen and the lamps were lighted, he would point out the red one outside the police-station.

'Decent chaps those police—no one knows that better than I.'

And one day, having walked further than usual, they passed the prison where he had spent a year. A momentary shudder passed through him, and he turned quickly away. But he thought better of it and stopped short, deliberately taking off his cap as he did so.

'No,' he said; 'I musn't forget. It was there they taught me—the outcast, that I had a Father in heaven.'

OUR PENSIONNAT.

BY BRONWEN, AUTHOR OF 'A PEEP AT CYMRU.'

MADAME'S FÊTE.

It is the fête of St. Irma (July 13th) and Madame's birthday. Who St. Irma was I do not know; no doubt a reference to the 'Lives of the Saints' would enlighten any one who felt any curiosity on the point. To me, however, she is chiefly of interest as being the patron saint of Madame.

Lessons are over for the day, and the pupils are dismissed to don their *habits de fête*, always a point of honour on occasions of ceremony. While the girls with their attendant governesses go to their *dortoirs* (French girls, it is unnecessary to state, never being permitted to be without surveillance for ever so short a time), the remaining governesses, with a few of the especially favoured elder girls, remain behind to prepare the *réfectoire* for the approaching ceremony. The long dining-tables are ranged all round the room, in order to leave a large space in the centre to place the girls. A loose platform is hastily constructed, covered with a square of carpet. Large vases and pots of flowers are scattered artistically about (we pride ourselves on our taste), to give an air of festivity to the scene. On a large table near are placed the presents. As soon as the room is ready the girls are marshalled in, according to size, and arranged in rows, the smallest being in front.

Besides all the *pensionnaires* and *externes*, a goodly number of *anciennes élèves* come to do honour to the occasion. All the pupils are dressed in their best uniform—plain black dresses, guiltless of frill or flounce (of a rather pillowcase-like appearance it must be confessed), with the hair neatly brushed into a net. This rather severe costume is brightened up with pink bows on the hair and round the neck—pink being the fête colour (Sunday ribbons are of lavender, as being neater for out-of-door wear), and last, but by no means least, each pair of hands is encased in gloves, all more or less Sloperian in appearance, for gloves are essential on all state occasions.

As soon as all are settled, enter Madame, her husband, and her mother, with great state and dignity, and take their seats on the three crimson velvet fauteuils which have been placed for them on the dais. During their entry the music-mistress plays a triumphal march on the pianoforte. The first item on the programme is a birthday song set to a popular air, and sung by the whole school. The words are written by Madame herself (*entre nous*, be it said), who can turn her

hand to anything. The words are these, as far as I can remember them. I just jotted them down from memory at the time:—

‘ Mère, avant de te quitter,
C’est toujours l’usage
De venir te présenter
Nos vœux, notre hommage.
Notre cœur avec amour
Obéit en ce beau jour
A l’usage.

(*Refrain.*)—Que le ciel, dans sa bonté,
Te conserve dans la santé,
O bonne et tendre maîtresse,
Avec la prospérité.

Si notre avenir un jour
Est doux et prospère,
Tes conseils et ton amour
T’es soins, bonne mère,
Ne l’ont-ils pas préparé,
A grand’ peine et laboré,
Doux et tendre ?
Doux mystère, en vérité,
Que le ciel, dans sa bonté,
Reconnaisse et récompense
Par toute félicité.

Si le ciel entend nos vœux,
Notre humble prière,
Des longs jours seront heureux,
O maîtresse chère !
Ta famille, tes enfants,
Te verront *pendant cent ans*
Sur la terre.

Sur la terre, en vérité,
Vous l’avez bien mérité,
Vivez longtemps en famille,
En tout bonheur et gaîté.’

Rather amusing, are they not ? But to be able to read them properly you must know how to scan French verse.

After the song, the head girl, who has just successfully passed her examination and obtained her brevet, comes forward to read an address. Poor Adrienne reads in a very choky voice—it is an ordeal, for Madame is dreadfully *moqueuse*. In the address all the children unite in wishing Madame a happy and joyous fête, and in thanking her for all her kindness to them in the past, concluding with the hope that they will be enabled to show their gratitude to her by increased obedience and diligence in their studies in the future. During this oration, every time the words ‘*bonne mère*’ occur, the whole school simultaneously makes a profound *révérence*. The effect is very pretty and novel. Then the presents are offered for Madame’s acceptance, and beautiful ones they are too—solid silver knives and forks, dessert service to match. These are subscribed to by all the children, but are more particularly the gifts of those who have recently received their ‘*première communion*,’ and by those who have ‘renewed’ their

vows. Then *les Anglaises* present their offerings—various pretty trifles from England—which afford much pleasure. After all the gifts have been duly received and admired, Madame (who is a born orator and a splendid elocutionist) makes a short speech, in which she expresses the great pleasure she feels in receiving the beautiful gifts, and how much she is touched by the kind feelings which have prompted ‘her children’ to offer them. She has always tried to be a good friend to them, and she is inexpressibly gratified to find that her efforts have been so much appreciated. No doubt (she says archly), that her ways of showing her interest are not *always* appreciated by them; but then, as a true friend, it is her duty to correct their faults as well as to encourage them in their efforts to do right. She thanks them all again, and ends by hoping that they will all turn out ‘*des filles bien élevées*,’ and be a credit to their *maîtresse* and their *pension*.

Here she is overcome by her feelings, and applies a dainty cobweb of a handkerchief to her eyes. Immediately out comes every handkerchief, and sniffs are distinctly audible all over the room. The French are very sympathetic!

As soon as the emotion has somewhat subsided, the girls go up and present their flowers. Some offer bouquets of cut flowers, some choice plants, in pots of all sizes and descriptions, but all offer something. They go up in order, beginning with the smallest, Madame affectionately embracing each girl on both cheeks. By the time this ceremony is completed, the flowers form quite a pyramid. The children are then dismissed to their *gôûter*—bread and jam, with a glass of cider a-piece.

Meanwhile the governesses and *anciennes élèves* proceed to the *salle à manger* to drink to Madame’s health in ‘Liqueur Bénédictine,’ I believe it is; at any rate, it is delicious. Of course, they do not forget to *trinquet*, that is, to touch glasses as a sign of good-will. The usual toast is drunk to ‘*les absents*’ (to be filled up by each, as her fancy directs, which is very convenient). When this light refecton is over, the usual bi-weekly promenade round the boulevards has to be performed. The children, about sixty in number, are marshalled in twos, a big and a little girl together. Madame says this arrangement is to prevent the little children from being blown away. A governess is stationed at the head of this cavalcade, and one at intervals all down the ranks.

After supper, at 7.30, the day is concluded by the usual service in *la chapelle*. Thither all Madame’s flowers have been carried, where they fill the air with their fragrance. Very lovely looks the little chapel, with the dim lights glimmering on the altar, and the white statues of saints and angels gleaming out wierdly in the semi-darkness. The last strains of the evening hymn to Notre Dame de Bon Secours die away, and the children emerge from the sacred precincts and silently wend their way along the corridors to their *dortoirs*. And thus ends our Fête.

SPAIN'S CRUSADE.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.*

‘As the column under the Grand Cardinal advanced up the Hill of Martyrs, over which a road had been constructed for the passage of the artillery, he was met by the Moorish Prince Abdallah, attended by fifty Cavaliers, who, descending the hill, rode up to the position occupied by Ferdinand on the banks of the Xenil. As the Moor approached the Spanish King, he would have thrown himself from his horse, and saluted his hand in token of homage, but Ferdinand hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard. Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, “They are thine, O King, since Allah so decrees it; use thy success with clemency and moderation.”’

Ferdinand would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate Prince, but he moved forward with a dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and, after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who had preceded him with his most valuable effects on the route to Alpujarras. The Sovereigns during this time waited with impatience the signal of the occupation of the city by the Cardinal's troop, which, winding slowly along the outer circuit of the walls as previously arranged, in order to spare the feelings of the citizens as far as possible, entered by what is now called the Gate of Los Molinos. In a short time the large silver cross, borne by Ferdinand throughout the crusade, was seen sparkling in the sunbeams, while the standards of Castile and St. Iago waved triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra. At this glorious spectacle, the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the Te Deum; and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees in adoration of the Lord of Hosts, who had at length granted the consummation of their wishes in this last and glorious triumph of the Cross. The grandees who surrounded Ferdinand then advanced towards the Queen, and kneeling down, saluted her hand in token of homage to her as Sovereign of Granada. The procession took up its march towards the city, ‘the King and Queen moving in the midst,’ says an historian, ‘emblazoned with royal magnificence; and as they were now in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest

* By Prescott, vol. i. pp. 451–453. London, 1867.

of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by heaven for the salvation of Spain.'

In the meanwhile the Moorish King, traversing the route of the Alpujarras, reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and, as his eyes for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst into tears.

'You do well,' said his more masculine mother, 'to weep like a woman, for what you could not defend like a man.'

'Alas!' exclaimed the unhappy exile, 'when were woes ever equal to mine!'

The scene of this event is still pointed out to the traveller by the people of the district; and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth is commemorated by the poetical title of

'El ultimo Sospiro del Moro,'
'The last sigh of the Moor.'

'Spanish gentlemen choose not their task,
They choose to do it well.'—GEORGE ELIOT.

'Though many thousand miles away,
In this old city, once again
Is wafted to my ears to-day
A whisper from the shores of Spain.

The stars and stripes have disappeared;
A prouder banner is unfurled,
The standard once renowned and feared
On battle-fields of the old world.

Another Santa Fé I see,
And—fairest pageant ever seen—
Spain's noblest, proudest chivalry
Marshalled around their King and Queen.

Up to Granada's walls they ride,
Met by the vanquished Moorish King;
Behind Abdallah open wide
The gates to Christians entering.

Breaks his sad heart with one last sigh;
Ne'er shall the Crescent rise again;
The Alhambra Towers lift on high
The Cross of Christ, the flag of Spain.

Te Deum is the triumph-song
 Sung by the prostrate victor-host,
 A burst of music loud and long
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thus, to her high commission true,
 Did Spain her destiny fulfil ;
 Her knights were born this work to do,
 Her ladies are crusaders still.'

A. G.

Santa Fé, New Mexico. October, 1885.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MONTHLY PACKET.'

IN an interesting Paper on Henry Bazely, the Oxford Evangelist, in the 'Monthly Packet' for October, 1886, the following passage occurs: 'The most noble and self-denying lives worked out by men for themselves, apart from the regular constitution and visible ministry of the Church, are apt to prove abortive of lasting results to others. Such was the case, to a considerable extent, with the teaching of men so remarkable as F. D. Maurice, and Robertson of Brighton.'

The writer of the Paper thus asserts that the work of Mr. Maurice and of Mr. Robertson was carried on 'apart from the regular constitution and visible ministry of the Church.' This is a strange assertion, seeing that both these men were priests in the English Church, and departed this life in her Communion. He also asserts that the work of these two men is likely to 'prove abortive of lasting results to others.' To those who are acquainted with the theological and philosophical writings of Mr. Maurice, this assertion will be passing strange. They well know that his teaching largely colours much of the theology of the present day; and that his work, so far from being abortive of lasting good to others, is daily becoming more and more prolific. The Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, and the Ladies' College in Harley Street, show no signs of decrepitude. The F. D. M. Club, too, was founded expressly for the purpose of carrying on Mr. Maurice's work for the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual elevation of men and women; and it contains among its members some of the most energetic and devoted workers in London and the country.

EDWARD GEOGHEGAN.

Bardsea, November 9.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

IS A LITTLE LEARNING A DANGEROUS THING?

Tittlebat thinks that *all* knowledge, small or great, if misused, may be dangerous; but 'if we recognise the danger, we are always able to escape from it, and make knowledge most beneficial to ourselves and others.'

Lilliebulero thinks a little knowledge makes us know how much more there is to learn.

Elise's point is that a little knowledge may be constantly increased, and is therefore good. Her paper is very good.

A Learner rather contrasts a little learning with *much* than with none. She thinks it an advantage to be able to turn to another art or a pursuit if one fails us (so it is, for our own comfort, but is it for the original Art?); but she warns against taking a correct fragment of the truth for the whole truth, and acting upon it.

Rosebud thinks a little learning only dangerous when exaggerated and boasted of.

Lisle, while warning against dangerous meddling with matters only half understood, gives as an instance of the brightening influence of only a little learning, how 'even a little knowledge of architecture gives interest to visiting an old church,' shows at any rate that there is something to know about it.

Bino hits the mark by saying that it all depends on the character of the learner—on the nature of the soil into which the seed falls. To some it makes 'literature, art, science, life itself, more interesting; to others it is only a source of conceit.' Prepare the character and learn all you can, is her moral.

Dorothea is in favour of a little learning, so long as we know whether we know a thing or whether we do not.

Bluebottle decides in favour of a little learning rather than none.

Janet, while considering a little learning an advantage on most subjects, says that a right knowledge of the Faith is of such vital importance that she considers it the duty of all professing Christians to be well and thoroughly grounded in its doctrines and history.

Filey Brig thinks the answer depends on the mind of the learner.

Daffodil says 'a little knowledge of any subject enables us to take an intelligent interest in it, widens our views of life, and supplies us with fresh matter for thought and conversation.'

Cowslip thinks much may be said on both sides, as even a little knowledge of French is helpful to a traveller, and may lead to more.

On the other side she instances an amateur singer, flying too high, in ignorance of the length of his or her tether.

Nell thinks the only danger of a little learning is *conceit*, and that people are apt to be conceited without any learning at all.

Flittermouse says, 'The danger is not in knowing little, but in over-estimating that little.' An excellent paper, for which there is no space.

Frances, in a very nice paper, makes the point that as long as we look and strain *upward*, there is no danger in a little learning.

C. A. M. B.—'Only when it is mistaken, either by ourselves or others, for a great deal.' I think it was the first Lord Brougham who described a well-informed man as 'one who knows something of everything and everything of something.'

Marghasieve says, 'In parish work' (it is surely not only the case in that) 'a little learning is undoubtedly *dangerous*; but it is *necessary* as a stepping-stone to more. Conceits, mistakes, and experiments must *come first*, and if the beginner labours together with Christ, He will keep her from the dangerous places, or carry her across them.'

E. M. A. thinks 'even a little learning brings the learner into company with minds superior to his own.'

Lamda brings out the contrast which was in Chelsea China's mind, between the exclusive study of one thing and the interest in many. *C. C.* begs to keep the paper for a fuller discussion of that aspect of the question. *L.* suggests that 'Botany may be a wiser choice than Science—Flower Painting than Art.'

Spinning Jenny's paper is too long to print, and too good to shorten. It makes the question depend on character.

Arnand.—'Not only is there danger, but if we would lead worthy lives, *that danger must be faced*. The real safeguard is *sincerity*, not only in speech and in judgment, but in purpose. We must judge and weigh all by that high standard, which is the same in all ages, and knows no modification from time or fashion.' (A first-rate paper.)

A. E. L. thinks 'specialism' is only desirable when a special subject has to be taught by the specialist.

I. M. D. thinks '*inferior* learning is the dangerous thing. Or superficial, not rudimentary or *fragmentary*.'

Ignoramus gives a dreadful description of a 'little learner' who regards her wiser friends as ancient fossils, but ends with a very beautiful account of the responsibilities of knowledge.

Muffin Man is in favour of knowledge, however little, as long as it is real.

Madame la Baronne gives many instances of the harm done by insufficient knowledge, and on the whole agrees with the proverb.

E. M. K. E.—Part of a very clever essay. A house is doubtless a good thing, and a less dangerous than is scaffolding; but where is the one that has been built without the other? [Dangerous the scaffolding

would prove, to be sure, if the builder, seized by sudden insanity, mistook it for the house, and prepared contentedly to live in his framework of poles and planks. But this would be his fault, not that of the fabric; nor need it discourage other builders from rearing scaffolding with a view to houses. I think then that a little learning is *not* in itself a dangerous thing, so long as it is not mistaken for great learning, and, dangerous or not, since little must come before much, and those who have most are ever those who think they have least, it is hard to say where the little ends, and the much begins, or to discourage the one without endangering the other.

But apart from this, infinite is the quiet happiness in many a nook and corner of the world that is due to a 'little learning'—a little botany or geology to brighten dull walks, a little music for long evenings, a little Greek to help a backward boy.

Let 'knowledge grow from more to more' by all means, but do not scout it while it is little and feeble and struggling.

Mayfly considers a little knowledge most dangerous, as implying imperfection and want of the sense of proportion.

Wild Iris thinks subjects should be studied thoroughly when once taken up, and that the person who knows a little of everything is a bore.

Excelsior thinks a little knowledge is higher than total ignorance, and enables us to enjoy the society of those who know more.

F. M. thinks the danger is in want of humility.

Chelsea China apologises for overlooking *Bad Halfpenny's* last answer.

Spermologos.—The danger of a little knowledge is illustrated by the man who said the Bible could not be three thousand years old, because printing was only invented three hundred years ago—*ergo*, it could not be true.

The instant your own knowledge is treated as complete and final, it is dangerous; but 'one may see day through a little hole,' and it is well to have as many holes as possible by which to let in the light. Examinations, for which it is needful to be armed at all points, are quite right in aiming at thoroughness, but it would be well to beware of narrowing the area of general intelligence. There are those who can repeat, parse, and derive every word of *Julius Cæsar*, but who have hardly an idea of any other play of Shakespeare's, nor of any event in the Roman history. This is but a little knowledge, and its narrowness prevents appreciation of even the one thing supposed to be known.

It would be much more true to say that inaccurate knowledge is a dangerous thing; but perhaps the truth is, that while we know in part *all* knowledge is little, and thus that knowledge + presumption is dangerous, but knowledge + humility is precious, whether concentrated on one subject, or spread widely over many.

Excelsior thinks the point lies between *having* and *using* a little

knowledge. We should acknowledge we have only a little, and make it more.

Moonraker gives a strong warning against the conceit which springs from a little knowledge.

Ancient and Modern thinks a little learning may be dangerous to a young lady in society, as rendering her less attractive. If she has studied Greek and Latin, or gone in for a University examination, she is supposed to be unable to join in bandinage. (But if she can join why doesn't she?)

Titania gives a useful warning only to *teach* what we thoroughly know.

Grey Squirrel says, 'Can-do is easily carried about,' and truly says that being able to *do* anything a little, teach us respect for those who do it much.

Fanciful does not think a little knowledge makes us conceited, but rather humble, as showing how much more there is to learn.

CHELSEA CHINA.

Chelsea China must apologise for the havoc she has wrought among the essays, but Christmas fills the Packet, and if debaters would only remember, that though their 'pens may run away with them,' the printer's type *won't*; so much wisdom need not be mutilated.

Chelsea China thinks that *Arnand* and *Marghasieve* solve the question by saying that a little learning may be dangerous; but it is necessary as a step to more, and that therefore the danger must be faced. Also *I. M. D.*'s distinction between inferior learning and elementary, or even fragmentary, is very good.

Ancient and Modern can hardly be serious in her objection. She may depend that it is never any use to try to be attractive, by being other than one's real self.

Nearly all the contributions are anonymous, and none of them are paid for, and answers cannot be printed on the day they are sent in — hence the month's delay. Essays cannot be returned.

SUBJECT FOR JANUARY.

'Are unprofessional and amateur methods of gaining money for good objects desirable or not?'

Many, specially in vogue at present, will present themselves to the minds of writers, and it may be of use practically to discuss their respective merits.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publisher of 'The Monthly Packet,' before January 1st.

AN APPEAL FOR YOUNG WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

SIR,

Will you kindly allow me to ask your readers to help us in starting a Boarding House, for the use of our young women engaged in business in Folkestone.

We have been doing what we could by opening a Recreation Room during the winter, to provide interest and refreshment of mind and body for these girls, whose lives are very monotonous, and often uncared for. I allude especially to those engaged in the workrooms, many of whom are working from 8 A.M. until 8 P.M., with only short intervals for meals. This sort of life is not only dull and wearisome to a young girl, but the result must often be that the day is spent in idle talk and gossip, deteriorating to mind and character; and it is most important that we should try to supply them with healthy interests and amusements during their brief times of leisure in the evenings. Hearing that such efforts had been made in other places, and that they had proved successful, we determined, last autumn, to open a room where they might spend their evenings, and we were fortunate in finding an attractive room with a piano, which we opened from eight to ten each evening. During the winter many girls availed themselves of it, paying one shilling per month to become members. We have had an elementary singing-class every Monday evening, lessons in French and Music, and a Bible-class on Fridays. On Wednesday evenings we had some sort of entertainment, including light scientific lectures from our Vicar, which were greatly appreciated, and musical or social evenings with games. During Lent we worked for the Bloemfontein Mission on Wednesdays, and these were some of our pleasantest evenings. We closed our winter season with a tea, which was a great success, and which proved to us that our efforts to promote good feeling and unity amongst our members had not been all in vain.

But the little we have done only shows us that our *real* need is a Boarding House for those girls whose homes are away from Folkestone, and who are scattered in lodgings over the town, often feeling lonely and uncared for, and learning by degrees to be independent of home care and tenderness. Except in a few rare cases, where the lodging-keeper supplies the place of the mother, such a life as this must be full of trial to a girl—indeed a careful mother would scarcely subject her daughter to the temptations which must accompany it. In some cases the shop-owner supplies board and

lodging for the girls behind the counter, but very rarely for those in the workrooms.

A Boarding House has been opened at Eastbourne, in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, in which girls in business are received at the ordinary lodging-house charge (10s. 6d. per week for board and lodging). This House is now *entirely* self-supporting, and has proved a real success. We hope that after a short time the Folkestone one would also be self-supporting; but our difficulty is to collect funds to start it, and it is certainly impossible to raise the money entirely in Folkestone: our population is more or less fluctuating, and those who are interested in good works are overwhelmed with calls, and are unable to help us as they would. We also feel that this is scarcely a local matter; first, because the girls whom we wish to take in come from other places; and secondly, because we desire also to make our House a temporary place of rest and refreshment for young women engaged in business in London and our large towns, who need change and rest at a bracing seaside place. We know that in *this* way we should supply another real need. Lodgings in fashionable watering-places are far too expensive for people of small means, and even if cheap ones are found they cannot supply the home feeling and loving care which we hope to give.

We want £300 to furnish a suitable House and to start our undertaking, and we have no promises of large donations, but are hoping to raise this sum entirely by small contributions.

Our Boarding House will be in connection with our parish church, and under the spiritual supervision of the Vicar of Folkestone, who has taken a deep interest in our work from the beginning.

Surely the class for which I plead has been too much lost sight of by Church people—indeed, my own experience has taught me that they are in consequence slow to believe that the interest we shew in them is a genuine one; we have much ground to recover, and, if our middle class is to be won back to the Church, it is by such practical efforts as these that the work must be done. I ask for help very earnestly for His sake, for the love of Whom we desire to do the work.

If all who read this letter will send me *something*, however small a sum, we shall soon get the required amount, and be able to start our House. I will gladly supply collecting cards to any friends who are willing to take them. Gifts of Books for our Lending Library would also be most gratefully received.

I remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,

HARRIET G. UTTERTON,

Hon. Sec. of St. Mary's Recreation Room, Folkestone.

MISS H. G. UTTERTON,

Wykeham House, Folkestone.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for December.

45. Trace briefly the route of Alexander's conquests, from the time of his crossing the Euphrates till his return to Babylon.
46. Give an account of the Lamian War, and the death of Demosthenes.
47. Write a short life of Philopoemen.
48. Mention the principal incidents of the Conquest of Greece by the Romans.

Concluded.

September Class List.

First Class.

Lisle	35	Robin	
Speranza		Vorwärts	
Cherry Ripe	}	Charissa	} 32
Bluebell		Creag-an-Fitheach	
Water-wagtail		Moonraker	
'Αμύχανος		Emu	
Kettle	33	Fidelia	
		Latter Larimus	} 30
		Midge	

Second Class.

Kittiwake	29	Stanzerl	24
Fieldfare	} 27	Eva	
σκέπτομαι		Countess	} 23
Lia		Carlotta	
Marion	} 26	Taffy	} 22
Jackanapes		Philomela	
Apathy	} 25	Bladud	21

Third Class.

Deryn	19
Trop-ne-vad	18
Apia	} 17
Donna Pia	

N.B.—Apia (30), in the July Class List, is a misprint for Apis.

REMARKS.

33. The Dorian and Ionian elements of Tragedy were united B.C. 535, at Athens, by Thespis, a rhapsode of Icarius in Attica, who first introduced an actor to carry on a dialogue with the chorus, and thus combined the Ionic recitations (derived from the ancient Homeric rhapsodies) with the Doric dithyrambic odes sung in honour of

Dionysus. This happy combination, on account of which Thespis is popularly known as the inventor of the Drama, is incorrectly ascribed by Kittiwake to Phrynichus, by Creag-an-Fitheach and Eva to Simonides, and by Philomela to Ibycus.

34. Aristotle says that the action of a Tragedy ought to be 'important, single, and complete;' meaning by 'single,' that there should be but one principal subject (as, the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, the Fall of Œdipus), and by 'complete,' that it should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. He also mentions two principal kinds of plots, the *simple*, consisting of one continuous action, and the *complex*, proceeding by way of catastrophes and discoveries. These are further sub-divided, as *single*, having one tragic ending only, and *double*, in which there is a good ending for the good characters, and a bad ending for the bad ones. Bluebell, whose explanation of these points is particularly clear, adds, that Aristotle prefers, 'the *complex* form of *construction*, and the *single* form of *dénouement*.'

35. Trop-ne-vad: it was Comedy, not Tragedy, that arose from the rustic jests and merriment of the Rural Dionysia. Deryn's answer to this question is irrelevant.

36. The 'important reform' in philosophy, introduced by Socrates, was his bringing it down, as Cicero says, 'from heaven to earth;' that is, his substituting ethics for physical science, which latter study could not, at that period of the world's history, be profitably pursued. He alludes to this, in the 'Apologia,' as 'human wisdom,' while the 'wisdom' of former inquirers, who had aimed at investigating the laws of the material universe, might be termed 'divine,' because concerned with things beyond the reach of man.

The sects of post-Socratic philosophers were as follows:—

1. The Cyrenaics, founded by Aristippus.
2. The Cynics, by Antisthenes.
3. The Megareans, by Euclides.
4. The Eleans, by Phædo.
5. The Academics, by Plato.
6. The Peripatetics, by Aristotle.
7. The Sceptics, by Pyrrho.
8. The Epicureans, by Epicurus.
9. The Stoics, by Zeno of Citium.
10. The New Academics, by Carneades.

The first five of these founders were personal disciples of Socrates.

Fieldfare gives a list of pre-Socratic, instead of post-Socratic, philosophers.

Creag-an-Fitheach mistakes Xenophanes (B.C. 530), founder of the Eleatic School, for Xenophon the historian, a very different person. Countess, and others, include Aristotle, who was not born till sixteen years after the death of Socrates, among his personal disciples.

Notices to Correspondents.

THE LAST SPIDER'S THREAD.

'Why, when directions clear are given,
Does no one ever heed them?
Arachne—oh, the reason's plain,
Because we never read them!'

The poem inquired for by *M. S. L.*, beginning,

'Light and Shadow! Shadow and Light!
Twins that were born at the birth of the sun!'

was published in 'The Speaker,' December 20th, 1873. It was afterwards printed at the end of a pamphlet, which I think was sold at a Gallery in Bond Street, at the time (about 1874) that Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Shadow of Death,' was being exhibited there.

PERISTERA.

In the 'Drama of Exile,' by E. B. Browning, may be found the lines quoted by *Chiara* in the September number of the 'Monthly Packet.'

'In all your music our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross,
And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss.'

In answer to *D. G. H.*,

'If thou have time
But for one line,' etc.,

is from Lowell's Poem 'For an Autograph.'

SPES.

C. C.—Quite true; but the spirit of Ettore Fieramosca is high and pure, and it did not seem as if the readers were to be very young. *Church History Student*; Cutt's 'Turning Points of English Church History' (S.P.C.K.); Perry's 'English Church History' (Murray); 'Epochs of English Church History' (Longman); Dean Hook's 'Lives of the Archbishops.'

Motto from a sun-dial at the old cathedral of Glasgow—removed long ago—

'Umbra labitur, et nos umbræ.'

Mrs. E. Livermore will find ample choice of sun-dial mottoes in Mrs. Gatty's 'Book of Sun-dials' (Bell and Sons, price 10s. 6d.).

Can *Miss Weber's Sixes and Sevens* tell me on what dial the French motto they quote is to be found?

E. L.

'I number none but sunny hours.'

To be read either way. 'Monthly Packet.'

GREY SQUIRREL.

Another inscription for a sun-dial for *Mrs. Edward Livermore* is—

'I only count the hours of sunshine.'

E. E. P.